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CALIFORNIA
HISTORICAL COLLECTION

Reminiscences and Memoirs

of

GEN. VALLEJO

GEN. BIDWELL

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and Other Early Pioneers of the
Western Overland

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"A PIONEER PALACE CAR."

ACROSS THE PLAINS IN THE DONNER PARTY (1846).

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

I WAS a child when we started to California, yet I remember the journey well and I have cause to remember it, as our little band of emigrants who drove out of Springfield, Illinois, that spring morning of 1846 have since been known in history as the "Ill-fated Donner party" of "Martyr Pioneers." My father, James F. Reed, was the originator of the party, and the Donner brothers, George and Jacob, who lived just a little way out of Springfield, decided to join him.

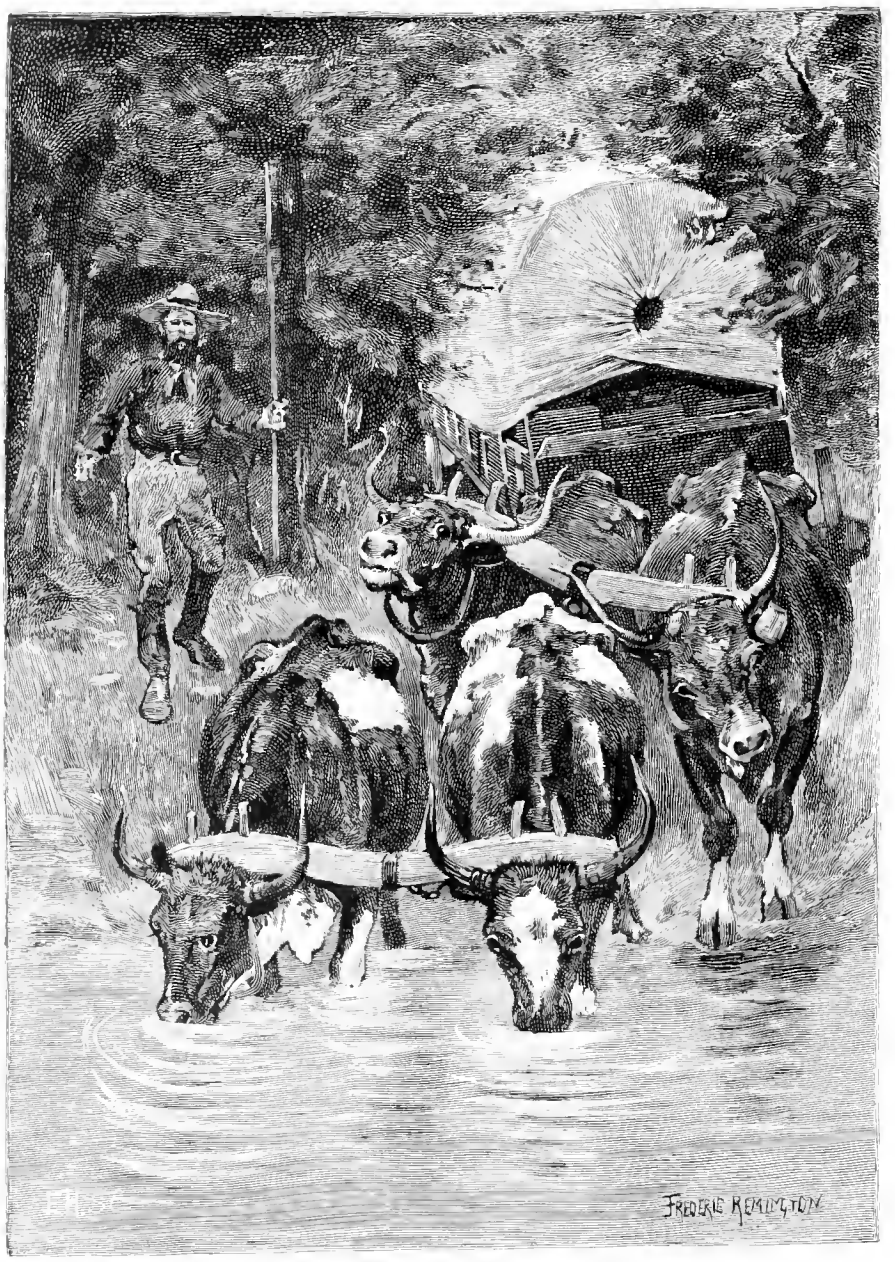
All the previous winter we were preparing for the journey — and right here let me say that we suffered vastly more from fear of the Indians before starting than we did on the plains; at least this was my case. In the long winter evenings Grandma Keyes used to tell me Indian stories. She had an aunt who had been taken prisoner by the savages in the early settlement of Virginia and Kentucky and had remained a captive in their hands five years before she made her escape. I was fond of these stories and evening after evening would go into grandma's room, sitting with my back close against the wall so that no warrior could slip behind me with a tomahawk. I would coax her to tell me more about her aunt, and would sit listening to the recital of the fearful deeds of the savages, until it seemed to me that everything in the room, from the high old-fashioned bedposts down even to the shovel and tongs in the chimney corner, was transformed into the dusky tribe in paint and feathers, all ready for the war dance. So when I was told that we were going to California and would have to pass through a region peopled by Indians, you can imagine how I felt.

Our wagons, or the "Reed wagons," as they were called, were all made to order and I can say without fear of contradiction that nothing like our family wagon ever started across the plains. It was what might be called a two-story wagon or "Pioneer palace car," attached to a regular immigrant train. My mother, though a young woman, was not strong and had been in delicate health for many years, yet when sorrows and dangers came upon her she was the bravest of the brave. Grandma Keyes, who was seventy-five years of age, was an invalid, confined to her bed. Her sons in Springfield, Gersham and James W. Keyes, tried to dissuade her from the long and fatiguing journey, but in vain; she would not be parted from my mother, who was her only daughter. So the car in which she was to ride was planned to give comfort. The entrance was on the side, like that of an old-fashioned stage coach, and one stepped into a small room, as it were, in the centre of the wagon. At the right and left were spring seats with comfortable high backs, where one could sit and ride with as much ease as on the seats of a Concord coach. In this little room was placed a tiny sheet-iron stove, whose pipe, running through the top of the wagon, was prevented by a circle of tin from setting fire to the canvas cover. A board about a foot wide extended over the wheels on either side the full length of the wagon, thus forming the foundation for a large and roomy second story, in which were placed our beds. Under the spring seats were compartments in which were stored many articles useful for the journey, such as a well filled work basket and a full assortment of medicines, with lint and bandages for dressing wounds. Our clothing was packed — not in Saratoga trunks — but in strong canvas bags plainly marked. Some of mama's young friends

added a looking-glass, hung directly opposite the door, in order, as they said, that my mother might not forget to keep her good looks, and strange to say, when we had to leave this wagon, standing like a monument on the Salt Lake desert, the glass was still unbroken. I have often thought how pleased the Indians must have been when they found this mirror which gave them back the picture of their own dusky faces.

ever started across the plains with more provisions or a better outfit for the journey; and yet we reached California almost destitute and nearly out of clothing.

The family wagon was drawn by four yoke of oxen, large Durham steers at the wheel. The other wagons were drawn by three yoke each. We had saddle horses and cows, and last but not least my pony. He was a beauty and his name was Billy. I can scarcely remember



THIRSTY OXEN STAMPEDING FOR WATER.

We had two wagons loaded with provisions. Everything in that line was bought that could be thought of. My father started with supplies enough to last us through the first winter in California, had we made the journey in the usual time of six months. Knowing that books were always scarce in a new country, we also took a good library of standard works. We even took a cooking stove which never had had a fire in it, and was destined never to have, as we cached it in the desert. Certainly no family

when I was taught to sit a horse. I only know that when a child of seven I was the proud owner of a pony and used to go riding with papa. That was the chief pleasure to which I looked forward in crossing the plains, to ride my pony every day. But a day came when I had no pony to ride, the poor little fellow gave out. He could not endure the hardships of ceaseless travel. When I was forced to part with him I cried until I was ill, and sat in the back of the wagon watching him be-

CROSSING WATER TO ESCAPE PRAIRIE FIRE.

come smaller and smaller as we drove on, until I could see him no more.

Never can I forget the morning when we bade farewell to kindred and friends. The Donners were there, having driven in the evening before with their families, so that we might get an early start. Grandma Keyes was carried out of the house and placed in the wagon on a large feather bed, propped up with pillows. Her sons implored her to remain and end her days with them, but she could not be separated from her only daughter. We were surrounded by loved ones, and there stood all my little schoolmates who had come to kiss me good-by. My father with tears in his eyes tried to smile as one friend after another grasped his hand in a last farewell. Mama was overcome with grief. At last we were all in the wagons, the drivers cracked their whips, the oxen moved slowly forward and the long journey had begun.

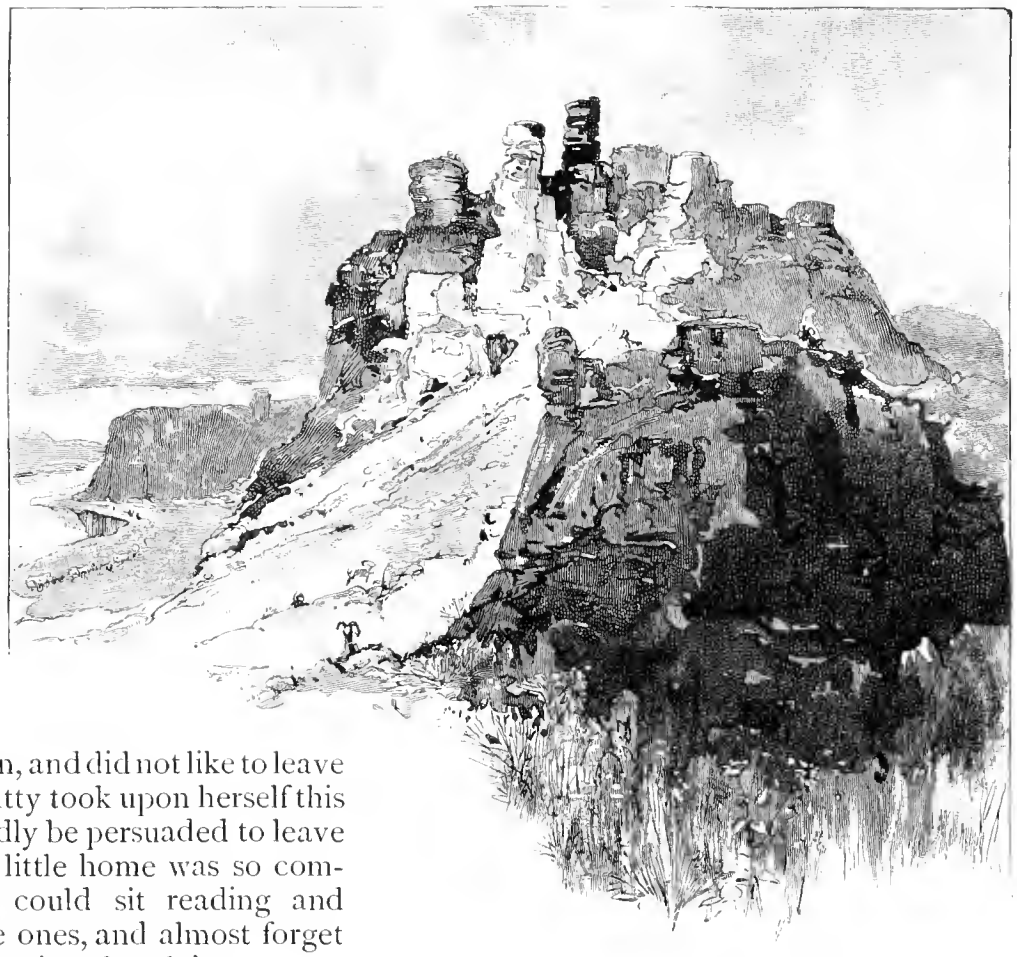
Could we have looked into the future and have seen the misery before us, these lines would never have been written. But we were full of hope and did not dream of sorrow. I can now see our little caravan of ten or twelve wagons as we drove out of old Springfield, my little black-eyed sister Patty sitting upon the bed, holding up the wagon cover so that Grandma might have a last look at her old home.

That was the 14th day of April, 1846. Our party numbered thirty-one, and consisted chiefly of three families, the other members being young men, some of whom came as drivers. The Donner family were George and Tamsen Donner and their five children, and Jacob and Elizabeth Donner and their seven children. Our family numbered nine, not counting three drivers — my father and mother, James Frazier and Margaret W. Reed, Grandma Keyes, my little sister Patty (now Mrs. Frank Lewis, of Capitola), and two little brothers, James F. Reed, Jr., and Thomas K. Reed, Eliza Williams and her brother Baylis, and lastly myself. Eliza had been a domestic in our family for many years, and was anxious to see California.

Many friends camped with us the first night out and my uncles traveled on for several days before bidding us a final farewell. It seemed strange to be riding in ox-teams, and we children were afraid of the oxen, thinking they could go wherever they pleased, as they had no bridles. Milt Elliott, a knight of the whip, drove our family wagon. He had worked for years in my father's large saw mill on the Sangamon River. The first bridge we came to, Milt was to stop the wagon and let us out. I remember that I called to him to be sure to make the oxen hit the bridge, and not to forget that grandma was in the wagon. How he laughed at the idea of the oxen missing the bridge! I soon found that Milt, with his "haw," and "gee," could make them just as he pleased.

Nothing of much interest happened as we reached what is now Kansas. The tribes we met were the Caws, who [illegible] had to take us over the Caw River. [illegible]

them closely, hardly daring to draw my breath, and feeling sure they would sink the boat in the middle of the stream, and was very thankful when I found they were not like grandma's Indians. Every morning, when the wagons were ready to start, papa and I would jump on our horses, and go ahead to pick out a camping-ground. In our party were many who rode on horseback, but mama seldom did; she preferred the wagon, and did not like to leave grandma, although Patty took upon herself this charge, and could hardly be persuaded to leave grandma's side. Our little home was so comfortable, that mama could sit reading and chatting with the little ones, and almost forget that she was really crossing the plains.



SCOTT'S BLUFFS (FROM NATURE, 1890).

Grandma Keyes improved in health and spirits every day until we came to the Big Blue River, which was so swollen that we could not cross, but had to lie by and make rafts on which to take the wagons over. As soon as we stopped traveling, grandma began to fail, and on the 29th day of May she died. It seemed hard to bury her in the wilderness, and travel on, and we were afraid that the Indians would destroy her grave, but her death here, before our troubles began, was providential, and nowhere on the whole road could we have found so beautiful a resting place. By this time many emigrants had joined our company, and all turned out to assist at the funeral. A coffin was hewn out of a cottonwood tree, and John Denton, a young man from Springfield, found a large gray stone on which he carved with deep letters the name of "Sarah Keyes; born in Virginia," giving age and date of birth. She was buried under the shade of an oak, the slab being placed at the foot of the grave, on which were planted wild flowers growing in the sod. A minister in our party, the Rev. J. A. Cornwall, tried to give words of comfort as we stood about this lonely grave. Strange to say, that grave has never been disturbed; the wilderness blossomed into the city of Manhattan, Kansas, and we have been told that the city cemetery surrounds the grave of Sarah Keyes.

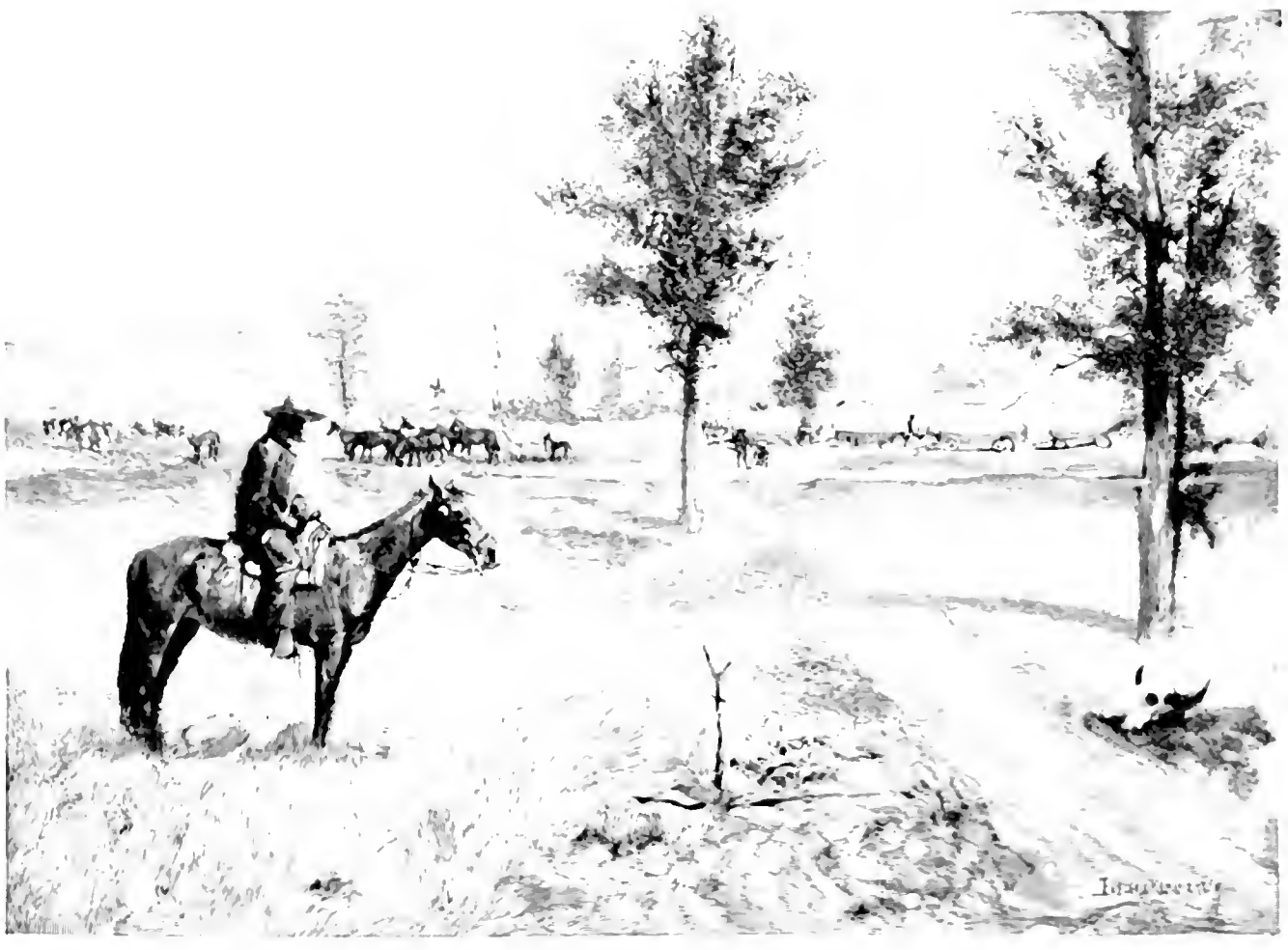
CHIMNEY ROCK, ON THE NORTH PLATTE (1890).

As the river remained high and there was no prospect of fording it, the men went to work cutting down trees, hollowing out logs and making rafts on which to take the wagons over. These logs, about twenty-five feet in length, were united by cross timbers, forming rafts, which were firmly lashed to stakes driven into the bank. Ropes were attached to both ends, by which the rafts were pulled back and forth across the river. The banks of this stream

being steep, our heavily laden wagons had to be let down carefully with ropes, so that the wheels might run into the hollowed logs. This was no easy task when you take into consideration that in these wagons were women and children, who could cross the rapid river in no other way. Finally the dangerous work was accomplished and we resumed our journey.

The road at first was rough and led through a timbered country, but after striking the great valley of the Platte the road was good and the country beautiful. Stretching out before us as far as the eye could reach was a valley as green as emerald, dotted here and there with

Traveling up the smooth valley of the Platte, we passed Court House Rock, Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluffs, and made from fifteen to twenty miles a day, shortening or lengthening the distance in order to secure a good camping ground. At night when we drove into camp, our wagons were placed so as to form a circle or corral, into which our cattle were driven, after grazing, to prevent the Indians from stealing them, the camp-fires and tents being on the outside. There were many expert rifle men in the party and we never lacked for game. The plains were alive with buffalo, and herds could be seen every day coming to the Platte

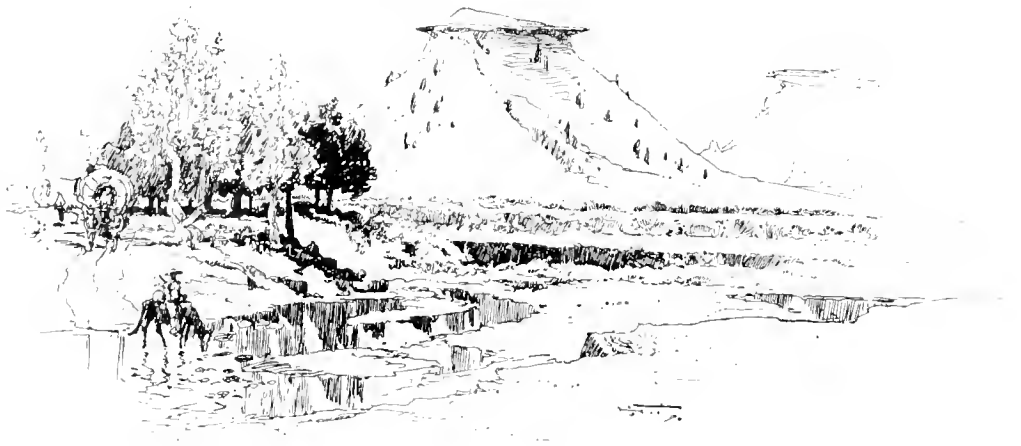


AN EMIGRANT ENCAMPMENT

flowers of every imaginable color, and through this valley flowed the grand old Platte, a wide, rapid, shallow stream. Our company now numbered about forty wagons, and, for a time, we were commanded by Col. William H. Russell, then by George Donner. Exercise in the open air under bright skies, and freedom from peril combined to make this part of our journey an ideal pleasure trip. How I enjoyed riding my pony, galloping over the plain, gathering wild flowers! At night the young folks would gather about the camp fire chatting merrily, and often a song would be heard, or some clever dancer would give us a barn-door jig on the hind gate of a wagon.

to drink. The meat of the young buffalo is excellent and so is that of the antelope, but the antelope are so fleet of foot it is difficult to get a shot at one. I witnessed many a buffalo hunt and more than once was in the chase close beside my father. A buffalo will not attack one unless wounded. When he sees the hunter he raises his shaggy head, gazes at him for a moment, then turns and runs; but when he is wounded he will face his pursuer. The only danger lay in a stampede, for nothing could withstand the onward rush of these massive creatures, whose tread seemed to shake the prairie.

Antelope and buffalo steaks were the main



OLD TRAIL CROSSING HORSESHOE CREEK, A TRIBUTARY OF THE PLATTE.

article on our bill-of-fare for weeks, and no tonic was needed to give zest for the food; our appetites were a marvel. Eliza soon discovered that cooking over a camp fire was far different from cooking on a stove or range, but all hands assisted her. I remember that she had the cream all ready for the churn as we drove into the South Fork of the Platte, and while we were fording the grand old stream she went on with her work, and made several pounds of butter. We found no trouble in crossing the Platte, the only danger being in quicksand. The stream being wide, we had to stop the wagon now and then to give the oxen a few moments' rest. At Fort Laramie, two hundred miles farther on, we celebrated the fourth of July in fine style. Camp was pitched earlier than usual and we prepared a grand dinner. Some of my father's friends in Springfield had given him a bottle of good old brandy, which he agreed to drink at a certain hour of this day looking to the east, while his friends in Illinois were to drink a toast to his success from a companion bottle with their faces turned west, the difference in time being carefully estimated; and at the hour agreed upon, the health of our friends in Springfield was drunk with great enthusiasm. At Fort Laramie was a party of Sioux, who were on the war path going to fight the Crows or Blackfeet. The Sioux are fine-looking Indians and I was not in the least afraid of them. They fell in love with my pony and set about bargaining to buy him. They brought buffalo robes and beautifully tanned buckskin, pretty beaded moccasins, and ropes made of grass, and placing these articles in a heap alongside several of their ponies, they made my father understand by signs that they would give them all for Billy and his rider. Papa smiled and shook his head; then the number of ponies was increased and, as a last tempting inducement, they brought an old coat, that had been worn by some poor soldier, thinking my father could not withstand the brass buttons!

On the sixth of July we were again on the march. The Sioux were several days in passing our caravan, not on account of the length of our train, but because there were so many Sioux. Owing to the fact that our wagons were strung so far apart, they could have massacred our whole party without much loss to themselves. Some of our company became alarmed, and the rifles were cleaned out and loaded, to let the warriors see that we were prepared to fight; but the Sioux never showed any inclination to disturb us. Their curiosity was annoying, however, and our wagon with its conspicuous stove-pipe and looking-glass attracted their attention. They were continually swarming about trying to get a look at themselves in the mirror, and their desire to possess my pony was so strong that at last I had to ride in the wagon and let one of the drivers take charge of Billy. This I did not like, and in order to see how far back the line of warriors extended, I picked up a large field-glass which hung on a rack, and as I pulled it out with a click, the warriors jumped back, wheeled their ponies and scattered. This pleased me greatly, and I told my mother I could fight the whole Sioux tribe with a spy-glass, and as revenge for forcing me to ride in the wagon, whenever they came near trying to get a peep at their war-paint and feathers, I would raise the glass and laugh to see them dart away in terror.

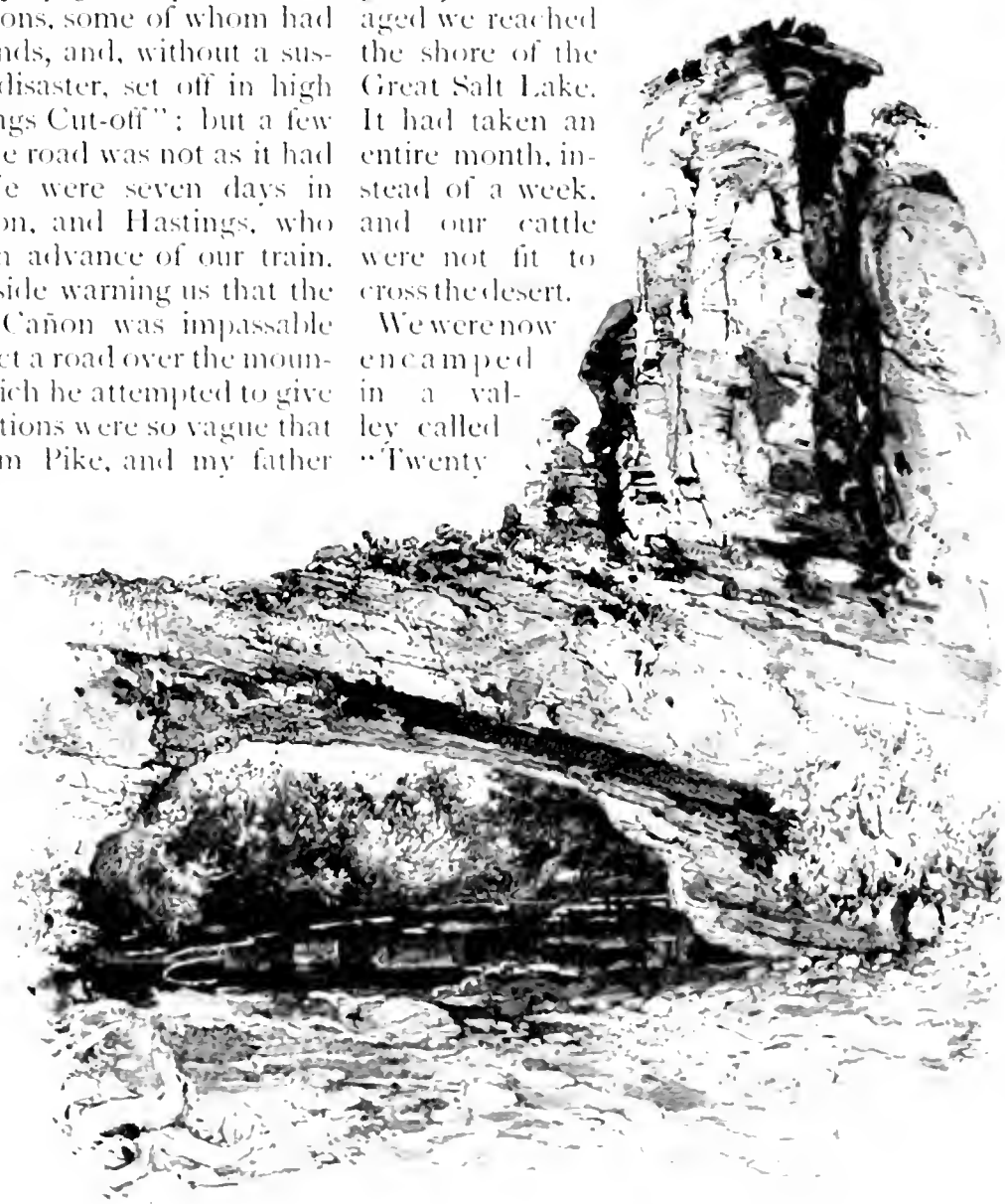
A new route had just been opened by Lansford W. Hastings, called the "Hastings Cut-off,"[1] which passed along the southern shore of the Great Salt Lake rejoining the old "Fort Hall Emigrant" road on the Humboldt. It was said to shorten the distance three hundred miles. Much time was lost in debating which course to pursue; Bridger and Vasques, who were in charge of the fort, sounded the praises of the new road. My father was so eager to reach California that he was quick to take ad-

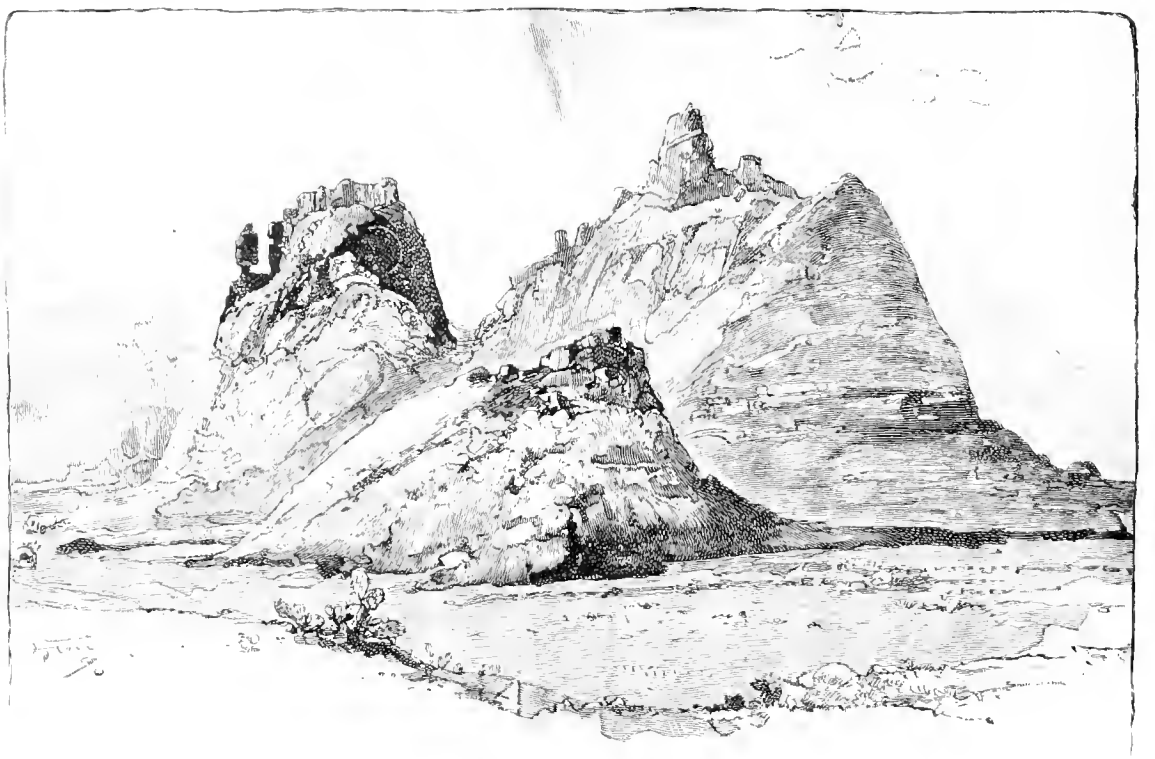
[1] For an account of Hastings, see THE CENTURY for December 1890, p. 176.— ED.

vantage of any means to shorten the distance, and we were assured by Hastings and his party that the only bad part was the forty-mile drive through the desert by the shore of the lake. None of our party knew then, as we learned afterwards, that these men had an interest in the road, being employed by Hastings. But for the advice of these parties we should have continued on the old Fort Hall road. Our company had increased in numbers all along the line, and was now composed of some of the very best people and some of the worst. The greater portion of our company went by the old road and reached California in safety. Eighty-seven persons took the "Hastings Cut-off," including the Donners, Breens, Reeds, Murphys (not the Murphys of Santa Clara County), C. T. Stanton, John Denton, Wm. McClutchen, Wm. Eddy, Louis Keseburg, and many others too numerous to mention in a short article like this. And these are the unfortunates who have since been known as the "Donner Party."

On the morning of July 31 we parted with our traveling companions, some of whom had become very dear friends, and, without a suspicion of impending disaster, set off in high spirits on the "Hastings Cut-off"; but a few days showed us that the road was not as it had been represented. We were seven days in reaching Weber Cañon, and Hastings, who was guiding a party in advance of our train, left a note by the wayside warning us that the road through Weber Cañon was impassable and advising us to select a road over the mountains, the outline of which he attempted to give on paper. These directions were so vague that C. T. Stanton, William Pike, and my father rode on in advance and overtook Hastings and tried to induce him to return and guide our party. He refused, but came back over a portion of the road, and from a high mountain endeavored to point out the general course. Over this road my father traveled alone, taking notes, and blazing trees, to assist him in retracing his course, and reaching camp after an absence of four days. Learning of the hardships of the advance train, the party decided to cross towards the lake. Only those who have passed through this country on horseback can appreciate the situation. There was absolutely no road, not even a trail. The canon wound around among the hills. Heavy underbrush had to be cut away and used for making a road bed. While cutting our way step by step through the "Hastings Cut-off," we were overtaken and joined by the Graves family, consisting of W. F. Graves, his wife and eight children, his son-in-law Jay Fosdick, and a young man by the name of John Snyder. Finally we reached the end of the canon where it looked as though our wagons would have to be abandoned. It seemed impossible for the oxen to pull them up the steep hill and the bluffs beyond, but we doubled teams and the work was, at last, accomplished, almost every yoke in the train being required to pull up each wagon. While in this cañon Stanton and Pike came into camp; they had suffered greatly on account of the exhaustion of their horses and had come near perishing. Worn with travel and greatly discouraged we reached the shore of the Great Salt Lake. It had taken an entire month, instead of a week, and our cattle were not fit to cross the desert.

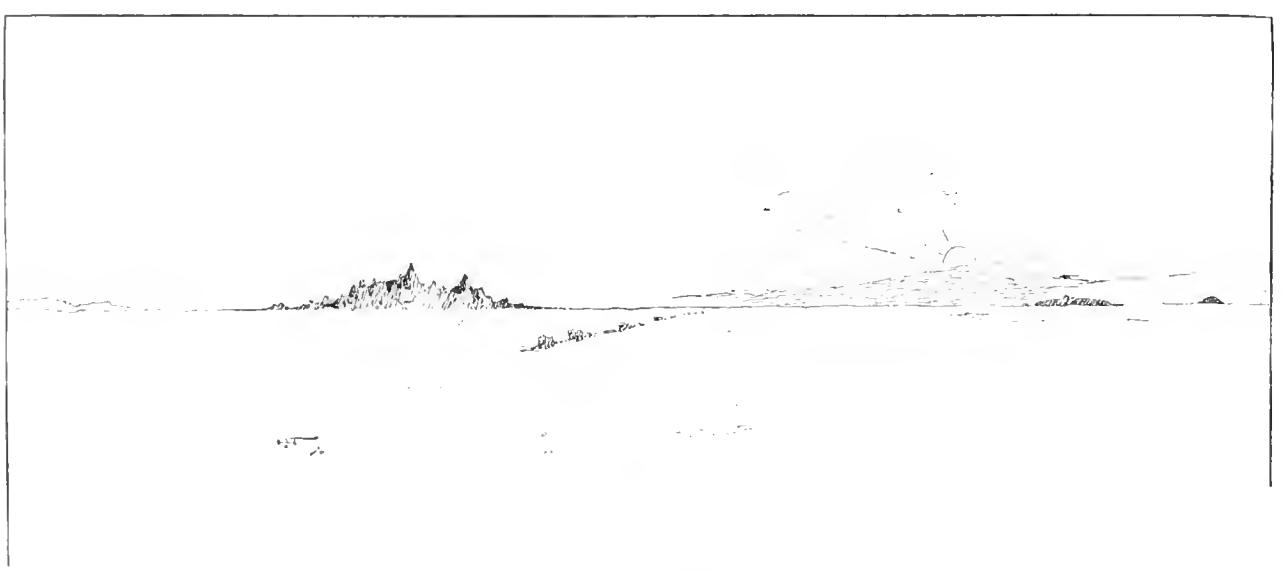
We were now encamped in a valley called "Twenty





THE EMIGRANT TRAIL THROUGH THE BAD LANDS, WYOMING.

Wells." The water in these wells was pure and cold, welcome enough after the alkaline pools from which we had been forced to drink. We prepared for the long drive across the desert and laid in, as we supposed, an ample supply of water and grass. This desert had been represented to us as only forty miles wide but we found it nearer eighty. It was a dreary, desolate, alkali waste; not a living thing could be seen; it seemed as though the hand of death had been laid upon the country. We started in the evening, traveled all that night, and the following day and night — two nights and one day of suffering from thirst and heat by day and piercing cold by night. When the third night fell and we saw the barren waste stretching away apparently as boundless as when we started, my father determined to go ahead in search of water. Before starting he instructed the drivers, if the cattle showed signs of giving out to take them from the wagons and follow him. He had not been gone long before the oxen began to fall to the ground from thirst and exhaustion. They were unhitched at once and driven ahead. My father coming back met the drivers with the cattle within ten miles of water and instructed them to return as soon as the animals had satisfied their thirst. He reached us about daylight. We waited all that day in the desert looking for the return of our drivers, the other wagons going on out of sight. Towards night the situation became desperate and we had only a few drops of water left; another night there meant death. We



GREAT DESERT TO THE WEST OF SALT LAKE.

must set out on foot and try to reach some of the wagons. Can I ever forget that night in the desert, when we walked mile after mile in the darkness, every step seeming to be the very last we could take! Suddenly all fatigue was banished by fear; through the night came a swift rushing sound of one of the young steers crazed

REGISTER ROCK, IDAHO, A LANDMARK OF WESTERN EMIGRATION.

by thirst and apparently bent upon our destruction. My father, holding his youngest child in his arms and keeping us all close behind him, drew his pistol, but finally the maddened beast turned and dashed off into the darkness. Dragging ourselves along about ten miles, we reached the wagon of Jacob Donner. The family were all asleep, so we children lay down on the ground. A bitter wind swept over the desert, chilling us through and through. We crept closer together, and, when we complained of the cold, papa placed all five of our dogs around us, and only for the warmth of these faithful creatures we should doubtless have perished.

At daylight papa was out to learn the fate of his cattle, and was told that all were lost, except one cow and an ox. The stock, scenting the water, had rushed on ahead of the men, and had probably been stolen by the Indians, and driven into the mountains, where all traces of them were lost. A week was spent here on the edge of the desert in a fruitless search. Almost every man in the company turned out, hunting in all directions, but our eighteen head of cattle were never found. We had lost our best yoke of oxen before reaching Bridger's Fort from drinking poisoned water found standing in pools, and had bought at the fort two yoke of young steers, but now all were gone, and my father and his family were left in the desert, eight hundred miles from California, seemingly helpless. We realized that our wagons must be abandoned. The company kindly let us have two yoke of oxen, so with our ox and cow yoked together we could bring one wagon, but, alas! not the one which seemed so much like a home to us, and in which grandma had died. Some of the company went back with papa and assisted him in caching everything that could not be packed in one wagon. A cache was made by digging a hole in the ground, in which a box or the bed of a wagon was placed. Articles to be buried were packed into this box, covered with boards, and the earth thrown in upon them, and thus they were hidden from sight. Our provisions were divided among the company. Before leaving the desert camp, an inventory of provisions on hand was taken, and it was found that the supply was not sufficient to last us through to California, and as if to render the situation more terrible, a storm came on during the night and the hill-tops became white with snow. Some one must go on to Sutter's Fort after provisions. A call was made for volunteers. C. T. Stanton and Wm. McCutchen [illegible] offered their services and started [illegible] letters from the company to Capt. Sutter asking for relief. We resumed our journey

and soon reached Gravelly Ford on the Humboldt.

I now come to that part of my narrative which delicacy of feeling for both the dead and the living would induce me to pass over in silence, but which a correct and lucid chronicle of subsequent events of historical importance will not suffer to be omitted. On the 5th day of October, 1846, at Gravelly Ford, a tragedy was enacted which affected the subsequent lives and fortunes of more than one member of our company. At this point in our journey we were compelled to double our teams in order to ascend a steep, sandy hill. Milton Elliott, who was driving our wagon, and John Snyder, who was driving one of Mr. Graves's, became involved in a quarrel over the management of their oxen. Snyder was beating his cattle over the head with the butt end of his whip, when my father, returning on horse-back from a hunting trip, arrived and, appreciating the great importance of saving the remainder of the oxen, remonstrated with Snyder, telling him that they were our main dependence, and at the same time offering the assistance of our team. Snyder having taken offense at something Elliott had said declared that his team could pull up alone, and kept on using abusive language. Father tried to quiet the enraged man. Hard words followed. Then my father said: "We can settle this, John, when we get up the hill." "No," replied Snyder with an oath, "we will settle it now," and springing upon the tongue of a wagon, he struck my father a violent blow over the head with his heavy whip-stock. One blow followed another. Father was stunned for a moment and blinded by the blood streaming from the gashes in his head. Another blow was descending when my mother ran in between the men. Father saw the uplifted whip, but had only time to cry: "John, John," when down came the stroke upon mother. Quick as a thought my father's hunting knife was out and Snyder fell, fatally wounded. He was caught in the arms of W. C. Graves, carried up the hill-side, and laid on the ground. My father regretted the act, and dashing the blood from his eyes went quickly to the assistance of the dying man. I can see him now, as he knelt over Snyder, trying to stanch the wound, while the blood from the gashes in his own head, trickling down his face, mingled with that of the dying man. In a few moments Snyder expired. Camp was pitched immediately, our wagon being some distance from the others. My father, anxious to do what he could for the dead, offered the boards of our wagon, from which to make a coffin. Then, coming to me, he said: "Daughter, do you think you can dress these wounds in my head? Your mother is not able, and they must be attended to." I answered by saying: "Yes, if you will tell me what to do." I brought a basin of water and sponge, and we went into the wagon, so that we might not be disturbed. When my work was at last finished, I burst out crying. Papa clasped me in his arms, saying: "I should not have asked so much of you," and

OLD CALIFORNIA TRAIL TO THE NORTH OF SALT LAKE.

talked to me until I controlled my feelings, so that we could go to the tent where mama was lying.

We then learned that trouble was brewing in the camp where Snyder's body lay. At the funeral my father stood sorrowfully by until the last clod was placed upon the grave. He and John Snyder had been good friends, and no one could have regretted the taking of that young life more than my father.

The members of the Donner party then held a council to decide upon the fate of my father, while we anxiously awaited the verdict. They refused to accept the plea of self-defense and decided that my father should be banished from the company and sent into the wilderness alone. It was a cruel sentence. And all this animosity towards my father was caused by Louis Keseburg, a German who had joined our company away back on the plains. Keseburg was married to a young and pretty German girl, and used to abuse her, and was in the habit of beating her till she was black and blue. This aroused all the manhood in my father and he took Keseburg to task — telling him it must be stopped or measures would be taken to that effect. Keseburg did not dare to strike his wife again, but he hated my father and nursed his wrath until papa was so unfortunate as to have to take the life of a fellow-creature in self-defense. Then Keseburg's hour for revenge had come. But how a man like Keseburg, brutal and overbearing by nature, although highly educated, could have such influence over the company is more than I can tell. I have thought the subject over a lot but failed to arrive at a conclusion. The feeling against my father at one time was so strong that lynching was proposed. He was no coward and he bared his neck, saying, "Come on, gentlemen," but no one moved. It was thought more humane, perhaps, to send him into the wilderness to die of slow starvation or be murdered by the Indians; but my father did not die. God took care of him and his family, and at Donner Lake we seemed especially favored by the Almighty as not one of our family perished, and we were the only family no one member of which was forced to eat of human flesh to keep body and soul together. When the sentence of banishment was communicated to my father, he refused to go, feeling that he was justified before God and man, as he had only acted in self-defense.

Then came a sacrifice on the part of my mother. Knowing only too well what her life would be without him, yet fearful that if he remained he would meet with violence at the hands of his enemies, she implored him to go, but all to no avail until she urged him to remember the destitution of the company, saying that if he remained and escaped violence at their hands, he might nevertheless see his children starving and be helpless to aid them, while if he went on he could return and meet them with food. It was a fearful struggle; at last he consented, but not before he had secured a promise from the company to care for his wife and little ones.

SALT LAKE, LOOKING — CITY FROM THOMPSON'S

My father was sent out into an unknown country without provisions or arms—even his horse was at first denied him. When we learned of this decision, I followed him through the darkness, taking Elliott with me, and carried him his rifle, pistols, ammunition and some food. I had determined to stay with him, and begged him to let me stay, but he would listen to no argument, saying that it was impossible. Finally, unclasping my arms from around him, he placed me in charge of Elliott, who started back to camp with me—and papa was left alone. I had cried until I had hardly strength to walk, but when we reached camp and I saw the distress of my mother, with the little ones clinging around her and no arm to lean upon, it seemed suddenly to make a woman of me. I realized that I must be strong and help mama bear her sorrows.

We traveled on, but all life seemed to have left the party, and the hours dragged slowly along. Every day we would search for some sign of papa, who would leave a letter by the way-side in the top of a bush or in a split stick, and when he succeeded in killing geese or birds would scatter the feathers about so that we might know that he was not suffering for food. When possible, our fire would always be kindled on the spot where his had been. But a time came when we found no letter, and no trace of him. Had he starved by the way-side, or been murdered by the Indians?

My mother's despair was pitiful. Patty and I thought we would be bereft of her also. But life and energy were again aroused by the danger that her children would starve. It was apparent that the whole company would soon be put on a short allowance of food, and the snow-capped mountains gave an ominous hint of the fate that really befell us in the Sierra. Our wagon was found to be too heavy, and was abandoned with everything we could spare, and the remaining things were packed in part of another wagon. We had two horses left from the wreck, which could hardly drag themselves along, but they managed to carry my two little brothers. The rest of us had to walk, one going beside the horse to hold on my youngest brother who was only two and a half years of age. The Donners were not with us when my father was banished, but were several days in advance of our train. Walter Herron, one of our drivers, who was traveling with the Donners, left the wagons and joined my father.

A DESPERATE SITUATION. (DRAWN BY CHARLES NAHL.)

On the 19th of October, while traveling along the Truckee, our hearts were gladdened by the return of Stanton, with seven mules loaded with provisions. Mr. McClutchen was ill and could not travel, but Captain Sutter had sent two of his Indian vaqueros, Luis and Salvador with Stanton. Hungry as we were, Stanton brought us something better than food—news that my father was alive. Stanton had met him not far from Sutter's Fort; he had been three days with-

out food, and his horse was not able to carry him. Stanton had given him a horse and some provisions and he had gone on. We now packed what little we had left on one mule and started with Stanton. My mother rode on a mule, carrying Tommy in her lap; Patty and Jim rode behind the two Indians, and I behind Mr. Stanton, and in this way we journeyed on through the rain, looking up with fear towards the mountains, where snow was already falling although it was only the last week in October. Winter had set in a month earlier than usual. All trails and roads were covered; and our only guide was the summit which it seemed we would never reach. Despair drove many nearly frantic. Each family tried to cross the mountains but found it impossible. When it was seen that the wagons could not be dragged through the snow, their goods and provisions were packed on oxen and another start was made, men and

TRUCKEE CAÑON

women walking in the snow up to their waists, carrying their children in their arms and trying to drive their cattle. The Indians said they could find no road, so a halt was called, and Stanton went ahead with the guides, and came back and reported that we could get across if we kept right on, but that it would be impossible if snow fell. He was in favor of a forced march until the other side of the summit should be reached, but some of our party were so tired and exhausted with the day's labor that they declared they could not take another step; so the few who knew the danger that the night might bring yielded to the many, and we camped within three miles of the summit.

That night came the dreaded snow. Around the camp-fires under the trees great feathery flakes came whirling down. The air was so full of them that one could see objects only a few feet away. The Indians knew we were doomed, and one of them wrapped his blanket about him and stood all night under a tree. We children slept soundly on our cold bed of snow with a soft white mantle falling over us so thickly that every few moments my mother would have to shake the shawl — our only covering — to keep us from being buried alive. In the morning the snow lay deep on mountain and valley. With heavy hearts we turned back to a cabin that had been built by the Murphy Schallenberger party two years before. We built more cabins and prepared as best we could for the winter. That camp, which proved the camp of death to many in our company, was made on the shore of a lake, since known as "Donner Lake." The Donners were camped in Alder Creek Valley below the lake, and were, if possible, in a worse condition than ourselves. The snow came on so suddenly that they had no time to build cabins, but hastily put up brush sheds, covering them with pine boughs.

Three double cabins were built at Donner Lake, which were known as the "Breen Cabin," the "Murphy Cabin," and the "Reed Graves Cabin." The cattle were all killed, and the meat was placed in snow for preservation. My

mother had no cattle to kill, but she made arrangements for some, promising to give two for one in California. Stanton and the Indians made their home in my mother's cabin.

Many attempts were made to cross the mountains, but all who tried were driven back by the pitiless storms. Finally a party was organized, since known as the "Forlorn Hope." They made snow-shoes, and fifteen started, ten men and five women, but only seven lived to reach California; eight men perished. They were over a month on the way, and the horrors endured by that Forlorn Hope no pen can describe nor imagination conceive. The noble Stanton was one of the party, and perished the sixth day out, thus sacrificing his life for strangers. I can find no words in which to express a fitting tribute to the memory of Stanton.

The misery endured during those four months at Donner Lake in our little dark cabins under the snow would fill pages and make the coldest heart ache. Christmas was near, but to the starving its memory gave no comfort. It came and passed without observance, but my mother had determined weeks before that her children should have a treat on this one day. She had laid away a few dried apples, some beans, a bit of tripe, and a small piece of bacon. When this hoarded store was brought out, the delight of the little ones knew no bounds. The cooking was watched carefully, and when we sat down to our Christmas dinner mother said, "Children, eat slowly, for this one day you can have all you wish." So bitter was the misery relieved by that one bright day, that I have never since sat down to a Christmas dinner without my thoughts going back to Donner Lake.

DONNER LAKE, FROM THE OLD SACRAMENTO TRAIL.

The storms would often last ten days at a time, and we would have to cut chips from the logs inside which formed our cabins, in order to start a fire. We could scarcely walk, and the men had hardly strength to procure wood. We would drag ourselves through the snow from one cabin to another, and some mornings snow would have to be shoveled out of the fireplace before a fire could be made. Poor little children were crying with hunger, and mothers were crying because they had so little to give their children. We seldom thought of bread, we had been without it so long. Four months of such suffering would fill the bravest hearts with despair.

During the closing days of December, 1846, gold was found in my mother's cabin at Don-

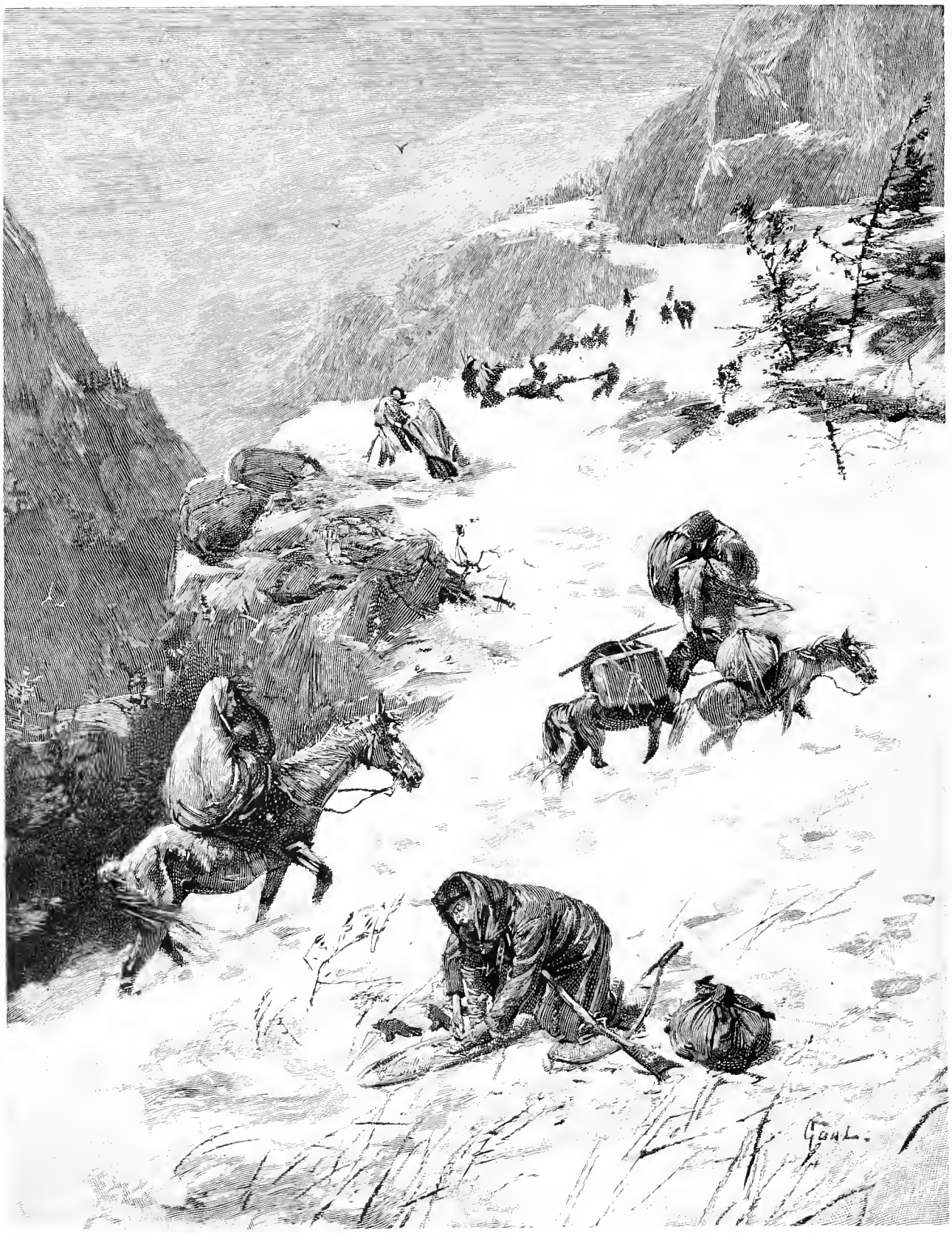
ner Lake by John Denton. I remember the night well. The storm fiends were shrieking in their wild mirth, we were sitting about the fire in our little dark home, busy with our thoughts. Denton with his cane kept knocking pieces off the large rocks used as fire-irons on which to place the wood. Something bright attracted his attention, and picking up pieces of the rock he examined them closely; then turning to my mother he said, "Mrs. Reed, this is gold." My mother replied that she wished it were bread. Denton knocked more chips from the rocks, and he hunted in the ashes for the shining particles until he had gathered about a teaspoonful. This he tied in a small piece of buckskin and placed in his pocket, saying, "If we ever get away from here I am coming back for more." Denton started out with the first relief party but perished on the way, and no one thought of the gold in his pocket. Denton was about thirty years of age; he was born in Sheffield, England, and was a gunsmith and gold-beater by trade. Gold has never been found on the shore of the lake, but a few miles from there in the mountain cañons, from which this rock possibly came, rich mines have been discovered.

Time dragged slowly along till we were no longer on short allowance but were simply starving. My mother determined to make an effort to cross the mountains. She could not see her children die without trying to get them food. It was hard to leave them but she felt that it must be done. She told them she would bring them bread, so they were willing to stay, and with no guide but a compass we started — my mother, Eliza, Milt Elliott and myself. Milt wore snow shoes and we followed in his tracks. We were five days in the mountains; Eliza gave out the first day and had to return, but we kept on and climbed one high mountain after another only to see others higher still ahead. Often I would have to crawl up the mountains, being too tired to walk. The nights were made hideous by the screams of wild beasts heard in the distance. Again, we would be lulled to sleep by the moan of the pine trees, which seemed to sympathize with our loneliness. One morning we awoke to find ourselves in a well of snow. During the night, while in the deep sleep of exhaustion, the heat of the fire had melted the snow and our little camp had gradually sunk many feet below the surface until we were literally buried in a well of snow. The danger was that any attempt to get out might bring an avalanche upon us, but finally steps were carefully made and we reached the surface. My foot was badly frozen, so we were compelled to return, and just in time, for that night a storm came on, the most fearful of the winter, and we should have perished had we not been in the cabins.

We now had nothing to eat but raw hide — they were on the roof of the cabin to keep poor the snow; when prepared for cooking and boiled they were simply a pot of glue. When the hide were taken off our cabin and we were left without shelter Mr. Breen gave us a home with his family, and Mrs. Breen prolonged my life by slipping me little bits of meat now and then when she discovered that I could not eat the hide. Death had already claimed many in our party and it seemed as though relief never would reach us. Baylis Williams, who had been in delicate health before we left Springfield, was the first to die; he passed away before starvation had really set in.

I am a Catholic although my parents were not. I often went to the Catholic church before leaving home, but it was at Donner Lake that I made the vow to be a Catholic. The Breens were the only Catholic family in the Donner party and prayers were said aloud regularly in that cabin night and morning. Our only light was from little pine sticks split up like kindling wood and kept constantly on the hearth. I was very fond of kneeling by the side of Mr. Breen and holding these little torches so that he might see to read. One night we had all gone to bed — I was with my mother and the little ones, all huddled together to keep from freezing — but I could not sleep. It was a fearful night and I felt that the hour was not far distant when we would go to sleep — never to wake again in this world. All at once I found myself on my knees with my hands clasped, looking up through the darkness, making a vow that if God would send us relief and let me see my father again I would be a Catholic. That prayer was answered.

On his arrival at Sutter's Fort, my father made known the situation of the emigrants, and Captain Sutter offered at once to do everything possible for their relief. He furnished horses and provisions and my father and Mr. McClutchen started for the mountains, coming as far as possible with horses and then with packs on their backs proceeding on foot; but they were finally compelled to return. Captain Sutter was not surprised at their defeat. He stated that there were no able bodied men in that vicinity, all having gone down the country with Fremont to fight the Mexicans. He advised my father to go to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, and make his case known to the naval officer in command. My father was in fact conducting parties there — when the seven members of the Forlorn Hope arrived from across the mountains. Their famished faces told the story. Cattle were killed and men were up all night drying beef and making flour by hand mills, nearly 2,500 pounds being made in one night, and a party of seven,



ON THE WAY TO THE SUMMIT.

commanded by Captain Reasen P. Tucker, were sent to our relief by Captain Sutter and the alcalde, Mr. Sinclair. On the evening of February 19th, 1847, they reached our cabins, where all were starving. They shouted to attract attention. Mr. Breen, clambered up the icy steps from our cabin, and soon we heard the blessed words, "Relief, thank God, relief!" There was joy at Donner Lake that night, for we did not know the fate of the Forlorn Hope and we were told that relief parties would come and go until all were across the mountains. But with the joy sorrow was strangely blended. There were tears in other eyes than those of children; strong men sat down and wept. For the dead were lying about on the snow, some even unburied, since the living had not had strength to bury their dead. When Milt Elliott died,— our faithful friend, who seemed so like a brother,— my

mother and I dragged him up out of the cabin and covered him with snow. Commencing at his feet, I patted the pure white snow down softly until I reached his face. Poor Milt! it was hard to cover that face from sight forever, for with his death our best friend was gone.

On the 22d of February the first relief started with a party of twenty-three — men, women and children. My mother and her family were among the number. It was a bright sunny morning and we felt happy, but we had not gone far when Patty and Tommy gave out. They were not able to stand the fatigue and it was not thought safe to allow them to proceed, so Mr. Glover informed mama that they would have to be sent back to the cabins to await the next expedition. What language can express our feelings? My mother said that she would go back with her children — that we would all go back together. This the relief party would not permit, and Mr. Glover promised mama that as soon as they reached Bear Valley he himself would return for her children. Finally my mother, turning to Mr. Glover said, "Are you a Mason?" He replied that he was. "Will you promise me on the word of a Mason that if we do not meet their father you will return and save my children?" He pledged himself that he would. My father was a member of the Mystic Tie and mama had great faith in the word of a Mason. It was a sad parting — a fearful struggle. The men turned aside, not being able to hide their tears. Patty said, "I want to see papa, but I will take good care of Tommy and I do not want you to come back." Mr. Glover returned with the children and, providing them with food, left them in the care of Mr. Breen.

With sorrowful hearts we traveled on, walking through the snow in single file. The men wearing snow-shoes broke the way and we followed in their tracks. At night we lay down on the snow to sleep, to awake to find our clothing all frozen, even to our shoe-strings. At break of day we were again on the road, owing to the fact that we could make better time over the frozen snow. The sunshine, which it would seem would have been welcome, only added to our misery. The dazzling reflection of the snow was very trying to the eyes, while its heat melted our frozen clothing, making them cling to our bodies. My brother was too small to step in the tracks made by the men, and in order to travel he had to place his knee on the little hill of snow after each step and climb over. Mother coaxed him along, telling him that every step he took he was getting nearer papa and nearer something to eat. He was the youngest child that walked over the Sierra Nevada. On our second day's journey John Denton gave out and declared it would be impossible for him to travel, but he begged his companions to continue their journey. A fire was built and he was left lying on a bed of freshly cut pine boughs, peacefully smoking. He looked so comfortable that my little brother wanted to stay with him; but when the second relief party reached him poor Denton was past waking. His last thoughts seemed to have gone back to his childhood's home, as a little poem was found by his side, the pencil apparently just dropped from his hand.

Captain Tucker's party on their way to the cabins had lightened their packs of a sufficient quantity of provisions to supply the sufferers on their way out. But when we reached the place where the cache had been made by hanging the food on a tree, we were horrified to find that wild animals had destroyed it, and again starvation stared us in the face. But my father was hurrying over the mountains, and met us in our hour of need with his hands full of bread. He had expected to meet us on this day, and had stayed up all night baking bread to give us. He brought with him fourteen men. Some of his party were ahead, and when they saw us coming they called out, "Is Mrs. Reed with you? If she is, tell her Mr. Reed is here." We heard the call; mother knelt on the snow, while I tried to run to meet papa.

When my father learned that two of his children were still at the cabins, he hurried on, so fearful was he that they might perish before he reached them. He seemed to fly over the snow, and made in two days the distance we had been five in traveling, and was overjoyed to find Patty and Tommy alive. He reached Donner Lake on the first of March, and what a sight met his gaze! The famished little children and the death-like look of all made his heart ache. He filled Patty's apron with biscuits, which she carried around, giving one to each person. He had soup made for the infirm, and rendered every assistance possible to the sufferers. Leaving them with about seven days' provisions, he started out with a party of seventeen, all that were able to travel. Three of his men were left at the cabins to procure wood and assist the helpless. My father's party (the second relief had not traveled many miles when a storm broke upon them. With the snow came a perfect hurricane. The crying of half frozen children, the lamenting of the mothers, and the suffering of the whole party was heart rending, and above all could be heard the shrieking of the storm King. One who has never witnessed a blizzard in the Sierra can form no idea of the situation. All night my father and his men worked unceasingly through the raging storm, trying to erect shelter for the dying women and children. At times the hurricane would

burst forth with such violence that he felt alarmed on account of the tall timber surrounding the camp. The party were destitute of food, all supplies that could be spared having been left with those at the cabins. The relief party had cached provisions on their way over to the cabins, and my father had sent three of the men forward for food before the storm set in; but they could not return. Thus, again, death stared all in the face. At one time the fire was nearly gone; had it been lost, all would have perished. Three days and nights they were exposed to the fury of the elements. Finally my father became snow-blind and could do no more, and he would have died but for the exertions of William McClutchen and Hiram Miller, who worked over him all night. From this time forward, the toil and responsibility rested upon McClutchen and Miller.

The storm at last ceased, and these two determined to set out over the snow and send back relief to those not able to travel. Hiram Miller picked up Tommy and started. Patty thought she could walk, but gradually everything faded from her sight, and she too seemed to be dying. All other sufferings were now forgotten, and everything was done to revive the child. My father found some crumbs in the thumb of his woolen mitten; warming and moistening them between his own lips, he gave them to her and thus saved her life, and afterward she was carried along by different ones in the company. Patty was not alone in her travels. Hidden away in her bosom was a tiny doll, which she had carried day and night through all of our trials. Sitting before a nice, bright fire at Woodworth's Camp, she took dolly out to have a talk, and told her of all her new happiness.

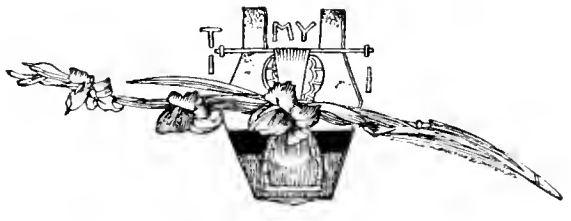
There was untold suffering at that "Starved Camp," as the place has since been called. When my father reached Woodworth's Camp, a third relief started in at once and rescued the living. A fourth relief went on to Donner Lake, as many were still there — and many remain there still, including George Donner and wife, Jacob Donner and wife and four of their children. George Donner had met with an accident which rendered him unable to travel; and his wife would not leave him to die alone. It would take pages to tell of the heroic acts and noble deeds of those who lie sleeping about Donner Lake.

Most of the survivors, when brought in from the mountains, were taken by the different relief parties to Sutter's Fort, and the generous hearted captain did everything possible for the sufferers. Out of the eighty-three persons who were snowed in at Donner Lake, forty-two perished, and of the thirty-one emigrants who left Springfield, Illinois, that spring morning, only eighteen lived to reach California. Alcalde Sinclair took my mother and her family to his own home, and we were surrounded with every comfort. Mrs. Sinclair was the dearest of women. Never can I forget their kindness. But our anxiety was not over, for we knew that my father's party had been caught in the storm. I can see my mother now, as she stood leaning against the door for hours at a time, looking towards the mountains. At last my father arrived at Mr. Sinclair's with the little ones, and our family were again united. That day's happiness repaid us for much that we had suffered; and it was spring in California.

Words cannot tell how beautiful the spring appeared to us coming out of the mountains from that long winter at Donner Lake in our little dark cabins under the snow. Before us now lay, in all its beauty, the broad valley of the Sacramento. I remember one day, when traveling down Napa Valley, we stopped at noon to have lunch under the shade of an oak; but I was not hungry; I was too full of the beautiful around me to think of eating. So I wandered off by myself to a lovely little knoll and stood there in a bed of wild flowers, looking up and down the green valley, all dotted with trees. The birds were singing with very joy in the branches over my head, and the blessed sun was smiling down upon all as though in benediction. I drank it in for a moment, and then began kissing my hand and wafting kisses to Heaven in thanksgiving to the Almighty for creating a world so beautiful. I felt so near God at that moment that it seemed to me I could feel His breath warm on my cheek. By and by I heard papa calling, "Daughter, where are you? Come, child, we are ready to start, and you have had no lunch." I ran and caught him by the hand, saying, "Buy this place, please, and let us make our home here." He stood looking around for a moment, and said, "It *is* a lovely spot," and then we passed on.

San José, Cal.

Virginia Reed Murphy.



Sailors in natty uniforms leaned over the rail, and looking down upon the deck of our rusty old cockle-shell they gave us a welcome cheer. Officers on board, and others passing to and fro in small boats over the choppy sea, waved us a salute. This was the sixth time we had left prison or stockade for exchange, and it now seemed that our guards had for once told us the truth. We had often said, during the weary months from Libby to Florence, that when we should again see the old flag we would shout until we woke the echoes for miles around. But it was a feeble cheer that went up from the wrecks of men squatting on the open deck. Here and there some of the stronger ones formed knots of five or six and broke into such a wild dance or walk around, cheering, yelling, and singing the while, that they might have been regarded as maniacs loosed from their cells. Some knelt in silent prayer, and tear-drops cut faint furrows down grimy cheeks where they had long been strangers. Others swore and cursed. They cursed everybody related to the Confederacy and the things that had contributed to the hardships of their prison experience; and as if there were not material enough to curse on that side, they crossed the lines and cursed Lincoln and Grant because of the broken cartel. I hugged to my side the little bag of grits I had accumulated. The bag was made of remnants of clothing and held about a quart. I could not eat the grits, but dared not let them go until I knew we were surely free. I had starved so long that these broken kernels of corn were very precious. I was constantly hoping to barter them for something that I could eat, or possibly for a dose of quinine or some peppers. But now a gang plank was run out from an opening in the side of the transport. It was lined on each side with sailors, who pushed us rapidly along and aboard the big vessel. In the hold before us was a great stack of blue uniforms and clean underclothing complete from cap to shoes. Kind attendants too were there to assist us, and they said, "Strip now, quick: take everything off"; and then, "Throw your rags overboard," and out they went through a port-hole just overhead. They were very filthy; for they were the remnants of what we had worn a year and a half before in the Chattanooga campaign, remnants of what we had gained in traffic with our guards, remnants of what we had taken from the bodies of our dead. They had been held together by threads raveled from the stronger parts and sewed with needles made from splinters of George's pine. We thought Charleston harbor a fit burying-ground for them all. As fast as dressed we were marched in two ranks to an upper deck, where we passed a small window from which was handed a loaf of bread to each of us — a pound loaf of wheat bread. At another window each received a great piece of raw fat pork — a half-pound, and the sweetest morsel I ever tasted. At still another window each got a pint cup full of steaming United States coffee.[1] It was then, when our digestive organs had something on which to work, when we were decently clothed and were at last free from the torture of vermin, that lost manhood began to return. Each did not now look upon his fellow as something to be watched and feared. We did not watch that night lest our bread should be stolen. In fact it was reported that we would receive rations again in the morning, which was hard to believe. Some after being rationed once fell into line the second and even a third time and hoarded their bread and meat. When their actions were noted they were told to take all they wanted.

Rounding Cape Hatteras much of this bread and meat was brought to light again, and for forty-eight hours the ship presented anything but the neat and trim appearance we noticed when we first went aboard. The ship's surgeon, the officers and their wives, vied with the sailors in attentions to their passengers. Five only of our number died on the trip to Annapolis, and here, after we had been again stripped, and washed, and our hair clipped close, we were put to bed between white sheets. Women came to my cot with oysters fresh from the bay, with bread and butter, jellies and pickles, with shining glass and snow-white napkins, and when I had eaten they said, "Now you just rest and sleep, and dream of home." When I was able to read the card at the head of my cot, I found, "Phthisis pulmonalis, fever, general debility; diet, ——; treatment, ——." I cannot remember the diet nor the treatment, but I remember well the ministrations of these women; how they hovered round my cot, touching up my pillow, and how their cool hands rested on my hot forehead. I do not know whether they were army nurses, residents of Annapolis, or members of Christian and sanitary commission. I never knew; but the soldiers have not forgotten their ministrations, and give to women's loyalty and patriotism a "royal three times three."

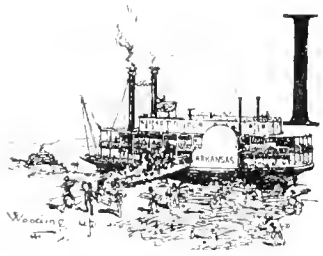
J. J. K[illegible].

[1] We called real coffee "United States coffee" to distinguish it from burnt corn, burnt corn bread or meal, burnt sweet potatoes, etc., which we [illegible] substitutes and had called "Confederate coffee."

A PERIL OF THE PLAINS.

THE FIRST EMIGRANT TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN BIDWELL (PIONEER OF '41).



IN the spring of 1839, —living at the time in the western part of Ohio,—being then in my twentieth year, I conceived a desire to see the great prairies of the West, especially those most frequently spoken of, in Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri. Emigration from the East was tending westward, and settlers had already begun to invade those rich fields.

Starting on foot to Cincinnati, ninety miles distant, I fortunately got a chance to ride most of the way on a wagon loaded with farm produce. My outfit consisted of about $75, the clothes I wore, and a few others in a knapsack which I carried in the usual way strapped upon my shoulders, for in those days travelers did not have valises or trunks. Though traveling was considered dangerous, I had no weapon more formidable than a pocket-knife. From Cincinnati I went down the Ohio River by steamboat to the Mississippi, up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence to Burlington, in what was then the Territory of Iowa. Those were bustling days on the western rivers, which were then the chief highways of travel. The scenes at the wood landings I recall as particularly lively and picturesque. Many passengers would save a little by helping to "wood the boat," *i. e.*, by carrying wood down the bank and throwing it on the boat, a special ticket being issued on that condition. It was very interesting to see the long lines of passengers coming up the gang-plank, each with two or three sticks of wood on his shoulders. An anecdote is told of an Irishman who boarded a western steamer and wanted to know the fare to St. Louis, and, being told, asked, "What do you charge for 150 pounds of freight?" Upon learning the price, a small amount, he announced that he would go as freight. "All right," said the captain; "put him down in the hold and lay some flour barrels on him to keep him down."

In 1839 Burlington had perhaps not over two hundred inhabitants, though it was the capital of Iowa Territory. After consultation with the governor, Robert Lucas of Ohio, I

concluded to go into the interior and select a tract of land on the Iowa River. In those days one was permitted to take up 160 acres, and where practicable it was usual to take part timber and part prairie. After working awhile at putting up a log house — until all the people in the neighborhood became ill with fever and ague — I concluded to move on and strike out to the south and southwest into Missouri. I traveled across country, sometimes by the sun, without road or trail. There were houses and settlements, but they were scattered; sometimes one would have to go twenty miles to find a place to stay at night. The principal game seen was the prairie hen (*Tetraonidæ cupido*); the prairie wolf (*Canis latrans*) also abounded. Continuing southwest and passing through Huntsville I struck the Missouri River near Keytesville in Chariton County. Thence I continued up the north side of the river till the westernmost settlement in Missouri was reached; this was in Platte County. The Platte Purchase, as it was called, had been recently bought from the Indians, and was newly but thickly settled, on account of its proximity to navigation, its fine timber, good water, and unsurpassed fertility.

On the route I traveled I cannot recall seeing an emigrant wagon in Missouri. The western movement, which subsequently filled Missouri and other Western States and overflowed into the adjoining Territories, had then hardly begun, except as to Platte County. The contest in Congress over the Platte Purchase, which by increasing the area of Missouri gave more territory to slavery, called wide attention to that charming region. The anti-slavery sentiment even at that date ran quite high. This was, I believe, the first addition to slave territory after the Missouri Compromise. But slavery won. The rush that followed in the space of one or two years filled the most desirable part of the purchase to overflowing. The imagination could not conceive a finer country — lovely, rolling, fertile, wonderfully productive, beautifully arranged for settlement, part prairie and part timber. The land was unsurveyed. Every settler had aimed to locate a half-mile from his neighbor, and there was as yet no conflict. Peace and contentment reigned. Nearly every place seemed to have a beautiful spring of clear cold water. The hills and prairies and the level places were alike covered with a black and fertile soil. I cannot recall seeing an acre of poor land in Platte County. Of course there was intense longing on the part of the people of Missouri to have the Indians removed, and a corresponding desire, as soon as the purchase was consummated, to get possession of the beautiful land. It was in some sense perhaps a kind of Oklahoma movement. Another feature was the abundance of wild honey bees. Every tree that had a hollow in it seemed to be a bee-tree, and every hollow was full of rich golden honey. A singular fact which I learned from old hunters was that the honey-bee was never found more than seventy or eighty miles in advance of the white settlements on the frontier. On this attractive land I set my affections, intending to make it my home.

On my arrival, my money being all spent, I was obliged to accept the first [illegible] offered, and began teaching school in the country about five miles from the town of Weston, which was located on the north side of the Missouri River and about four miles above Fort Leavenworth in Kansas Territory.

THE MISSOURI RIVER AT WESTON, FROM THE KANSAS SIDE.

SITE OF THE OLD STOCKADE, FORT LEAVENWORTH.

Possibly some may suppose it did not take much education to teach a country school at that period in Missouri. The rapid settlement of that new region had brought together people of all classes and conditions, and had thrown into juxtaposition almost every phase of intelligence as well as of illiteracy. But there was no lack of self-reliance or native shrewdness in any class, and I must say that I learned to have a high esteem for the people, among whom I found warm and lifelong friends.

But even in Missouri there were drawbacks. Rattlesnakes and copperheads were abundant. One man, it was said, found a place to suit him, but on alighting from his horse heard so many snakes that he concluded to go farther. At his second attempt, finding more snakes instead of fewer, he left the country altogether. I taught school there in all about a year. My arrival was in June, 1839, and in the fall of that year the surveyors came on to lay out the country: the lines ran every way, sometimes through a man's house, sometimes through his barn, so that there was much confusion and trouble about boundaries, etc. By the favor of certain men, and by paying a small amount for a little piece of fence here and a small clearing there, I got a claim, and purposed to make it my home, and to have my father remove there from Ohio.

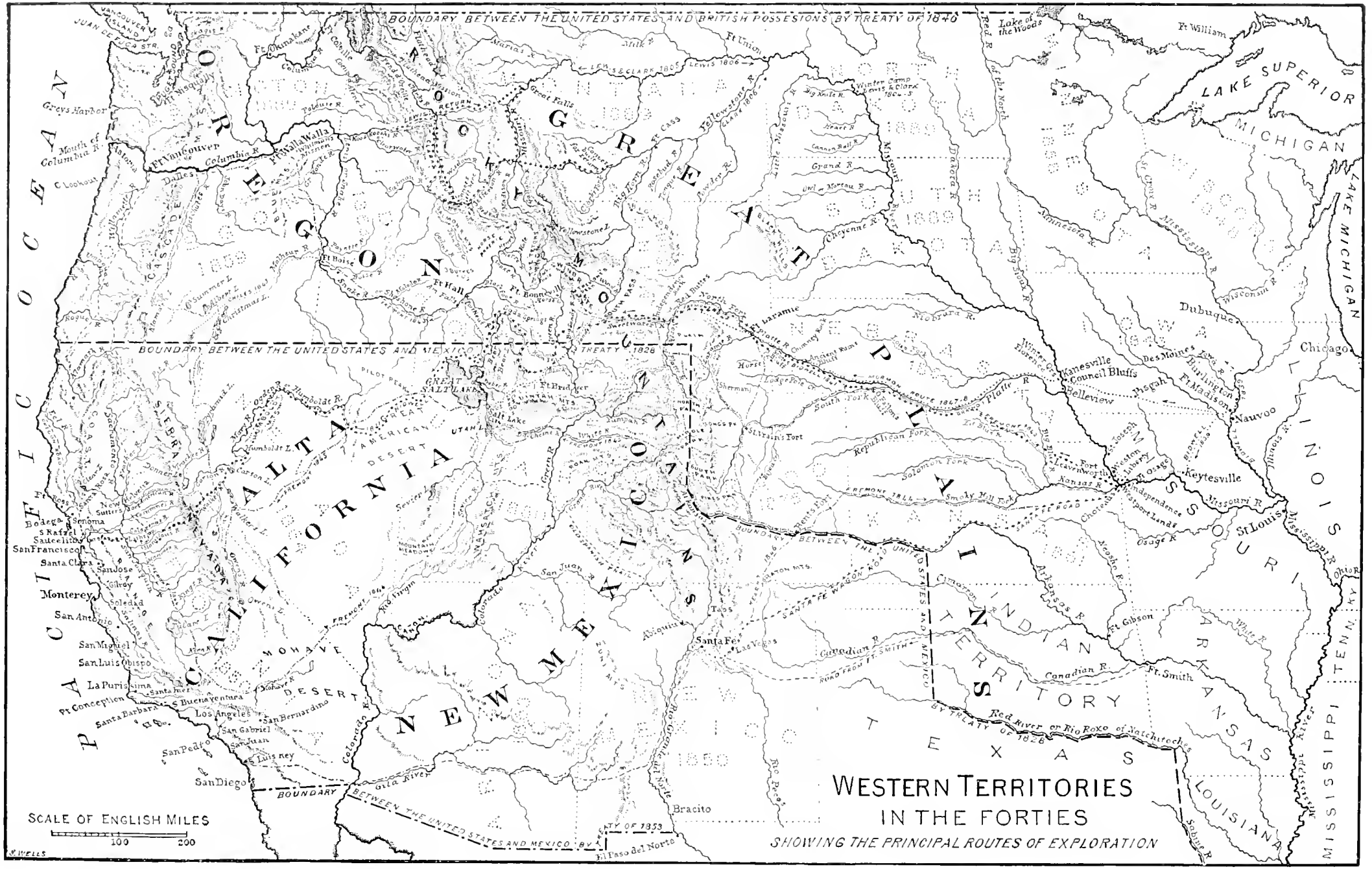
In the following summer, 1840, the weather was very hot, so that during the vacation I could do but little work on my place, and needing some supplies,— books, clothes, etc.,— I concluded to take a trip to St. Louis, which I did by way of the Missouri River. The distance was six hundred miles by water; the down trip occupied two days, and was one of the most delightful experiences of my life. But returning, the river being low and full of snags, and the steamboat heavily laden,— the boats were generally light going down,— we were continually getting on sand bars, and were delayed nearly a month. This trip proved to be the turning-point in my life, for while I was gone a man had jumped my land. Generally in such cases public sentiment was against the jumper, and it was decidedly so in my case. But the scoundrel held on. He was a bully — had killed a man in Callaway County — and everybody seemed afraid of him. Influential friends of mine tried to persuade him to let me have eighty acres, half of the claim. But he was stubborn, and said that all he wanted was just what the law allowed him. Unfortunately for me, he had the legal advantage. I had worked some now and then on the place, but had not actually lived on it. The law required a certain residence, and that the preëmptor should be twenty-one years of age or a man of family. I was neither, and could do nothing. Nearly all I had earned had been spent upon the land, and when that

was taken I lost about everything I had. There being no possibility of getting another claim to suit me, I resolved to go elsewhere when spring should open.

In November or December of 1840, while still teaching school in Platte County, I came across a Frenchman named Roubideaux, who said he had been to California. He had been a trader in New Mexico, and had followed the road traveled by traders from the frontier of Missouri to Santa Fe. He had probably gone through what is now New Mexico and Arizona into California by the Gila River trail used by the Mexicans. His description of California was in the superlative degree favorable, so much so that I resolved if possible to see that wonderful land, and with others helped to get up a meeting at Weston and invited him to make a statement before it in regard to the country. At that time when a man moved out West, as soon as he was fairly settled he wanted to move again, and naturally every question imaginable was asked in regard to this wonderful country. Roubideaux described it as one of perennial spring and boundless fertility, and laid stress on the countless thousands of wild horses and cattle. He told about oranges, and hence must have been at Los Angeles, or the mission of San Gabriel, a few miles from it. Every conceivable question that we could ask him was answered favorably. Generally the first question which a Missouri asked about a country was whether there was any fever and ague. I remember his [illegible] distinctly. He said there was [illegible] one man in California that had ever had a chill there, [illegible] it was a matter of so much wonderment to the people of Monterey that they went eighteen miles into the country to see him shake. Nothing could have been more satisfactory on the score of health. He said that the Spanish authorities were most friendly, and that the people were the most hospitable on the globe; that you could travel all over California and it would cost you nothing for horses or food. Even the Indians were friendly. His description of the country made it seem like a Paradise.

LOW WATER [illegible]

The result was that we appointed a corresponding secretary, and a committee to report a plan of organization. A pledge was drawn up in which every signer agreed to purchase a suitable outfit, and to rendezvous at [illegible] Grove in what is now the State of K[illegible] the 9th of the following May, [illegible] equipped to cross the Rocky M[illegible] California. We called ourselves [illegible] Emigration Society, and as soon [illegible] was drawn up every one who agreed to [illegible] signed his name to it, and [illegible] wildness.


BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH POSSESIONS BY TREATY OF 1846
BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO TREATY 1828
BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO BY TREATY OF 1853
Red River or Rio Roxo of Natchitoches BY TREATY OF 1828
OREGON
CALIFORNIA
NEW MEXICO
GREAT AMERICAN DESERT
GREAT SALT LAKE
UTAH
COLORADO TERRITORY
NEBRASKA TERRITORY
INDIAN TERRITORY
TEXAS
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
ILLINOIS
MICHIGAN
LAKE SUPERIOR
LAKE MICHIGAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
Ft Vancouver
Ft Walla Walla
Ft Hall
Ft Bridger
Ft Laramie
Ft Union
Ft Leavenworth
Ft Gibson
Ft Smith
Santa Fe
Taos
Albuquerque
Los Angeles
San Diego
San Francisco
Monterey
St Louis
Chicago
Dubuque
Nauvoo
Keytesville
Independence
Council Bluffs
Kanesville
Bellevue
Omaha
Ft Madison
Burlington
Des Moines
Lake of the Woods
Ft William
Red R
Mississippi R
Missouri R
Platte R
Arkansas R
Canadian R
Rio Grande
Colorado R
Columbia R
Snake R
Yellowstone R
Missouri R
Cimarron R
Osage R
Kansas R
Republican Fork
Smoky Hill Fork
Solomon Fork
South Fork Platte
Oregon Trail
Santa Fe Road
Santa Fe Wagon Road
Road from Ft Smith to Mexico
Fremont 1845
Fremont 1843-44
Fremont 1842
Fremont 1846
Fremont 1848
Fremont 1849
Fremont 1853-54
Stansbury 1849-50
Emigrant Road
Mormon Route 1847-8
Gunnison 1853
Simpson 1859
Marcy 1852
Sitgreaves 1851
Whipple 1853-54
Abert 1845
Kearny 1846
Cooke 1846
Gregg 1831-39
Pike 1806-7
Long 1819-20
Lewis & Clark 1804-5
Lewis 1806
Clarke 1806
Wilkes 1841
Bonneville 1832-34
Ashley 1824-25
Bidwell 1841
Walker 1833-34
Walker 1845
Walker 1846
Walker 1849-50
Sutter 1839
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In a short time, I think within a month, we had about five hundred names; we also had correspondence on the subject with people all over Missouri, and even as far east as Illinois and Kentucky, and as far south as Arkansas. As soon as the movement was announced in the papers we had many letters of inquiry, and we expected people in considerable numbers to join us. About that time we heard of a man living in Jackson County, Missouri, who had received a letter from a person in California named Dr. Marsh, speaking favorably of the country, and a copy of this letter was published.

Our ignorance of the route was complete. We knew that California lay west, and that was the extent of our knowledge. Some of the maps consulted, supposed of course to be correct, showed a lake in the vicinity of where Salt Lake now is; it was represented as a long lake, three or four hundred miles in extent, narrow and with two outlets, both running into the Pacific Ocean, either apparently larger than the Mississippi River. An intelligent man with whom I boarded — Elam Brown, who till recently lived in California, dying when over ninety years of age — possessed a map that showed these rivers to be large, and he advised me to take tools along to make canoes, so that if we found the country so rough that we could not get along with our wagons we could descend one of those rivers to the Pacific. Even Frémont knew nothing about Salt Lake until 1843, when for the first time he explored it and mapped it correctly, his report being first printed, I think, in 1845.

This being the first movement to cross the Rocky Mountains to California, it is not surprising that it suffered reverses before we were fairly started. One of these was the publication of a letter in a New York newspaper giving a depressing view of the country for which we were all so confidently longing. It seems that in 1837 or 1838 a man by the name of Farnham, a lawyer, went from New York City into the Rocky Mountains for his health. He was an invalid, hopelessly gone with consumption it was thought, and as a last resort he went into the mountains, traveled with the trappers, lived in the open air as the trappers lived, eating only meat as they did, and in two or three years he entirely regained his health; but instead of returning east by way of St. Louis, as he had gone, he went down the Columbia River and took a vessel to Monterey and thence to San Blas, making his way through Mexico to New York. Upon his return — in February or March, 1841 — he published the letter mentioned. His bad opinion of California was based wholly on his unfortunate experience in Monterey, which I will recount.

In 1840 there lived in California an old Rocky Mountaineer by the name of Isaac Graham. He was injudicious in his talk, and by boasting that the United States or Texas would some day take California, he excited the hostility and jealousy of the people. In those days Americans were held in disfavor by the native Californians on account of the war made by Americans in Texas to wrest Texas from Mexico. The number of Americans in California at this time was very small. When I went to California in 1841 all the foreigners — and all were foreigners except Indians and Mexicans — did not, I think, exceed one hundred, nor was the character of all of them the most prepossessing. Some had been trappers in the Rocky Mountains who had not seen civilization for a quarter of a century; others were men who had found their way into California, as Roubideaux had done, by way of Mexico; others still had gone down the Columbia River to Oregon and joined trapping parties in the service of the Hudson Bay Company going from Oregon to California — men who would let their beards grow down to their knees, and wear buckskin garments made and fringed like those of the Indians, and who considered it a compliment to be told "I took ye for an Injia." Another class of men from the Rocky Mountains were in the habit of making their way by the Mohave Desert south of the Sierra Nevada into California to steal horses, sometimes driving off four or five hundred at a time. The other Americans, most numerous perhaps, were sailors who had run away from vessels and remained in the country. With few exceptions this was the character of the American population when I came to California, and they were not generally a class calculated to gain much favor with the people. Farnham happened to come into the bay of Monterey when this fellow Graham and his confederates, and all others whom the Californians suspected, were under arrest in irons on board a vessel, ready for transportation to San Blas in Mexico, whither indeed they were taken, and where some of them died in irons. I am not sure that at this time the English had a consul in California; but the United States had none, and there was no one there to take the part of the Americans. Farnham, being a lawyer, doubtless knew that the proceeding was illegal. He went ashore and protested against it, but without effect, as he was only a private individual. Probably he was there on a burning hot day, and saw only the dreary sandhills to the east of the old town of Monterey. On arriving in New York he published the letter referred to, describing how Americans were oppressed by the native Californians, and how dangerous it was for Americans to go there. The merchants of Platte

"I TOOK YE FOR AN INJIN."

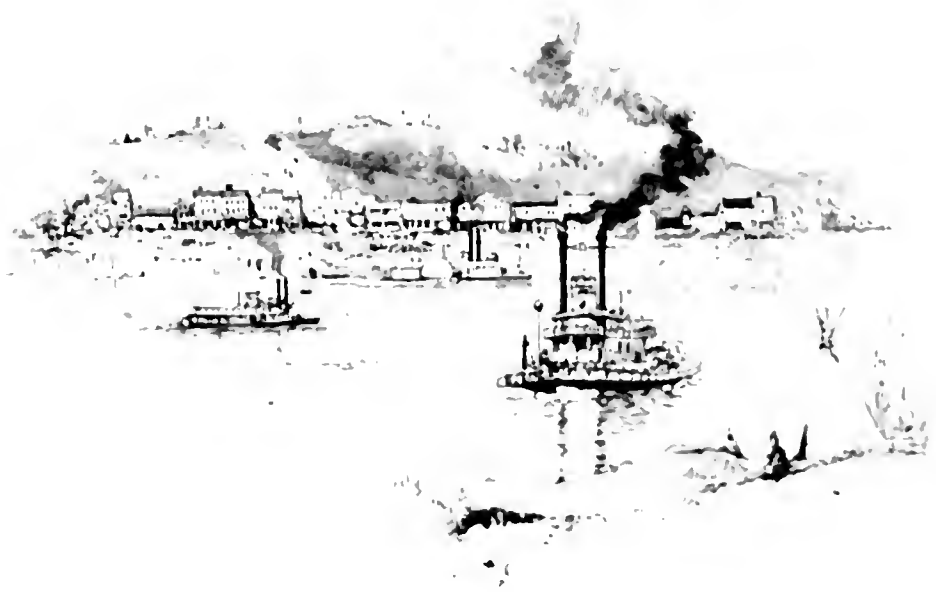
County had all along protested against our going, and had tried from the beginning to discourage and break up the movement, saying it was the most unheard-of, foolish, wild-goose chase that ever entered into the brain of man for five hundred people to pull up stakes, leave that beautiful country, and go away out to a region that we knew nothing of. But they made little headway until this letter of Farnham's appeared. They republished it in a paper in the town of Liberty in Clay County,— there being no paper published in Platte County,— and sent it broadcast all over the surrounding region. The result was that as the people began to think more seriously about the scheme the membership of the society began dropping off, and so it happened at last that of all the five hundred that signed the pledge I was the only one that got ready; and even I had hard work to do so, for I had barely means to buy a wagon, a gun, and provisions. Indeed, the man who was going with me, and who was to furnish the horses, backed out, and there I was with my wagon!

During the winter, to keep the project alive, I had made two or three trips into Jackson County, Missouri, crossing the Missouri River, always dangerous in winter when ice was running, by the ferry at Westport Landing, now Kansas City. Sometimes I had to go ten miles farther down — sixty miles from Weston — to a safer ferry at Independence Landing in order to get into Jackson County, to see men who were talking of going to California, and to get information.

At the last moment before the time to start for the rendezvous at Sapling Grove — it seemed almost providential — along came a

man named George Henshaw, an invalid, from Illinois, I think. He was pretty well dressed, was riding a fine black horse, and had ten or fifteen dollars. I persuaded him to let me take his horse and trade him for a yoke of steers to pull the wagon and a sorry-looking, one-eyed mule for him to ride. We went *via* Weston to lay in some supplies. One wagon and four or five persons here joined us. On leaving Weston, where there had been so much opposition, we were six or seven in number, and nearly half the town followed us for a mile, and some for five or six miles, to bid us good-by, showing the deep interest felt in our journey. All expressed good wishes and desired to hear from us. When we reached Sapling Grove, the place of rendezvous, in May, 1841, there was but one wagon ahead of us. For the next few days one or two wagons would come each day, and among the recruits were three families from Arkansas. We organized by electing as captain of the company a man named Bartleson from Jackson County, Missouri. He was not the best man for the position, but we were given to understand that if he was not elected captain he would not go; and as he had seven or eight men with him, and we did not want the party diminished, he was chosen. Every one furnished his own supplies. The party consisted of sixty-nine, including men, women, and children. Our teams were of oxen, mules, and horses. We had no cows, as the later emigrants usually had, and the lack of milk was a great deprivation to the children. It was understood that every one should have not less than a barrel of flour with sugar and so forth to suit; but I laid in one hundred pounds of flour more than the usual quantity, besides other things. This I did because we were told that when we got into the mountains we probably would get out of bread and have to live on meat alone, which I thought would kill me even if it did not others. My gun was an old flint lock rifle, but a good one. Old hunters told me to have nothing to do with cap or percussion locks, that they were unreliable, and that if I got my caps or percussion wet I could not shoot, while if I lost my flint I could pick up another on the plains. I doubt whether there was one hundred dollars in money in the whole party, but all were enthusiastic and anxious to go.

In five days after my arrival we were ready to start, but no one knew where to go, not even the captain. Finally a man came up, one of the last to arrive, and announced that a company of Catholic missionaries were on their way from St. Louis to the Flathead nation of Indians with an old Rocky Mountaineer for a guide, and that if we would wait another day they would be up with us. At first we were independent, and thought we could not afford to wait for a slow missionary party. But when we found that no one knew which way to go, we sobered down and waited for them to come up; and it was well we did, for otherwise probably not one of us would ever have reached California, because of our inexperience. Afterwards when we came in contact with Indians our people were so easily excited that if we had not had with us an old mountaineer the result would certainly have been disastrous. The name of the guide was Captain Fitzpatrick; he had been at the head of trapping parties in the Rocky Mountains for many years. He and the missionary party went with

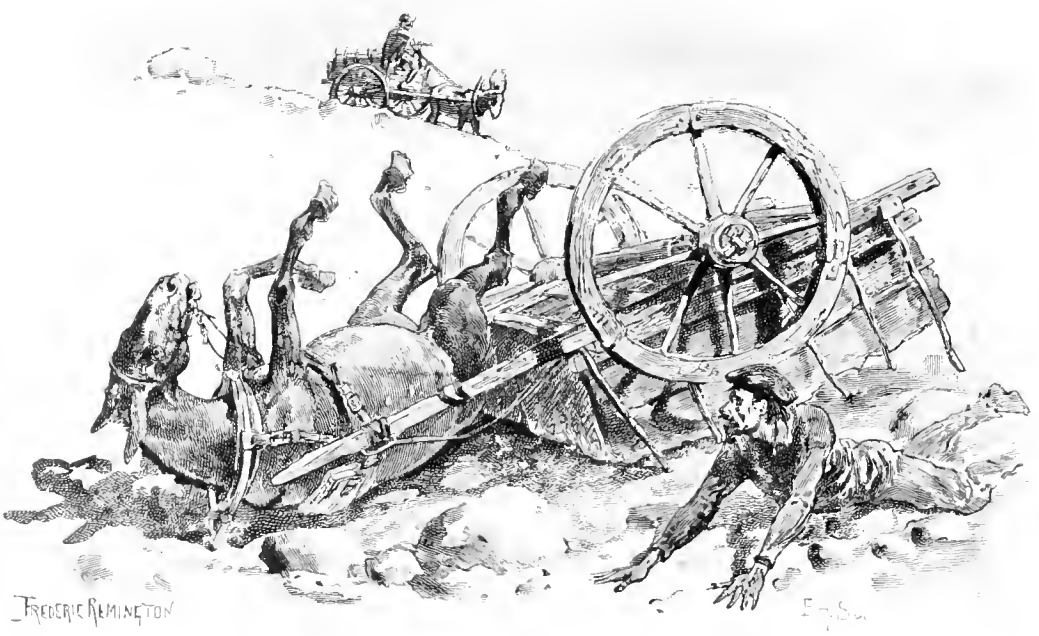


WESTPORT LANDING, KANSAS. [illegible]

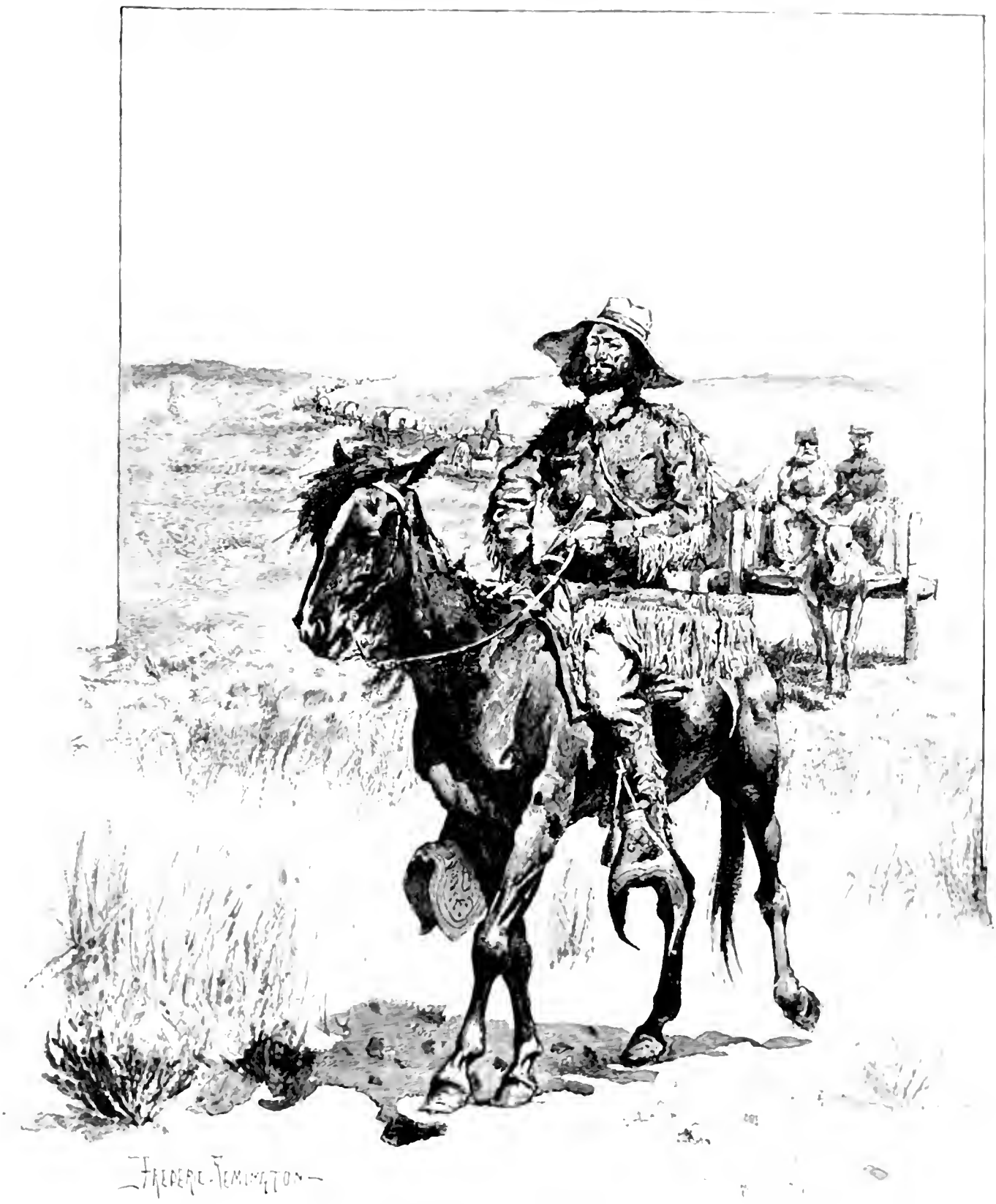
FATHER DE SMET.

us as far as Soda Springs, now in Idaho Territory, whence they turned north to the Flathead nation. The party consisted of three Roman Catholic priests — Father De Smet, Father Pont, Father Mengarini — and ten or eleven French Canadians, and accompanying them were an old mountaineer named John Gray and a young Englishman named Romaine, and also a man named Baker. They seemed glad to have us with them, and we certainly were glad to have their company. Father De Smet had been to the Flathead nation before. He had gone out with a trapping party, and on his return had traveled with only a guide by another route, farther to the north and through hostile tribes. He was genial, of fine presence, and one of the saintliest men I have ever known, and I cannot wonder that the Indians were made to believe him divinely protected. He was a man of great kindness and great affability under all circumstances; nothing seemed to disturb his temper. The Canadians had mules and Red River carts, instead of wagons and horses,— two mules to each cart, five or six of them,— and in case of steep hills they would hitch three or four of the animals to one cart, always working them tandem. Sometimes a cart would go over, breaking everything in it to pieces; and at such times Father De Smet would be just the same — beaming with good humor.

In general our route lay from near Westport, where Kansas City now is, northwesterly over the prairie, crossing several streams, till we struck the Platte River. Then we followed along the south side of the Platte to and a day's journey or so along the South Fork. Here the features of the country became more bold and interesting. Then crossing the South Fork of the Platte, and following up the north side for a day or so, we went over to the North Fork and camped at Ash Hollow; thence up the north side of that fork, passing those noted landmarks known as the Court House Rocks, Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluffs, etc., till we came to Fort Laramie, a trading post of the American Fur Company, near which was Lupton's Fort, belonging, as I understood, to some rival company. Thence after several days we came to another noted landmark called



A BIT OF ROUGH ROAD.



ON THE WAY TO THE PLATTE.

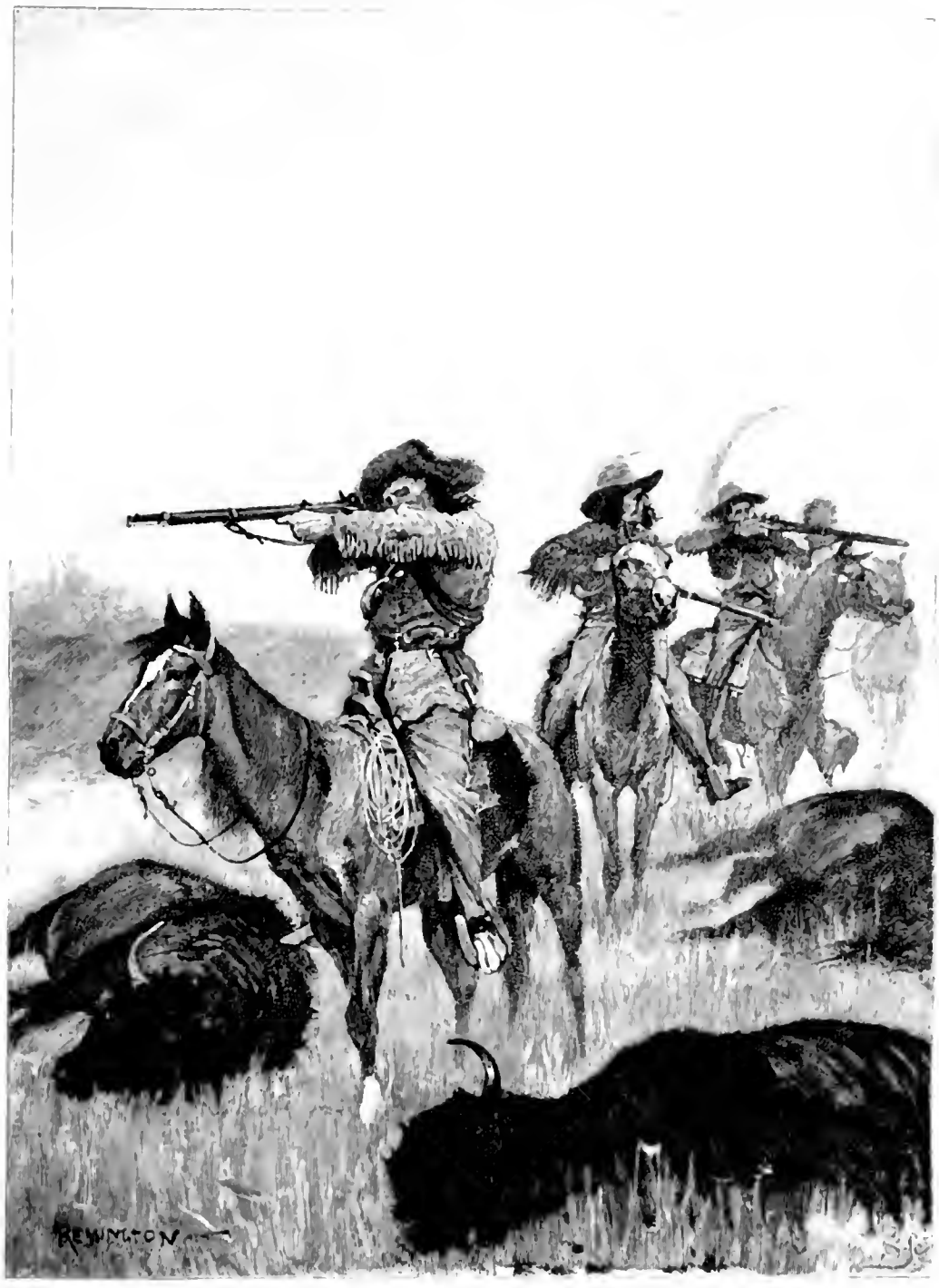
Independence Rock, on a branch of the North Platte called the Sweetwater, which we followed up to the head, soon after striking the Little Sandy, and then the Big Sandy, which empties into Green River. Next we crossed Green River to Black Fork, which we followed up till we came to Ham's Fork, at the head of which we crossed the divide between Green and Bear rivers. Then we followed Bear River down to Soda Springs. The waters of Bear Lake discharged through that river, which we continued to follow down on the west side till we came to Salt Lake. Then we went around the north end of the lake and struck out to the west and southwest.

For a time, until we reached the Platte River, one day was much like another. We set forth every morning and camped every night, detailing men to stand guard. Captain Fitzpatrick and the missionary party would generally take the lead and we would follow. Fitzpatrick knew all about the Indian tribes, and

when there was any danger we kept in a more compact body, to protect one another. At other times we would be scattered along, sometimes for half a mile or more. We were generally together, because there was often work to be done to avoid delay. We had to make the road, frequently digging down steep banks, filling gulches, removing stones, etc. In such cases everybody would take a spade or do something to help make the road passable. When we camped at night we usually drew the wagons and carts together in a hollow square and picketed our animals inside in the corral. The wagons were common ones and of no special pattern, and some of them were covered. The tongue of one would be fastened to the back of another. To lessen the danger from Indians, we usually had no fires at night and did our cooking in the daytime.

A POWWOW WITH CHEYENNES.

The first incident was a scare that we had from a party of Cheyenne Indians just before we reached the Platte River, about two weeks after we set out. One of our men who chanced to be out hunting, some distance from the company and behind us, suddenly appeared without mule, gun, or pistol, and lacking most of his clothes, and in great excitement reported that he had been surrounded by thousands of Indians. The company, too, became excited, and Captain Fitzpatrick tried, but with little effect, to control and pacify them. Every man started his team into a run, till the oxen, like the mules and horses, were in a full gallop. Captain Fitzpatrick went ahead and directed them to follow, and as fast as they came to the bank of the river he put the wagons in the form of a hollow square and had all the animals securely picketed within. After a while the Indians came in sight. There were only forty of them, but they were well mounted on horses, and were evidently a war party, for they had no women except one, a medicine woman. They came up and camped within a hundred yards of us on the river below. Fitzpatrick told us that they would not have come in that way if they were hostile. Our hunter in his excitement said that there were thousands of them, and that they had robbed him of his gun, mule, and pistol. When the Indians had put up their lodges Fitzpatrick and John Gray, the old hunter mentioned, went out to them and by signs were made to understand that the Indians did not intend to hurt the man or to take his mule or gun, but that he was so excited when he saw them that they had to disarm him to keep him from shooting them; they did not know what had become of his pistol or of his clothes, which he said they had torn off. They surrendered the mule and the gun, thus showing that they were friendly. They proved to be Cheyenne Indians.



SELECTING THE BEST.

Ever afterwards that man went by the name of Cheyenne Dawson.

As soon as we struck the buffalo country we found a new source of interest. Before reaching the Platte we had seen an abundance of antelope and elk, prairie wolves and villages of prairie dogs, but only an occasional buffalo. We now began to kill buffaloes for food, and at the suggestion of John Gray, and following the practice of Rocky Mountain white hunters, our people began to kill them just to get the tongues and the marrow bones, leaving all the rest of the meat on the plains for the wolves to eat. But the Cheyennes, who traveled ahead of us for two or three days, set us a better example. At their camps we noticed that when they killed buffaloes they took all the meat, everything but the bones. Indians were never wasteful of the buffalo except in winter for the sake of the robes, and then only in order to get the whisky which traders offered them in exchange. There is no better beef in the world than that of the buffalo; it is also very good jerked, *i. e.*, cut into strings and thoroughly dried. It was an easy matter to kill buffaloes after we got to where they were numerous, by keeping out of sight and to the leeward of them. I think I can truly say that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in all my life. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward continually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by thousands — so numerous were they that they changed not only the color of the

A RECRUIT FROM CIVILIZATION.

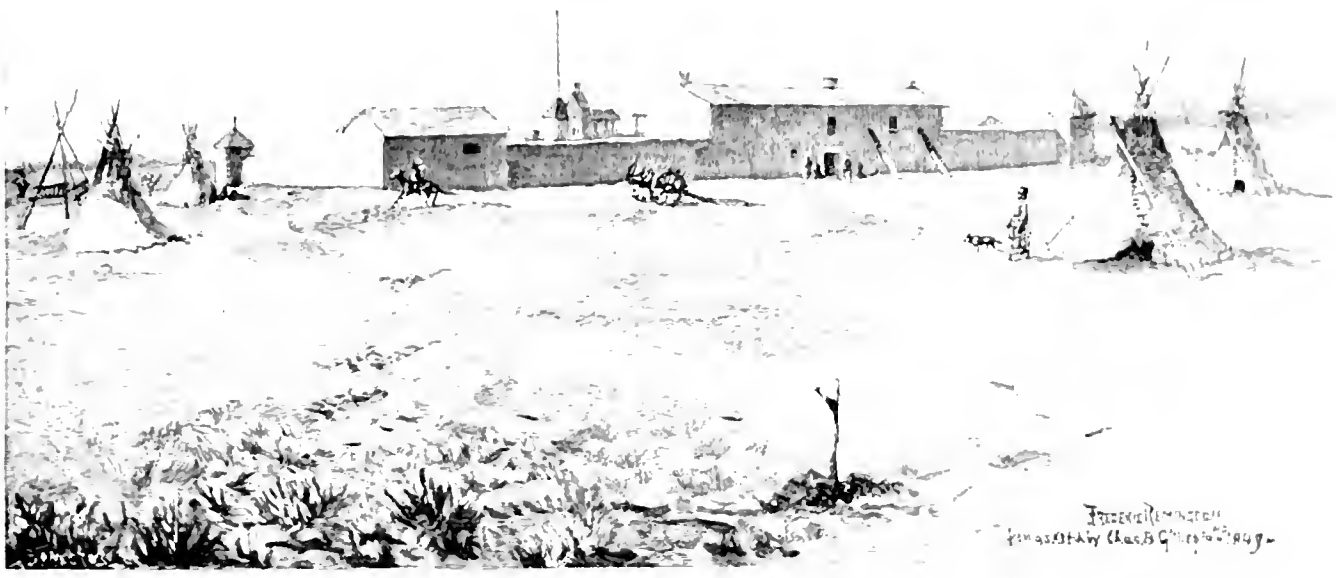
water, but its taste, until it was unfit to drink; but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the South Fork of the Platte they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. We were obliged to go out some distance from camp to turn them: Captain Fitzpatrick told us that if we did not do this the buffaloes in front could not turn aside for the pressure of those behind. We could hear them thundering all night long; the ground fairly trembled with vast approaching bands; and if they had not been diverted, wagons, animals, and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet. One cannot nowadays describe the rush and wildness of the thing. A strange feature was that when old oxen, tired and foot-sore, got among a buffalo herd, as they sometimes would in the night, they would soon become as wild as the wildest buffalo; and if ever recovered it was because they could not run so fast as the buffaloes or one's horse. The ground over which the herds trampled was left rather barren, but buffalo-grass being short and curling, in traveling over it they did not cut it up as much as they would other kinds.

On the Platte River, on the afternoon of one of the hottest days we experienced on the plains, we had a taste of a cyclone: first came a terrific shower, followed by a fall of hail to the depth of four inches, some of the stones being as large as turkeys' eggs; and the next day a waterspout — an angry, huge, whirling cloud column, which seemed to draw its water from the Platte River — passed within a quarter of a mile behind us. We stopped and braced ourselves against our wagons to keep them from being overturned. Had it struck us it doubtless would have demolished us.

Above the junction of the forks of the Platte we continued to pass notable natural formations — first O'Fallon's Bluffs, then Court House Rocks, a group of fantastic shapes to which some of our party started to go. After they had gone what seemed fifteen or twenty miles the huge pile looked just as far off as when they started, and so they turned and came back — so deceptive are distances in the clear atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains. A noted landmark on the North Fork, which we sighted fifty miles away, was Chimney Rock. It was then nearly square, and I think it must have been fifty feet higher than now, though after we passed it a portion of it fell off. Scott's Bluffs are known to emigrants for their picturesqueness. These formations, like those first mentioned, are composed of indurated yellow clay or soft sand rock; they are washed and broken

O'FALLON'S BLUFFS FROM NEAR THE JUNCTION OF THE FORKS OF THE PLATTE.

into all sorts of fantastic forms by the rains and storms of ages, and have the appearance of an immense city of towers and castles. They are quite difficult to explore, as I learned by experience in an effort to pursue and kill mountain sheep or bighorn. These were seen in great numbers, but we failed to kill any, as they in-



FORT LARAMIE IN 1849.

habit places almost inaccessible and are exceedingly wild.

As we ascended the Platte buffaloes became scarcer, and on the Sweetwater none were to be seen. Now appeared in the distance to the north of west, gleaming under its mantle of perpetual snow, that lofty range known as the Wind River Mountains. It was the first time I had seen snow in summer; some of the peaks were very precipitous, and the view was altogether most impressive. Guided by Fitzpatrick, we crossed the Rockies at or near the South Pass, where the mountains were apparently low. Some years before a man named William Subletts, an Indian fur trader, went to the Rocky Mountains with goods in wagons, and those were the only wagons that had ever been there before us; sometimes we came across the tracks, but generally they were obliterated, and thus were of no service. Approaching Green River in the Rocky Mountains, it was found that some of the wagons, including Captain Bartleson's, had alcohol on board, and that the owners wanted to find trappers in the Rocky Mountains to whom they might sell it. This was a surprise to many of us, as there had been no drinking on the way. John Gray was sent ahead to see if he could find a trapping party, and he was instructed, if successful, to have them come to a certain place on Green River. He struck a trail, and overtook a party on their way to the buffalo region to lay in provisions, *i. e.*, buffalo meat, and they returned, and came and camped on Green River very soon after our arrival, buying the greater part, if not all, of the alcohol, it first having been diluted so as to make what they called whisky — three or four gallons of water to a gallon of alcohol. Years afterwards we heard of the fate of that party: they were attacked by Indians the very first night after they left us and several of them killed, including the captain of the trapping party, whose name was Frapp. The whisky was probably the cause.

Several years ago when I was going down Weber Canon, approaching Salt Lake, swiftly borne along on an observation car amid cliff and over rushing streams, something said that night at the camp-fire on Green River was forcibly recalled to mind. We had in our party an illiterate fellow named Bill Overton, who in the evening at one of the camp-fires loudly declared that nothing in his life had ever surprised him. Of course that raised a dispute. "Never surprised in your life?" "No, I never was surprised." And, moreover,

he swore that nothing ever *could* surprise him. "I should not be surprised," said he, "if I were to see a steamboat come plowing over these mountains this minute." In rattling down the cañon of Weber River it occurred to me that the reality was almost equal to Bill Overton's extravaganza, and I could but wonder what he would have said had he suddenly come upon this modern scene.

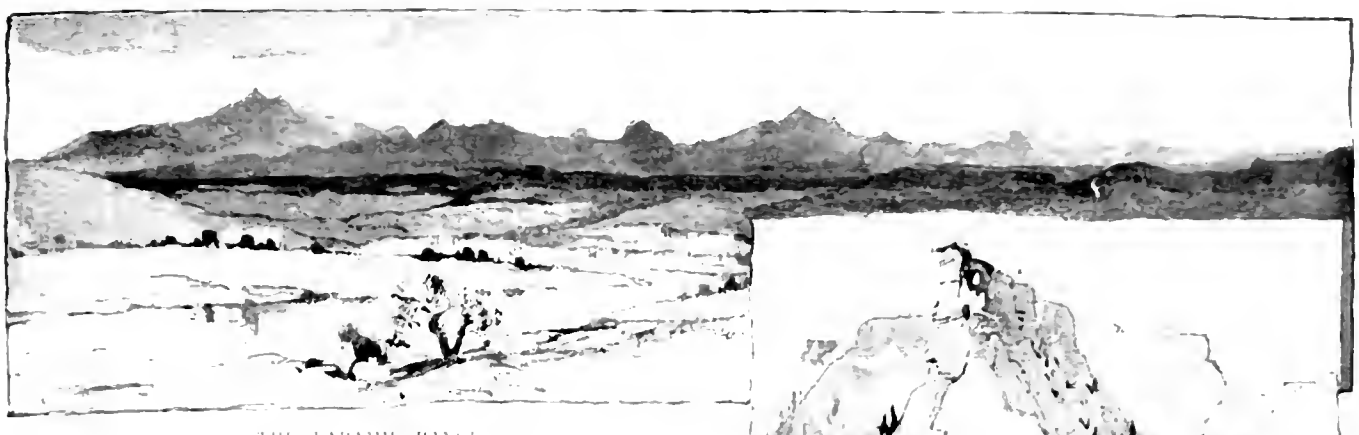
As I have said, at Soda Springs — at the northernmost bend of Bear River — our party separated. It was a bright and lovely place. The abundance of soda water, including the intermittent gushing so-called Steamboat Spring; the beautiful fir and cedar covered hills; the huge piles of red or brown sinter, the result of fountains once active but then dry — all these, together with the river, lent a charm to its wild beauty and made the spot a notable one. Here the missionary party were to turn north and go into the Flathead nation. Fort Hall, about forty miles distant on Snake River, lay on their route. There was no road; but something like a trail, doubtless used by the trappers, led in that direction. From Fort Hall there was also a trail down Snake River, by which trapping parties reached the Columbia River and Fort Vancouver, the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company.

Our party, originally sixty-nine, including women and children, had become lessened to sixty-four in number. One had accidentally shot and killed himself at the forks of the Platte. Another of our party, named Simpson, had left us at Fort Laramie. Three had turned back from Green River, intending to make their way to Fort Bridger and await an opportunity to return home. Their names were Peyton, Rodgers, and Amos E. Frye. Thirty-two of our party, becoming discouraged, decided not to venture without path or guide into the unknown and trackless region towards California, but concluded to go with the missionary party to Fort Hall and thence find their way down Snake and Columbia rivers into Oregon.[1] The rest of us — also thirty-two in number, including Benjamin Kelsey, his wife and little daughter — remained firm, refusing to be diverted from our original purpose of going direct to California. After getting all the information we could from Captain Fitzpatrick, we regretfully bade good-by to our fellow emigrants and to Father De Smet and his party.

We were now thrown entirely upon our own resources. All the country beyond was to us a veritable *terra incognita*, and we only knew that California lay to the west. Captain Fitzpatrick was not much better informed, but he had heard that parties had penetrated the country to the southwest and west of Salt Lake to trap for beaver; and by his advice four of our men went with the parties to Fort Hall to consult Captain Grant, who was in charge there, and to gain information. Meanwhile our depleted party slowly made its way down the west side of Bear River.

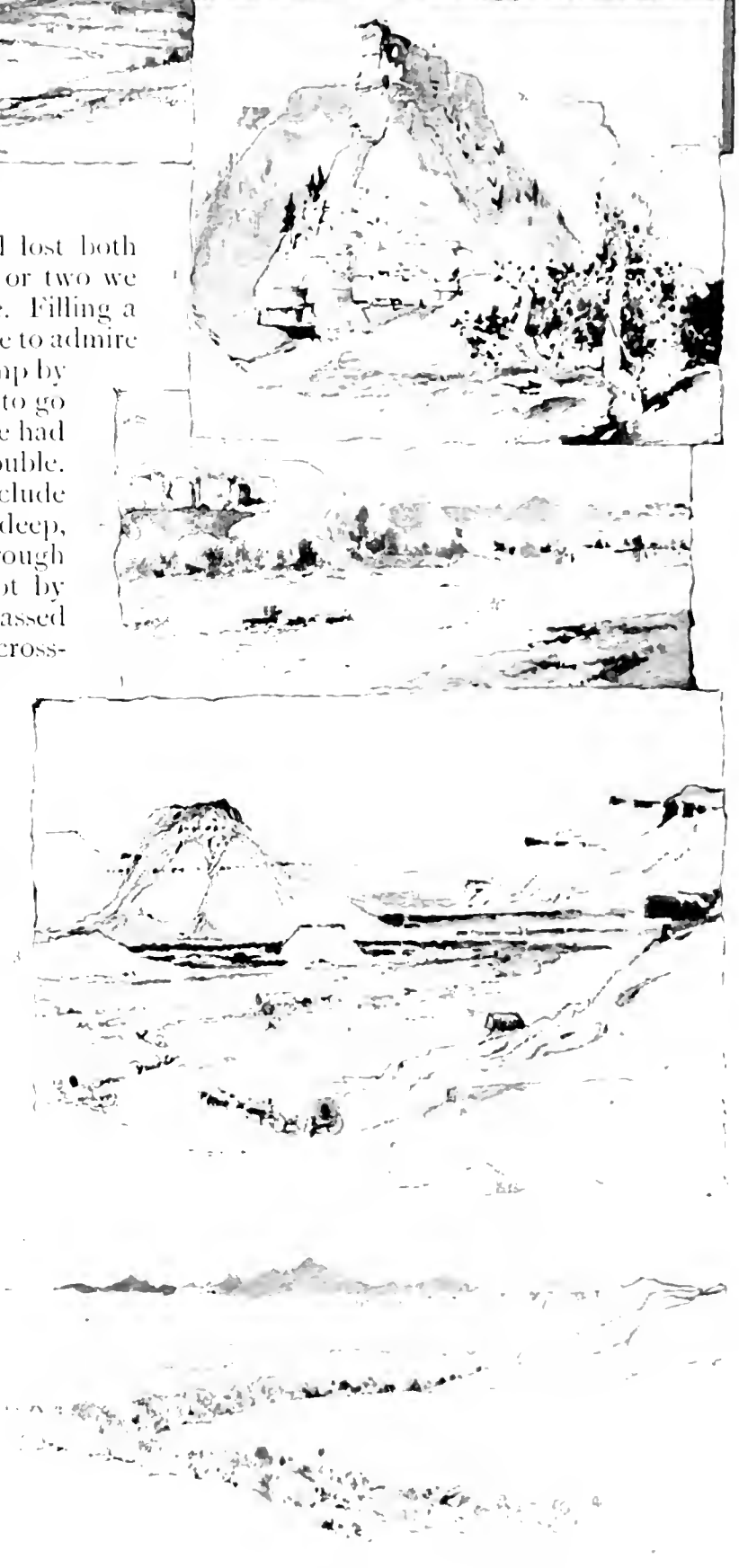
Our separation at Soda Springs recalls an incident. The days were usually very hot, the nights almost freezing. The first day our little company went only about ten miles and camped on Bear River. In company with a man named James John — always called "Jimmy John" — I wandered a mile or two down the river fishing. Seeing snow on a high mountain to the west we longed to reach it, for the heat where we were was intense. So, without losing time to get our guns or coats or to give notice at the camp, we started direct for the snow, with the impression that we could go and return by sundown. But there intervened a range of lower mountains, a certain peak of which seemed almost to touch the snow. Both of us were fleet of foot and made haste, but we only gained the summit of the peak about sundown. The distance must have been twelve or fifteen miles. A valley intervened, and the snow lay on a higher mountain beyond. I proposed to camp. But Jimmy gave me a disdainful look, as much as to say, "You are afraid to go," and quickened his gait into a run down the mountain towards the snow. I called to him to stop, but he would not even look back. A firm resolve seized me — to overtake him, but not again to ask him to return. We crossed the valley in the night, saw many Indian campfires, and gained a sharp ridge leading up to the snow. This was first brushy and then rough and rocky. The brush had no paths except those made by wild animals; the rocks were sharp, and soon cut through our moccasins and made our feet bleed. But up and up we went until long after midnight, and until a cloud covered the mountain. We were above the timber line, excepting a few stunted fir trees, under one of which we crawled to wait for day, for it was too dark to see. Day soon dawned, but we were almost frozen. Our fir-tree nest had been the lair of grizzly bears that had wallowed there and shed quantities of shaggy hair. The

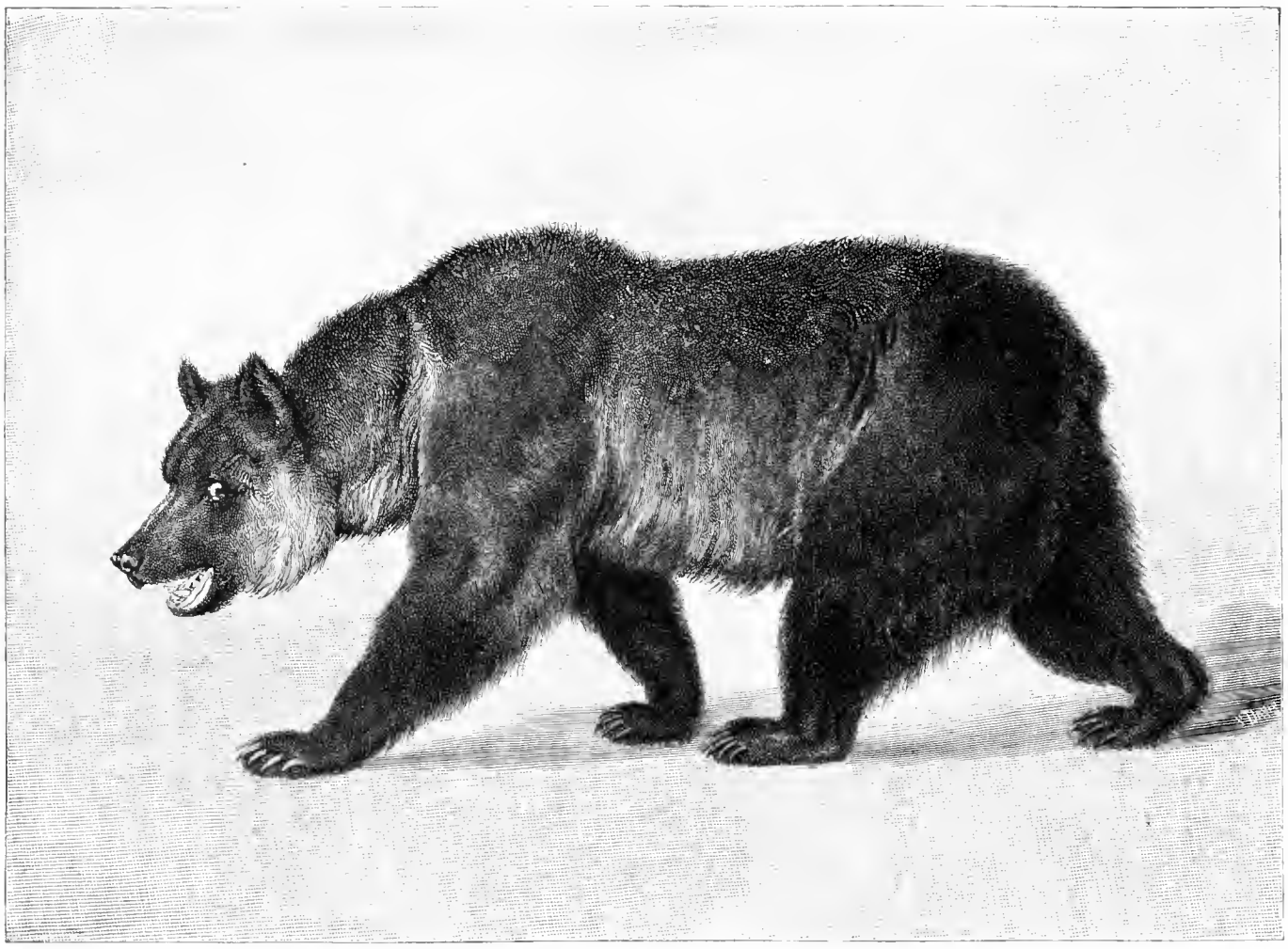
[1] Of the party leaving us at Soda Springs to go into Oregon I can now, after the lapse of forty-nine years, recall by their names only the following: Mr. Williams and wife; Samuel Kelsey, his wife and five children; Josiah Kelsey and wife; C. W. Flugge; Mr. Carroll; Mr. Fowler; a Methodist Episcopal preacher, whose name I think was also Williams; "Cheyenne Dawson"; and another called "Bear Dawson." Subsequently we heard that the party safely arrived in Oregon, and some of them we saw in California. One (C. W. Flugge) was in time to join a party and come from Oregon to California the same year (1841).



THE LARAMIE RANGE.

snow was still beyond, and we had lost both sight and direction. But in an hour or two we reached it. It was nearly as hard as ice. Filling a large handkerchief, without taking time to admire the scenery we started towards the camp by a new route, for our feet were too sore to go by way of the rocky ridge by which we had come. But the new way led into trouble. There were thickets so dense as to exclude the sun, and roaring little streams in deep, dark chasms; we had to crawl through paths which looked untrodden except by grizzlies; in one place a large bear had passed evidently only a few minutes before, crossing the deep gorge, plunging through the wild, dashing water, and wetting the steep bank as he went up. We carried our drawn butcher knives in our hands, for they were our only weapons. At last we emerged into the valley. Apparently numerous Indians had left that very morning, as shown by the tracks of lodge-poles drawn on the ground. Making haste, we soon gained the hills, and at about 2 P. M. sighted our wagons, already two or three miles on the march. When our friends saw us they stopped, and all who could ran to welcome us. They had given us up for lost, supposing that we had been killed by the hostile Blackfeet, who, as Captain Fitzpatrick had warned us, sometimes roamed through that region. The company had barricaded the camp at night as best they could, and every man had spent a sleepless night on guard. Next morning they passed several hours in scouring the country. Their first questions were: "Where have you been?" "Where have you been?" I was able to answer triumphantly, "*We have been up to the snow!*" and to demonstrate the fact by showing all the





THE GRIZZLY (URSUS HORRIBILIS). (FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THE LATE CHARLES NAHL.)

snow I had left, which was now reduced to a ball about the size of my fist.

In about ten days our four men returned from Fort Hall, during which time we had advanced something over one hundred miles towards Salt Lake. They brought the information that we must strike out west of Salt Lake, — as it was even then called by the trappers,— being careful not to go too far south, lest we should get into a waterless country without grass. They also said we must be careful not to go too far north, lest we should get into a broken country and steep cañons, and wander about, as trapping parties had been known to do, and become bewildered and perish.

September had come before we reached Salt Lake, which we struck at its northern extremity. Part of the time we had purposely traveled slowly to enable the men from Fort Hall the sooner to overtake us. But unavoidable delays were frequent: daily, often hourly, the road had to be made passable for our wagons by digging down steep banks, filling gulches, etc. Indian fires obscured mountains and valleys in a dense, smoky atmosphere, so that we could not see any considerable distance in order to avoid obstacles. The principal growth, on plain and hill alike, was the interminable sage-brush (*Artemisia*), and often it was difficult, for miles at a time, to break a road through it, and sometimes a lightly laden wagon would be overturned. Its monotonous dull color and scraggy appearance gave a most dreary aspect to the landscape. But it was not wholly useless: where large enough it made excellent fuel, and it was the home and shelter of the hare — generally known as the "jack rabbit" — and of the sage-hen. Trees were almost a sure sign of water in that region. But the mirage was most deceptive, magnifying stunted sage-brush on diminutive hillocks into trees and groves. Thus misled, we traveled all day without water, and at midnight found ourselves in a plain, level as a floor, incrusted with salt, and as white as snow. Crusts of salt broken up by our wagons, and driven by the chilly night wind like ice on the surface of a frozen pond, was to me a most striking counterfeit of a winter scene. This plain became softer and softer until our poor, almost famished, animals could not pull our wagons. In fact, we were going direct to Salt Lake and did not know it. So, in search of water, we turned from a southerly to an easterly course, and went about ten miles, and soon after daylight arrived at Bear River. So near to Salt Lake were we that the water in the river was too salt for us or our animals to use, but we had to use it; it would not

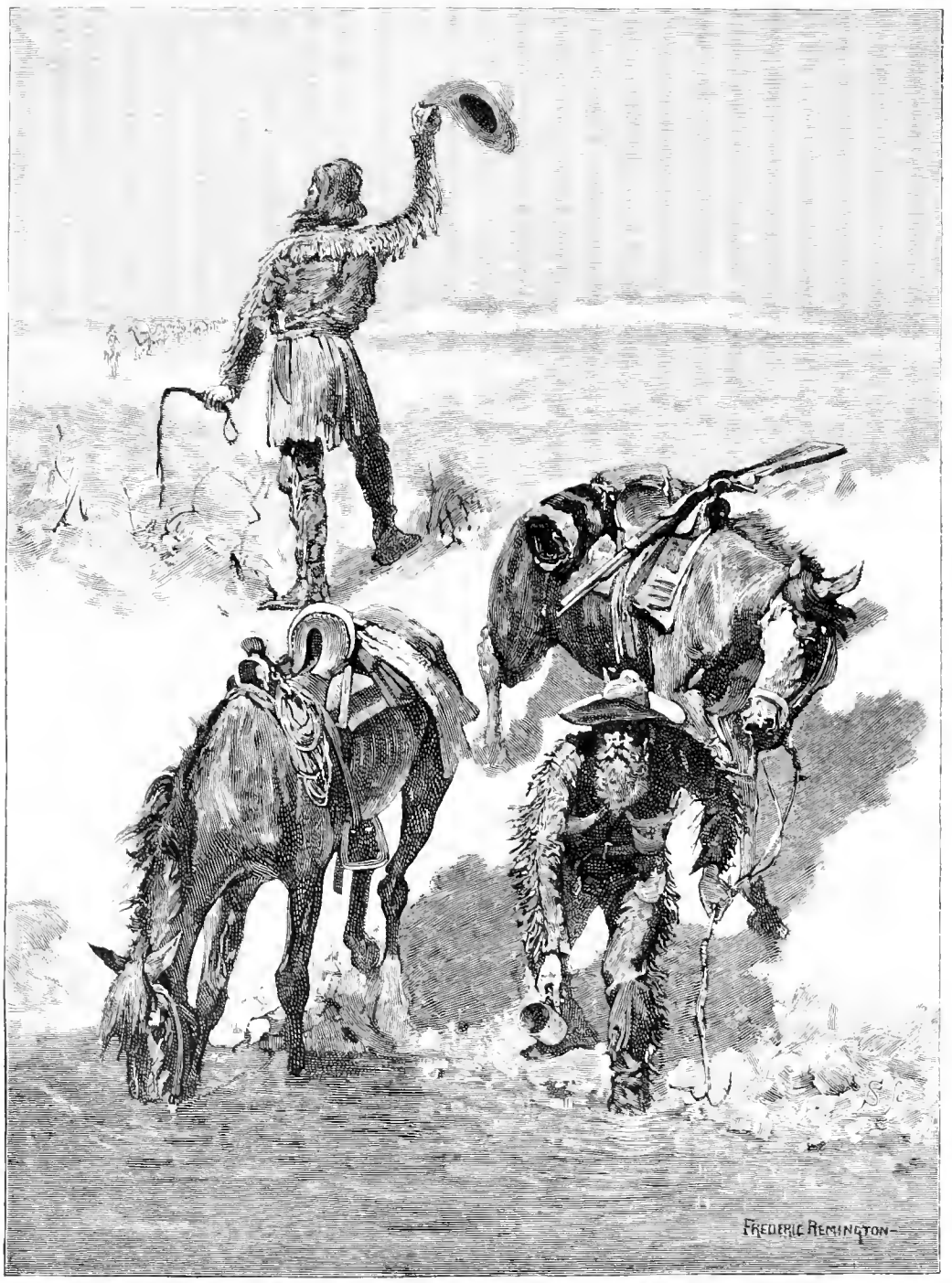
quench thirst, but it did save life. The grass looked most luxuriant, and sparkled as if covered with frost. But it was salt; our hungry, jaded animals refused to eat it, and we had to lie by a whole day to rest them before we could travel.

Leaving this camp and bearing northwest we crossed our tracks on the salt plain, having thus described a triangle of several miles in dimensions. One of the most serious of our troubles was to find water where we could camp at night. So soon came another hot day, and hard travel all day and all night without water! From a westerly course we turned directly north, and, guided by antelope trails, came in a few miles to an abundance of grass and good water. The condition of our animals compelled us to rest here nearly a week. Meanwhile two of the men who had been to Fort Hall went ahead to explore. Provisions were becoming scarce, and we saw that we must avoid unnecessary delay. The two men were gone about five days. Under their lead we set forth, bearing west, then southwest, around Salt Lake, then again west. After two or three fatiguing days,—one day and a night without water,—the first notice we had of approach to any considerable mountain was the sight of crags, dimly seen through the smoke, many hundred feet above our heads. Here was plenty of good grass and water. Nearly all now said, "Let us leave our wagons, otherwise the snows will overtake us before we get to California." So we stopped one day and threw away everything we could not carry, made pack-saddles and packed the oxen, mules, and horses, and started.

On Green River we had seen the style of pack-saddles used by the trapping party, and had learned a little about how to make them. Packing is an art, and something that only an experienced mountaineer can do well. It is to save his animal and keep his pack from falling off. We were unaccustomed to it, and the difficulties we had at first were simply indescribable. It is much more difficult to fasten a pack on an ox than on a mule or a horse. The trouble began the very first day. But we started—most of us on foot, for nearly all the animals, including several of the oxen, had to carry packs. It was but a few minutes before the packs began to turn; horses became scared, mules kicked, oxen jumped and bellowed, and articles were scattered in all directions. We took more pains, fixed things, made a new start, and did better, though packs continued occasionally to fall off and delay us.

Those that had better pack-saddles and had tied their loads securely were ahead, while the others were obliged to lag behind, because they had to repack, and sometimes things would be strewn all along the route. The first night I happened to be among those that kept pretty well back, because the horses out-traveled the oxen. The foremost came to a place and stopped where there was no water or grass, and built a fire so that we could see it and come up to them. We got there about midnight, but some of our oxen that had packs on had not come up, and among them were my two. So I had to return the next morning and find them, Chesterfield Dawson alone volunteering to go with me. One man had brought along about a quart of water, which was carefully doled out before we started, each receiving a little canister-cover full—less

MONUMENT ROCK, ALKALI.



WATER!

than half a gill; but as Dawson and I had to go for the oxen, we were given a double portion. This was all the water I had until the next day. It was a burning hot day. We could not find the trail of the oxen for a long time, and Dawson refused to go any farther, saying that there were plenty of cattle in California; but I had to do it, for the oxen were carrying our provisions and other things. Afterwards I struck the trail, and found that the oxen instead of going west had gone north, and I followed them until nearly sundown. They had got into a grassy country, which showed that they were nearing water. Seeing Indian tracks on their trail following them, I felt there was imminent danger, and at once examined my gun and pistols to see that they were primed and ready. But soon I found my oxen lying down in tall grass by the side of the trail. Seeing no Indians, I hastened to fasten the packs and make my way to overtake the company. They had promised to stop when they came to water and wait for me. I traveled all night, and at early dawn came to where there was plenty of water and where the company had taken their dinner the day before, but they had failed to stop for me according to promise. I was much perplexed, because I had seen many fires in the night, which I took to be Indian fires, so I fastened my oxen to a scraggy willow and began to make circles around to see which way the company had gone. The ground was so hard that the animals had made no impression, which bewildered me. Finally, while making a circle of about three miles away off to the south, I saw two men coming on horseback. In the

glare of the mirage, which distorted everything, I could not tell whether they were Indians or white men, but I supposed them to be Indians, feeling sure our party would go west and not south. In a mirage a man on horseback looks as tall as a tree, and I could only tell by the motion that they were mounted. I made a bee-line to my oxen, to make breastworks of them. In doing this I came to a small stream resembling running water, into which I urged my horse, whereupon he went down into a quagmire, over head and ears, out of sight. My gun also went under the mire. I got hold of something on the bank, threw out my gun, which was full of mud and water, and holding to the rope attached to my horse, by dint of hard pulling I succeeded in getting him out — a sorry sight, his ears and eyes full of mud, and his body covered with it. At last, just in time, I was able to move and get behind the oxen. My gun was in no condition to shoot. However, putting dry powder in the pan I determined to do my best in case the supposed Indians should come up; but lo! they were two of our party coming to meet me, bringing water and provisions. It was a great relief. I felt indignant that the party had not stopped for me — not the less so when I learned that Captain Bartleson had said, when they started back to find me, that they "would be in better business to go ahead and look for a road." He had not forgotten certain comments of mine on his qualities as a student of Indian character. An instance of this I will relate.

One morning, just as we were packing up, a party of about ninety Indians, on horseback, a regular war party, were descried coming up. Some of us begged the captain to send men out to prevent them from coming to us while we were in the confusion of packing. But he said, "Boys, you must not show any sign of hostility; if you go out there with guns the Indians will think us hostile, and may get mad and hurt us." However, five or six of us took our guns and went out, and by signs made them halt. They did not prove to be hostile, but they had carbines, and if we had been careless and had let them come near they might, and probably would, have killed us. At last we got packed up and started, and the Indians traveled along three or four hundred yards one side or the other of us or behind us all day. They appeared anxious to trade, and offered a buckskin, well dressed, worth two or three dollars, for three or four charges of powder and three or four balls. This showed that they were in want of ammunition. The carbines indicated that they had had communication with some trading-post belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. They had buffalo-robes also, which showed that they were a roving hunting party, as there were no buffaloes within three or four hundred miles. At this time I had spoken my mind pretty freely concerning Captain Bartleson's lack of judgment, as one could scarcely help doing under the circumstances.

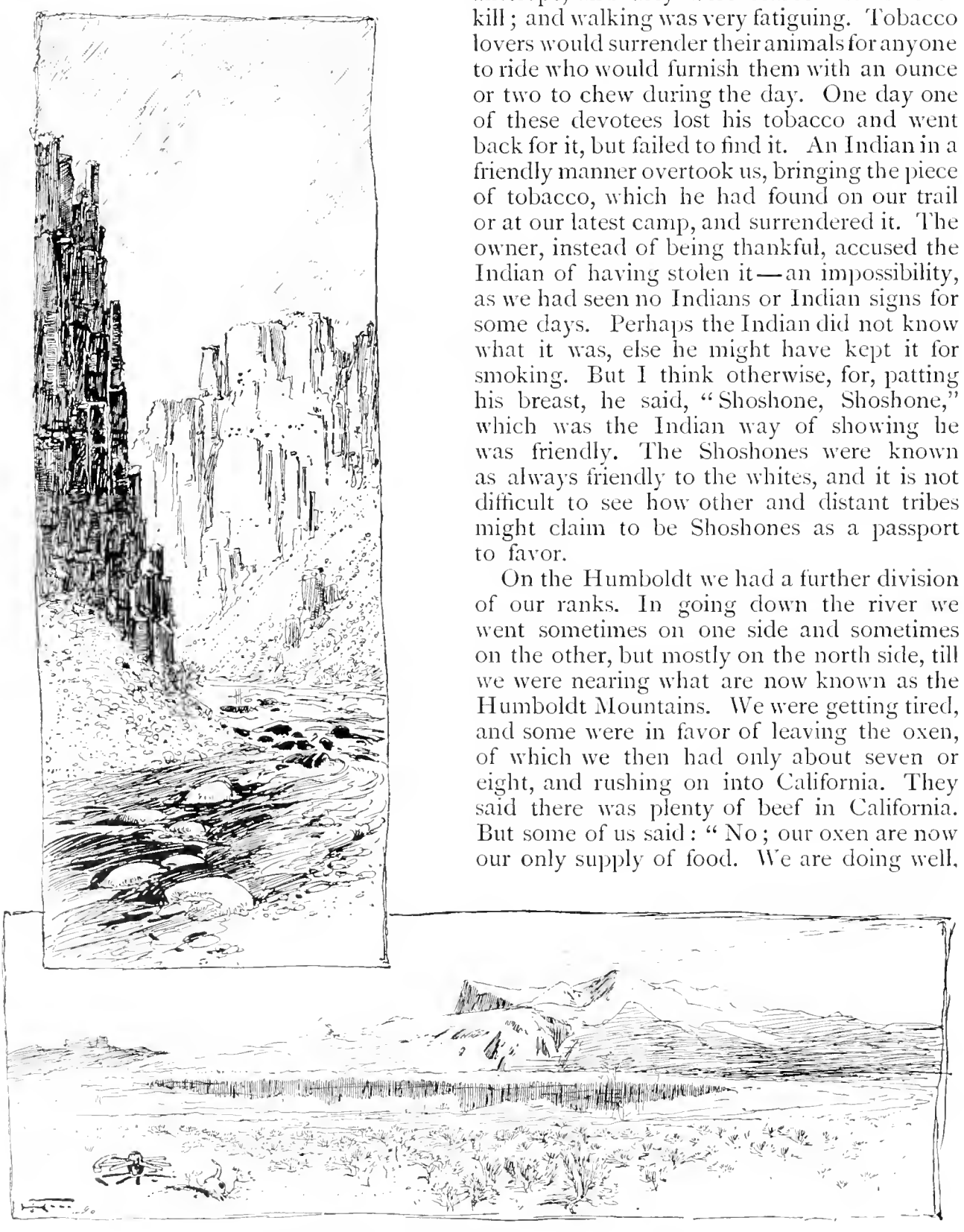
We now got into a country where there was no grass nor water, and then we began to catechize the men who had gone to Fort Hall. They repeated, "If you go too far south you will get into a desert country and your animals will perish; there will be no water nor grass." We were evidently too far south. We could not go west, and the formation of the country was such that we had to turn and go north across a range of mountains. Having struck a small stream we camped upon it all night, and next day continued down its banks, crossing from side to side, most of the time following Indian paths or paths made by antelope and deer. In the afternoon we entered a cañon the walls of which were precipitous and several hundred feet high. Finally the pleasant bermy banks gave out entirely, and we could travel only in the dry bed of what in the wet season was a raging river. It became a solid mass of stones and huge boulders, and the animals became tender-footed and sore so that they could hardly stand up, and as we continued the way became worse and worse. There was no place for us to lie down and sleep, nor could our animals lie down; the water had given out, and the prospect was indeed gloomy — the cañon had been leading us directly north. All agreed that the animals were too jaded and worn to go back. Then we called the men. "What did they tell you at Fort Hall about the northern region?" They repeated, "You must not go too far north; if you do you will get into difficult cañons that lead towards the Columbia River, where you may become bewildered and wander about and perish." This cañon was going nearly north; in fact it seemed a little east of north. We sent some men to see if they could reach the top of the mountain by scaling the precipice somewhere and get a view, and they came back about ten or eleven o'clock, saying the country looked better three or four miles farther ahead. So we were encouraged. Even the animals seemed to take courage, and we got along much better than had been thought possible, and by one o'clock that day came out on what is now known as the Humboldt River. It was not until four years later (1845) that General Fremont first saw this river and named it Humboldt.

Our course was first westward and then southward, following this river for many days, till we came to its Sink, near which we saw a solitary horse, an indication that trappers had some time been in that vicinity. We tried to catch him but failed; he had been there long enough

to become very wild. We saw many Indians on the Humboldt, especially towards the Sink. There were many tule marshes. The tule is a rush, large, but here not very tall. It was generally completely covered with honeydew, and this in turn was wholly covered with a pediculous-looking insect which fed upon it. The Indians gathered quantities of the honey and pressed it into balls about the size of one's fist, having the appearance of wet bran. At first we greatly relished this Indian food, but when we saw what it was made of—that the insects pressed into the mass were the main ingredient—we lost our appetites and bought no more of it.

From the time we left our wagons many had to walk, and more and more as we advanced. Going down the Humboldt at least half were on foot. Provisions had given out; except a little coarse green grass among the willows along the river the country was dry, bare, and desolate; we saw no game except antelope, and they were scarce and hard to kill; and walking was very fatiguing. Tobacco lovers would surrender their animals for anyone to ride who would furnish them with an ounce or two to chew during the day. One day one of these devotees lost his tobacco and went back for it, but failed to find it. An Indian in a friendly manner overtook us, bringing the piece of tobacco, which he had found on our trail or at our latest camp, and surrendered it. The owner, instead of being thankful, accused the Indian of having stolen it—an impossibility, as we had seen no Indians or Indian signs for some days. Perhaps the Indian did not know what it was, else he might have kept it for smoking. But I think otherwise, for, patting his breast, he said, "Shoshone, Shoshone," which was the Indian way of showing he was friendly. The Shoshones were known as always friendly to the whites, and it is not difficult to see how other and distant tribes might claim to be Shoshones as a passport to favor.

On the Humboldt we had a further division of our ranks. In going down the river we went sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, but mostly on the north side, till we were nearing what are now known as the Humboldt Mountains. We were getting tired, and some were in favor of leaving the oxen, of which we then had only about seven or eight, and rushing on into California. They said there was plenty of beef in California. But some of us said: "No; our oxen are now our only supply of food. We are doing well,



THE HUMBOLDT PALISADES.—THE HUMBOLDT SINK.

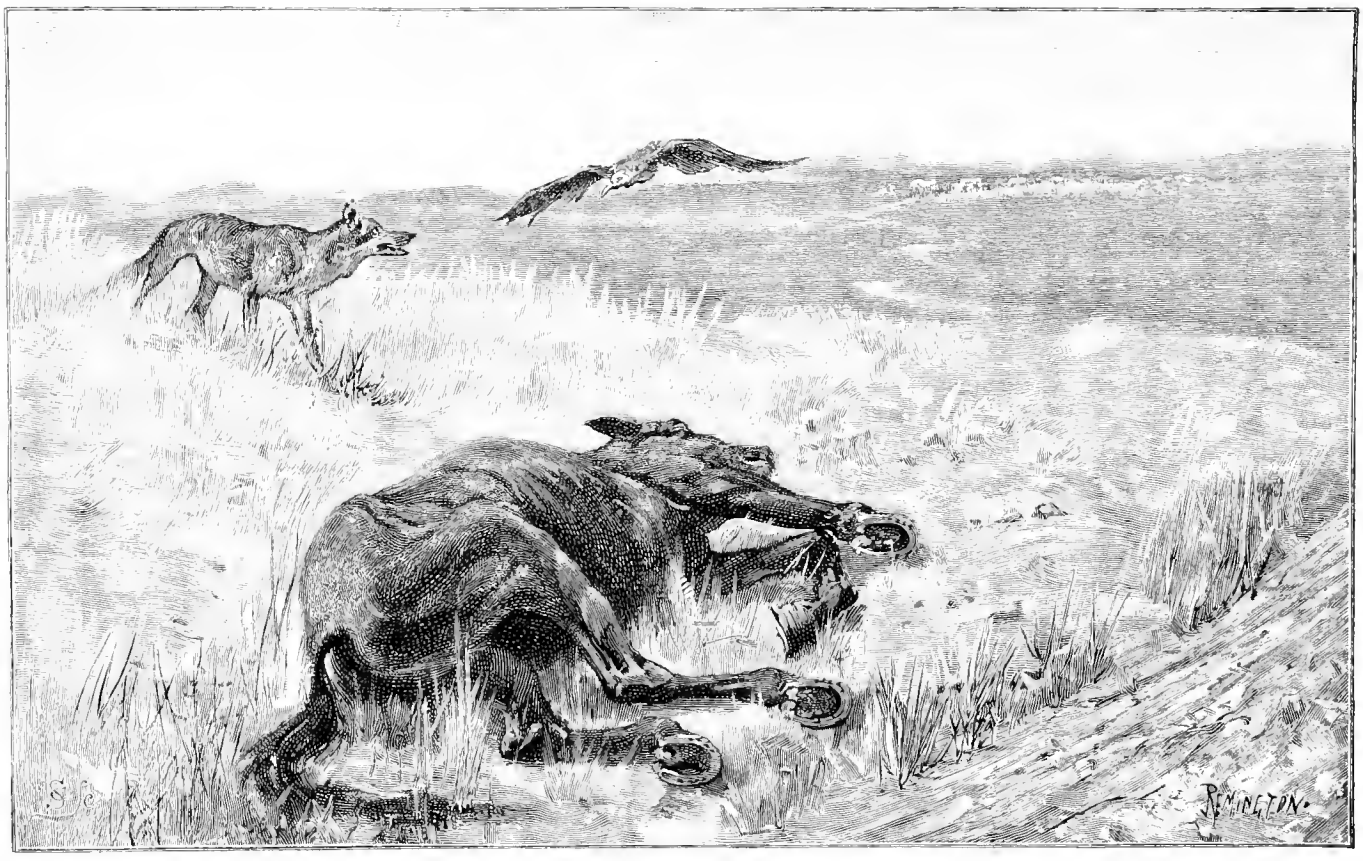
TRUCKEE MEADOWS.

making eighteen or twenty miles a day." One morning when it was my turn at driving the oxen, the captain traveled so fast that I could not keep up, and was left far behind. When night came I had to leave the trail and go over a rocky declivity for a mile and a half into a gloomy, damp bottom, and unpack the oxen and turn them out to eat, sleeping myself without blankets. I got up the next morning, hunted the oxen out of the willow thicket, and repacked them. Not having had supper or breakfast, and having to travel nine miles before I overtook the party, perhaps I was not in the best humor. They were waiting, and for the very good reason that they could have nothing to eat till I came up with the oxen and one could be killed. I felt badly treated, and let the captain know it plainly; but, much to my surprise, he made no reply, and none of his men said a word. We killed an ox, ate our breakfast, and got ready to start about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. When nearly ready to go, the captain and one or two of his mess came to us and said: "Boys, our animals are better than yours, and we always get out of meat before any of the rest of you. Let us have the most of the meat this time, and we will pay you back the next ox we kill." We gladly let them have all they wished. But as soon as they had taken it, and were mounted ready to start, the captain in a loud voice exclaimed: "Now we have been found fault with long enough, and we are going to California. If you can keep up with us, all right; if you can not, you may go to ——"; and away they started, the captain and eight men. One of the men would not go with the captain; he said, "The captain is wrong, and I will stay with you, boys."

In a short time they were out of sight. We followed their trail for two or three days, but after they had crossed over to the south side of the Humboldt and turned south we came into a sandy waste where the wind had entirely obliterated their tracks. We were then thrown entirely upon our own resources. It was our desire to make as great speed as possible westward, deviating only when obstacles interposed, and in such case bearing south instead of north, so as to be found in a lower latitude in the event that winter should overtake us in the mountains. But, diverted by following our fugitive captain and party across the Humboldt, we thereby missed the luxuriant Truckee meadows lying but a short distance to the west, a resting-place well and favorably known to later emigrants. So, perforce, we followed down to the Sink of the Humboldt and were obliged to drink its water, which in the fall of the year becomes stagnant and of the color of lye, and not fit to drink or use unless boiled. Here we camped. Leaving the Sink of the Humboldt, we crossed a considerable stream which must have been Carson River, and came to another stream which must have been Walker River, and followed it up to where it came out of the mountains, which proved to be the Sierra Nevada. We did not know the name of the mountains. Neither had these rivers then been named; nor had they been seen by Kit Carson or Joe Walker, for whom they were named, nor were they seen until 1845 by Fremont, who named them.

We were now camped on Walker River, at the very eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, and had only two oxen left. We sent men ahead to see if it would be possible to scale the mountains, while we killed the better of the two oxen and dried the meat in preparation for the ascent. The men returned towards evening and reported that they thought it would be possible to ascend the mountains, though very difficult. We had eaten our supper, and were ready for the climb in the morning. Looking back on the plains we saw something coming, which we decided to be Indians. They traveled very slowly, and it was difficult to understand their movements. To make a long story short, it was the eight men that had left us nine days before. They had gone farther south than we and had come to a lake, probably Carson Lake, and there had found Indians who supplied them plentifully with fish and pine nuts. Fish caught in such water are not fit to

eat at any time, much less in the fall of the year. The men had all eaten heartily of fish and pine nuts, and had got something akin to cholera morbus. We were glad to see them although they had deserted us. We ran out to meet them and shook hands, and put



ABANDONED.

our frying-pans on and gave them the best supper we could. Captain Bartleson, who when we started from Missouri was a portly man, was reduced to half his former girth. He said: "Boys, if ever I get back to Missouri I will never leave that country. I would gladly eat out of the troughs with my dogs." He seemed to be heartily sick of his late experience, but that did not prevent him from leaving us twice after that.

We were now in what is at present Nevada, and probably within forty miles of the present boundary of California. We ascended the mountains on the north side of Walker River to the summit, and then struck a stream running west which proved to be the extreme source of the Stanislaus River. We followed it down for several days and finally came to where a branch ran into it, each forming a cañon. The main river flowed in a precipitous gorge in places apparently a mile deep, and the gorge that came into it was but little less formidable. At night we found ourselves on the extreme point of the promontory between the two, very tired, and with neither grass nor water. We had to stay there that night. Early the next morning two men went down to see if it would be possible to get through down the smaller cañon. I was one of them, Jimmy John the other. Benjamin Kelsey, who had shown himself expert in finding the way, was now, without any election, still recognized as leader, as he had been during the absence of Bartleson. A party also went back to see how far we should have to go around before we could pass over the tributary cañon. The understanding was, that when we went down the cañon if it was practicable to get through we were to fire a gun so that all could follow; but if not, we were not to fire, even if we saw game. When Jimmy and I got down about three-quarters of a mile I came to the conclusion that it was impossible to get through, and said to him, "Jimmy, we might as well go back; we can't go here." "Yes, we can," said he; and insisting that we could, he pulled out a pistol and fired. It was an old dragoon pistol, and reverberated like a cannon. I hurried back to tell the company not to come down, but before I reached them the captain and his party had started. I explained, and warned them that they could not get down; but they went on as far as they could go, and then were obliged to stay all day and night to rest the animals, and had to go about among the rocks and pick a little grass for them, and go down to the stream through a terrible place in the cañon to bring water up in cups and camp-kettles, and some of the men in their boots, to pour down the animals' throats in order to keep them from perishing. Finally, four of them

pulling and four of them pushing a mule, they managed to get them up one by one, and then carried all the things up again on their backs — not an easy job for exhausted men.

In some way, nobody knows how, Jimmy got through that cañon and into the Sacramento Valley. He had a horse with him — an Indian horse that was bought in the Rocky Mountains, and which could come as near climbing a tree as any horse I ever knew. Jimmy was a character. Of all men I have ever known I think he was the most fearless; he had the bravery of a bulldog. He was not seen for two months — until he was found at Sutter's, afterwards known as Sutter's Fort, now Sacramento City.

We went on, traveling west as near as we could. When we killed our last ox we shot and ate crows or anything we could kill, and one man shot a wild-cat. We could eat anything. One day in the morning I went ahead, on foot of course, to see if I could kill something, it being understood that the company would keep on as near west as possible and find a practicable road. I followed an Indian trail down into the cañon, meeting many Indians on the way up. They did not molest me, but I did not quite like their looks. I went about ten miles down the cañon, and then began to think it time to strike north to intersect the trail of the company going west. A most difficult time I had scaling the precipice. Once I threw my gun up ahead of me, being unable to hold it and climb, and then was in despair lest I could not get up where it was, but finally I did barely manage to do so, and made my way north. As the darkness came on I was obliged to look down and feel with my feet lest I should pass over the trail of the party without seeing it. Just at dark I came to an enormous fallen tree and tried to go around the top, but the place was too brushy, so I went around the butt, which seemed to me to be about twenty or twenty-five feet above my head. This I suppose to have been one of the fallen trees in the Calaveras Grove of *Sequoia gigantea* or mammoth trees, as I have since been there, and to my own satisfaction identified the lay of the land and the tree. Hence I concluded that I must have been the first white man who ever saw the *Sequoia gigantea*, of which I told Frémont when he came to California in 1844. Of course sleep was impossible, for I had neither blanket nor coat, and burned or froze alternately as I turned from one side to the other before the small fire which I had built, until morning, when I started eastward to intersect the trail, thinking the company had turned north. But I traveled until noon and found no trail; then striking south, I came to the camp which I had left the previous morning. The party had gone, but not where they had said they would go; for they had taken the same trail I had followed into the cañon, and had gone up the south side, which they had found so steep that many of the poor animals could not climb it and had to be left. When I arrived the Indians were there cutting the horses to pieces and carrying off the meat. My situation, alone among strange Indians killing our poor horses, was by no means comfortable. Afterward we found that these Indians were always at war with the Californians. They were known as the Horse Thief Indians, and lived chiefly on horse flesh; they had been in the habit of raiding the ranches even to the very coast, driving away horses by the hundreds into the mountains to eat. That night after dark I overtook the party in camp.

A day or two later we came to a place where there was a great quantity of horse bones, and we did not know what it meant; we thought that an army must have perished there. They were of course horses that the Indians had driven in there and slaughtered. A few nights later, fearing depredations, we concluded to stand guard — all but one man, who would not. So we let his two horses roam where they pleased. In the morning they could not be found. A few miles away we came to a village; the Indians had fled, but we found the horses killed and some of the meat roasting on a fire.

We were now on the edge of the San Joaquin Valley, but we did not even know that we were in California. We could see a range of mountains lying to the west,— the Coast Range,— but we could see no valley. The evening of the day we started down into the valley we were very tired, and when night came our party was strung along for three or four miles, and every man slept right where darkness overtook him. He would take off his saddle for a pillow and turn his horse or mule loose, if he had one. His animal would be too poor to walk away, and in the morning he would find him, usually within fifty feet. The jaded horses nearly perished with hunger and fatigue. When we overtook the foremost of the party the next morning we found they had come to a pond of water, and one of them had killed a fat coyote; when I came up it was all eaten except the lights and the windpipe, on which I made my breakfast. From that camp we saw timber to the north of us, evidently bordering a stream running west. It turned out to be the stream that we had followed down in the mountains — the Stanislaus River. As soon as we came in sight of the bottom land of the stream we saw an abundance of antelopes and sandhill cranes. We killed two of each the first evening.

Wild grapes also abounded. The next day we killed thirteen deer and antelopes, jerked the meat and got ready to go on, all except the captain's mess of seven or eight, who decided to stay there and lay in meat enough to last them into California! We were really almost down to tidewater, but did not know it. Some thought it was five hundred miles yet to California. But all thought we had to cross at least that range of mountains in sight to the west before entering the promised land, and how many more beyond no one could tell. Nearly all thought it best to press on lest the snows might overtake us in the mountains before us, as they had already nearly done on the mountains behind us (the Sierra Nevada). It was now about the first of November. Our party set forth bearing northwest, aiming for a seeming gap north of a high mountain in the chain to the west of us. That mountain we found to be Mount Diablo. At night the Indians attacked the captain's camp and stole all their animals, which were the best in the company, and the next day the men had to overtake us with just what they could carry in their hands.

The next day, judging by the timber we saw, we concluded there was a river to the west. So two men went ahead to see if they could find a trail or a crossing. The timber seen proved to be along what is now known as the San Joaquin River. We sent two men on ahead to spy out the country. At night one of them returned, saying they had come across an Indian on horseback without a saddle who wore a cloth jacket but no other clothing. From what they could understand the Indian knew Dr. Marsh and had offered to guide them to his place. He plainly said "Marsh," and of course we supposed it was the Dr. Marsh before referred to who had written the letter to a friend in Jackson County, Missouri, and so it proved. One man went with the Indian to Marsh's ranch and the other came back to tell us what he had done, with the suggestion that we should go on and cross the river (San Joaquin) at the place to which the trail was leading. In that way we found ourselves two days later at Dr. Marsh's ranch, and there we learned that we were really in California and our journey at an end. After six months we had now arrived at the first settlement in California, November 4, 1841.

The account of our reception, and of my own experiences in California in the pastoral period before the gold discovery, I must reserve for another paper.

John Bidwell.

CALIFORNIANA.

Grizzly and Pioneer.

A GREAT many persons have told stories about grizzlies and about pioneers. But there is an aspect in which the grizzly and the pioneer may be said to represent the beginnings of a chapter of national folk-lore, or the first halting steps towards the development of a noble myth.

I remember that an old silver-freighter who walked all day long for many successive weeks across the Nevada desert, beside his high ore wagon, once said to me: "I had a curious notion lately. I thought that, perhaps, when the American frontiersman had been dead a hundred thousand years, the stories that would be written and believed about him would be like those of the demigods." My old silver-freighter was well educated, and knew his mythology better than I did. He had full faith, too, in the permanence of the myth-making spirit. "Some fellow, I don't know who," he said, "has got to stand right out to represent all this pioneering that hundreds of us have been doing for generations. It may be a fellow with buckskins and a Kentucky rifle, or it may be a fellow with a slouch hat and a mule-whip. We can't any of us tell yet awhile." Ten years later the railroad reached the camp; he bought a small California farm and settled down, as miners, prospectors, stage-drivers, and frontiersmen of every class are doing all the time.

I have often meditated upon the idea which the old teamster of the desert had evolved, in his crude way, feeling, far better than he could express it, the influence of the fast-passing epoch. As I consider the subject, two things, the grizzly and the California pioneer, seem on the way to take such form as to outlast railroads and cities. In a lesser sense they already belong together in literature, but perhaps they are slowly and surely assuming places side by side, or at least in the same group, in a new myth of the American continent. In the course of time — in five centuries, or twenty centuries — it may be that two giant shadows of the past, the Argonaut and his grizzly, will loom up over the Sierras, as Hercules and his Nemean lion in the legends of the Greeks.

No man is ever able to say of those things which lie within the present reality: "This is to perish; that is to broaden and grow, striking roots into universal nature until all men bear witness to its immortality." Nevertheless, when the last grizzly has perished, when the old race of miners is as far lost in traditions as the first Cornishman who picked up stream-tin, or the first iron-smelters of the Andreaswald who fought the Saxon invaders, when the great Californian valleys and all the shining slopes of the long, parallel mountain ranges beside the Pacific are clothed with continuous gardens and orchards, and mighty and populous cities grow from the villages of to-day, there ought to be a background of sublime fable to inspire poet, artist, and sculptor.

It is the first step towards a myth that always proves the most difficult. Already, the world over, men have come to know the old cañon-keeper and forest-dweller

as "the grizzly," not the grizzly bear. He has become differentiated, and is on the way to still further separation from other bears, and other creatures of the high order that furnish noble subjects for art. Some time, I am sure, an American Thorwaldsen will know how to hew a Sierra grizzly out of some gray cliff of Rocklin granite, and there it will remain while the world endures, supreme as the Lion of Lucerne. Some day an American Barye will create in bronze a massive grizzly, lord of the land of pines and sequoias, calm and terrible as a Numidian lion. Perhaps in the day of battle, a thousand years hence, in some wild Sierra pass, the free men of the mountains, changing the course of history, and broadening the California myth to a world myth, will make the American Grizzly for all time such a name as the Lion of England, or the ancient Winged Bull of Assyria.

The Pacific Coast, a land larger in extent, more varied in soil, climate, and resources, than that western third of Europe from Gibraltar to the Arctic Circle, has already adopted the grizzly in its common speech. Where the oriental sage said of the wise man that he walked forth "alone, like the rhinoceros," the similar comparison known to the man of the land between Arizona and Alaska has been a comparison with the grizzly. A man is said to be "as strong as a grizzly," or as dreadful when aroused, or as much of a boss, or "a regular grizzly of a fellow." It is not a light phrase; it goes deep down to the roots of the matter; it is the last word said.

By a thousand camp-fires since the first trappers met grizzlies in the Rockies men have told stories of the mighty creature, and when the last grizzly is gone from the cañons the body of literature that will continue to grow up about him may some day be like the marvelous dragon literature that has sprung from the bones of the pterodactyl. The grizzly in his best estate has not only no equal for strength and dignity in the "three Americas," but he rivals the lion and tiger. Civilization is claiming his haunts so rapidly that two or three generations will see him as extinct as the saber-toothed tiger or the great cave-bear of Europe. This early perishing may give the grizzly another advantage in his progress towards a permanent place in art and literature.

Again, the grizzly stories that frontiersmen tell have all the unconscious dignity of their subject; they rise at times to the height of an epic of the Sierras, and they possess a singular vitality. One must gather them up from explorers like Lewis and Clarke, Kit Carson and St. Vrain, from placer-miners' stories of '49, from Spanish-Californian missions and stock-ranches, and from the lonely American preemptors' cabins in the Siskiyous. One must cast aside the mere "newspaper yarns" invented by men who never saw a grizzly. Then one discovers this fundamental fact — that the grizzly has somehow impressed himself irrevocably upon the imagination of the man of the Pacific Coast, and this in a way that the black and brown bears have never yet done to any people. In the delightful German tales Bruin is a good-natured, stupid fellow, whom one cannot but like even while smiling over his adventures. The bear in the negro folk-lore of the South assumes much the same place. But the grizzly stands apart, so different in his very nature, and so impressive in every aspect, that another long step towards the creation of a noble and sublime story-myth appears to have been taken by the pioneers, the true myth builders and makers of literature in their log cabins, by their winter fires. How long a step has thus been gained we shall know better when the grizzly is gone from the Sierras. Perhaps the folk-lore of the American Indians will help the development of the myth, but it seems to me that it will be on Aryan lines.

What figure may fitly stand beside the grizzly, as the grizzly will look to men a thousand years hence, when mighty bulks of rough-hewn stone set forth his majestic strength in every American city, and we leave dragons, gryphons, and pheasants to the countries where they belong? The grizzly is American to the backbone, and his qualities are appreciated wherever he is known. His companion is to be found, if anywhere, in the first American pioneer of the Rockies and Sierras, the Gold Seeker, brave, rugged, and honest as the grizzly himself. My old silver freighter had a glimpse of the truth. "Some fellow has got to stand up and represent the whole crowd." The fact of the growing grizzly legend helps one's imagination to seize upon the more complex fact of the growing pioneer legend, which, like the other, needs only time for its fulfilment.

The Argonaut — let us call him that because he seems to like it best — has even fewer years remaining than the grizzly. Name him as you will, — prospector, placer-miner, frontiersman of the Pacific Coast, son of four generations of pioneers; call him Californian or Arizonian, whichever you choose, — there he stands at the end of the road; and though he spreads out his grasp to Alaska and Mexico, the continent is crossed, and he is disappearing, as priest and *vaquero* disappeared before him.

Strange indeed is the law of the growth of the myth-spirit, which works continually among men, but only at long intervals to full achievement. The goddess of myths either seizes upon the first of a type to lift it to the stars, or else she waits until the last of the race of heroes goes forth, Sigurd-like, to his death, before she pours her cup of immortality on his name and line. Men hear of Volsung because of his son's son who rode the Glittering Heath. The goddess may not choose among the founders of the Atlantic colonies with their heroic histories. Perhaps she will not even take the buckskin-clad Boones and Crocketts, though over them her spirit still hangs uncertain. If it may not be trapper nor hunter, voyageur, guide, nor pioneer of the Atlantic slope, or the Mississippi Valley, what is more likely than that the imagination of the race will sometime, when the last pioneer is dead, crystallize the story of the whole westward march into some Sierra Titan leaning upon his mighty pick, as Thor upon his Mjolnir? The hills will be empty of gold; the waters will have reclaimed the deserts; new conditions of life may have come to pass over all the land from Maine to California. But every child will hear the stories of old-world dragons and new-world grizzlies, of old-world giants and new-world pioneers.

Chas. H. Shinn.

HOW LONDON IS GOVERNED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLASGOW: A MUNICIPAL STUDY."

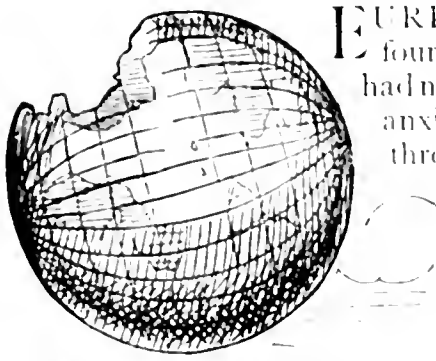
METROPOLITAN London, the greatest and most enlightened city this world has ever seen, has never had a legal existence, a fixed boundary line, or a municipal government. For limited purposes the metropolis became last year an administrative county and acquired a representative council; but previous to the new local government act, which gives all the counties of England elective councils, the metropolis had no distinct organization or corporate form. London, the ancient City, had maintained its old-time bounds and its venerable charters; but its area was only one square mile and its resident population was only fifty thousand, while "Greater London" had attained a population fully a hundred times as large, spread over an area of at least five hundred square miles. Greater London lay in the three counties of Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey, with huge suburbs in Essex and encroaching outposts in Hertfordshire. It was governed in the most anomalous manner by Parliament directly as an interposing providence, by the ministers of the Crown, by the magistrates of the several counties, by special boards and commissions, and by many scores of parish vestries and other minor local authorities. The acts of Parliament that affected one feature or another of the administration in whole or in part of the metropolitan area were legion, and were scattered through the statute-books of centuries. Truly this great aggregation of people and interests had a perplexingly intricate organization. But still it was somehow governed. Its vast expanding life as one social, commercial, and industrial entity found its organs.

How London has been governed in the past, how it is governed at present, how it is meeting the various social and economic problems of modern metropolitan life—these are questions eminently worthy of consideration by all who would study municipal matters. For London is the capital not only of the British Empire, but in some sense also of the whole world. Its experiences are of universal interest and importance. In it the new forces of urban life are at work in most significant ways. It is slowly but surely evolving central municipal institutions that shall meet its peculiar needs. Its population is waking up with a sense of unity and with an appreciation of great things to be done through united municipal action for the common welfare. It is only lately that the people of advanced industrial nations have learned to accept the fact that life in cities under artificial conditions must be the permanent lot of the great majority, and that it is the business of society to adapt the urban environment to the needs of the population. Life in the modern city should not be an evil or a misfortune for any class. There should be such sanitary arrangements and administration as to make the death rate of the great city smaller than that of the nation as a whole. There should be such educational facilities as to insure to all the young people of a city the most suitable physical, intellectual, and industrial training. The masses of people in London are rising to some faint perception of these truths, and they are beginning to clamor for social and governmental reforms. The immediate future of London is fraught with magnificent possibilities. From the extreme of chaos, disorganization, and uncontrolled freedom of individual action, it is not impossible that the great metropolis may a generation hence lead all the large cities of the world in the closeness and unity of its organization and in the range of its municipal activities. Municipal socialism has a better outlook in London than in Paris or Berlin, although as yet London has given fewer tangible evidences of this trend than has any other center of civilization. However that may be, the London questions have assumed an extraordinary importance in England, and to understand them reasonably well it is necessary to review and analyze with some care the government of London.

BRITISH MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE ever-memorable reform act of 1832, which gave representation in Parliament a modern and rational basis, was soon followed, as a part of the reform program of the day, by a general municipal government act which abolished the ancient and exclusive privileges of the merchants and trades gilds and enlarged the municipal corporations to the inclusion of the whole body of citizens paying a certain minimum amount of rates. This act of 1835 is the most signally important piece of

PIONEER MINING IN CALIFORNIA.



The Earth at the end of the Diggings.
(Reprinted from "Punch.")

EUREKA! We have found it! The coast had many hours been anxiously watched through glasses to discover the Golden Gate, and there it was. Our long voyage of ninety-seven days from Panama was about over. The old brigantine, leaking at every seam, was headed for the opening between the rocky headlands, and in the bright moonlight, August 4, 1849, she slowly made her way, all sails set, into the magnificent bay of San Francisco. She rounded Clark's Point, and before dawn swung with the tide up to the spot occupied by the rear end of Montgomery block, between Montgomery and Sansome streets, now a half-mile inland from the water-front of San Francisco.

It was an exciting hour. We had received no news from home since our departure from New York on the 1st of March, and everybody was eager to get ashore for letters and papers. Not far away was a little shell of a building, probably sixteen feet square, erected on four posts, each resting on a hogshead filled with stones and thus stayed in the mud. From this a plank ran to *terra firma*. The sun had not risen when we landed from our iron cockle-shell and wandered in squads through a straggling village, chiefly of tents; only a few wooden houses had yet been built, while three or four adobe structures told of Mexican occupation. Sand-dunes were plenty, and when the winds came in from the Pacific the dust made lively work, and gave us our first lessons in Californian climatology.

With the morning light the tents gave forth their sleepers, and such a motley tenantry! And such a stir! Americans in great variety of dress, natives of the islands, with a picturesque mingling of Mexicans in wide trousers and short jackets with a profusion of small globular buttons, their shock heads thrust through slits in their serapes and topped off with brown, sugar-loaf-crowned, broad-brimmed, heavy felt sombreros.

Ship-fare had given us a longing for a fancy breakfast. A restaurant-sign attracted me, and I went in. The table was a bare plank against one of the walls of the tent; the plates and cups were of tin, and the meal consisted of fried beef, bread, and black coffee. The bill was three dollars.

Some of the largest tents were devoted to gambling on a large scale, though the vice had not reached the magnitude of succeeding years, when the El Dorado gambling-tent paid a rental of $40,000 a year, and $20,000 were staked on the turn of a card. In those early days these gambling-tents were the most attractive places in the larger towns. They were commodious, and were about the only places warmed by fires; they had well-furnished and somewhat tasteful bars, where liquors were dispensed at a dollar a glass. Tables were distributed along the sides, and in rows through the middle, at which monte, faro, vingt-et-un, roulette, lansquenet, and I do not know how many other games were played. When the whole was ablaze with lights of an evening, an occasional woman seen assisting at the games, and a band of music or singers giving forth a concourse of sweet sounds, crowds surged before the bar and around the tables, some attracted by the novelty, some to get warm, but more to try their luck.

Our stay in San Francisco was but for a day or two. We had come to mine for gold, and though the inducements for business in the incipient city were flattering, even wages commanding eight to ten dollars a day, or a dollar an hour, we determined to push on to the mines. Glowing accounts induced us to try the southern mines, and a passage to Stockton was secured on an old tub of a schooner at the rate of three ounces of gold, or thirty-six dollars, per head. The deck was crowded with men of every nationality. The rolling hills, tawny, and flecked with green trees, bounding the bays of San Francisco, Suisun, and San Pablo, were novel and interesting. The very color of the earth, covered with wild oats or dried grass, suggested a land of gold. The sight was inspiriting. But when we reached the mouth of the San Joaquin our miseries began. This river has an extraordinarily tortuous course almost entirely through tule, or marshlands, that in 1850 produced bushels of voracious mosquitoes to the acre. I had never known the like before. It seemed as if there was a stratum of swarming insect life ten feet thick over the surface of the earth. I corded my trousers tight to my boot-legs to keep them from pulling up, donned a thick coat, though the heat was intolerable, shielded my neck and face with handkerchiefs, and put on buckskin gloves, and in

that condition parboiled and smothered. In spite of all precautions our faces were much swollen with the poison of numberless bites. To escape the hot sun we took refuge below deck, and to drive away the pests a smudge was made on some sand in the bottom of the boat, which filled the hold almost to suffocation. The mosquitoes were too ravenous to be wholly foiled by smoke. I think I never endured such vexation and suffering. Sleep was impossible. The boat had to be worked by hand around the numerous bends, and half the time the sails were useless for want of wind. It was a burning calm in the midst of a swamp. But even in our distress there was a humorous side, provoking grim smiles at least.

We finally arrived at Stockton, then also a village of tents. The newest style of architecture called for light frames on which canvas was tacked for sides and roof. There was no need of windows except for air currents, light enough coming through the cloth. We were impatient to go on to our destination, the Big Bar of the Mokelumne River, and soon were on the way with pack-mules and horses hired for the purpose. Camping on the bank of the Calaveras the first night, we were treated to our first serenade by coyotes. A peculiarity of this small wolf is that he can pipe in any key, fooling you with the belief that he has twenty companions, though one little wretch is making all the noise. We passed the plain of the San Joaquin Valley, with its dark, spreading live-oaks, like an old orchard miles in extent, and began the ascent of the foothills. Brown and red soil made its appearance hot and dusty; nut-pines were mingled with oaks and manzanitas, ceanothus, buckeye, and poison oak. Wild oats and burr clover still remained in patches unfound by the cattle of the plain. The air was dry, but grew more bracing. The trail wound among trees, around hills, through ravines, and sometimes up steep ascents, but at last, on the third day from Stockton, after a journey of more than seven thousand miles by land and sea, we reached the mines.

My first impressions were not pleasant. The first miner I saw at his work was a rough, dirty-looking man in a dry ravine. The banks were about as high as his shoulders. A double-barreled shot-gun lay on the edge of the bank within easy reach. He was picking up dry clay and gravel from the bottom of his claim, pulverizing it in his wooden pan with a stone, and then shaking it about till the lighter particles came to the top and were brushed over the rim. The pulverizing and shaking continued until a small quantity of dust and gold was left in the bottom. The dust was blown out with the breath. This process was called "dry washing."

The Big Bar of the Mokelumne lay in the gorge six or eight hundred feet below. The sight was not at all inspiring. What in mining parlance are called "bars" are deposits of sand, gravel, clay, and boulders made by rivers, usually opposite the angle of a bend. Sometimes these are small, and sometimes several acres in extent, and vary from a few inches to ten feet or more in depth to the bed-rock. Our bar, as its name denotes, was a large one, of perhaps five or six acres, covered with boulders from a few pounds' weight to several tons. A few tall pines were scattered over it, and here and there were a number of tents. Though perhaps a hundred miners were at work, the river went merrily on unstained to the sea. Down the steep banks of the gorge we went, stirring up the red dust and covering ourselves with it from head to foot. The animals did not like so steep a trail, and would have their own way among the timber, loosening the packs; but we made the descent with average success. On the bar we found friends that we had made in Panama, who had preceded us a few days, long enough to speak the vernacular of mining and to pride themselves on being "old miners," assuming as such to know just where the gold would be found in the largest quantities, and where to expect the least.

And now my mining life began. It was as free from restraint as the air that came through the soughing pines. Only Mexican law could be said to exist, and in all the mining region there were no officers to enforce its feeble demands. Every man was a law unto himself, and it is little to say in behalf of the pioneers of California that they carried the laws of justice and humanity in their hearts to such a degree that no more orderly society was ever known on the face of the earth than in those early days.

Pioneer mining life — what was it? The miner must have an outfit of a pick, pan, shovel, rocker, dipper and bucket of wood, or of rawhide. A tent was good to have, but he could make shift during the dry season with a substitute of boughs, for there was no fear of rain from May to October. A blanket of rubber spread on a stratum of leaves, on which his woolen blankets were laid, sufficed for a bed. His culinary utensils were confined to a frying-pan, a small iron pot, tin cups and plates, knife, fork, and spoon. His wardrobe consisted generally of a pair of serviceable shirts, a change of trousers, strong boots, and a slouch-hat. With these, and a supply of bacon, flour, salt, saleratus, beans, a few candles, and occasionally fresh beef, the miner was ready for work. His luxuries were tea and raw sugar, with occasionally the addition of dried peaches from Chili. His bread was made by mixing flour, water,

and saleratus in the tin or iron pan which did double duty in the kitchen and in gathering gold, and baking it about two inches thick, like a shortcake. But slapjacks, the legitimate successors of the Mexican tortillas, were also a standard article of diet. Tin teapots were sometimes affected, but the small iron pot with a hollow handle did duty for both tea and beans or frijoles. The latter were of a brown variety grown in Chili, and were prepared after the Mexican style with a piece of bacon or fresh beef and plenty of chili colorado, or red pepper. They were allowed to cook a long time, often standing in the hot embers over night to be ready for breakfast in the morning. The bill-of-fare did not vary much for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

The most expensive instrument of the early miner was the rocker, which, though simple in construction, cost in the mines from fifty to a hundred dollars. In general appearance it was not unlike a baby's cradle as used by our grandmothers and as still seen on the frontier. It consisted of a flat bottom with two sides that flared outward, and an end board at the head, while the foot was open save a riffle about an inch and a half high at the bottom to catch the gold that might pass another riffle across the bottom near the middle. At the head of the cradle was a hopper about eighteen inches square, with a perforated sheet-iron bottom or wire screen. Under this was an apron, or board, sloping downward towards the head. Two substantial rockers under the whole completed the simple machine which gave to the world millions of dollars. The *modus operandi* may be described as follows: Two sticks of wood hewn on the upper side were imbedded at the river's brink, one four inches lower than the other, on which the rockers were to rest, thus securing a grade in the machine to facilitate the outward flow of the water and sand. Two miners usually worked together as partners. One shoveled the earth into the rocker, while the other, seated on a boulder or block of wood, dipped the water from the river and poured it upon the earth in the hopper with one hand, all the time rocking with the other.

THE OLD SACRAMENTO TRAIL NORTH OF DONNER LAKE.

When the earth was thoroughly washed, he rose, lifted the hopper from its place, threw out the stones and gravel, replaced it, and thus the work went on. As the ground about the rocker became exhausted to the bed-rock, recourse was had to the bucket, and the earth was carried sometimes a few rods, making laborious work for the miner. To keep the rocker going another hand would be employed to carry earth, and each would carry two buckets at a time. Hard work of this kind suggested improvements in mining. At noon the gold and black sand collected above the riffles were taken up on a scraper and thrown into the pan, which was carried to the river and carefully washed to remove as far as possible all but the gold. The yield of the forenoon was carried to the camp, dried over a blaze, the dry sand blown out, and the gold weighed in scales or guessed at, and poured into the partnership purse and deposited under the bed or anywhere else out of sight. Few miners thought of weighing themselves down with gold, and few taxed their resources much to find places of concealment. I was in many camps down to 1854, and in none did I ever know of a theft of gold, and I heard of but one, and that was punished by a cat-o'-nine-tails, which was afterward nailed to the center-post of a trader's tent, as a warning to evil-doers.

The gold taken from the river bars was mostly in the form of scales resembling cucumber seeds, and of varying size. It was most plentiful on the bed-rock and in a few inches of soil above it, though sometimes three or four feet of earth would pay to wash. Where the bed-rock was hard the miner cleaned it, for a shovelful of dirt might contain a few dollars in small particles. Where the bed-rock was soft shale or slate on edge the miner picked away an inch or so and washed it, as frequently the scales were found to be driven quite thickly into the crevices. When the ground was very rich the rocker was cleaned of gold every hour or two. When work was over, around the supper fire the events of the day were discussed, earnings compared, reports made of grizzly bears or deer being seen or killed, of better diggings of "coarse gold" discovered. This was the hour for speculations as to the origin of the gold in the rivers, and a strong opinion was entertained by many who were not well-read that immense masses of the precious metal would some day be brought to light in the snow-capped peaks towering to the east. "Coarse gold" was a charm to the ear of the ordinary miner. His claim might be paying him an ounce a day in fine gold, but he was always interested in some reported diggings far away where the product was in lumps, and not infrequently he left a good mine to seek some richer El Dorado. The characteristic and besetting fault of the early miner was unrest. He was forever seeking better fortune. Yet it was this passion for prospecting that resulted in the discovery of gold in an incredibly short time from the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley to the northern limit of the State. To "prospect" was to find a spot that looked favorable and make an examination of it. The miner would take a pan of earth, shake and gyrate it under water, raising and tipping it frequently to run the dirt and water off, then plunge it again, and so continue until a small residuum of black sand and gold remained. A speck of gold was the "color," several specks were "several colors," and the number and size determined the judgment of the miner whether he should go to work or move on. I have seen ounces taken in this way in a single pan, but in the earlier days

WORKING A CLAIM.

"NOT EVEN THE COLOR."
(IMPOSED FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

we counted a "bit" to the pan, twelve and a half cents, a fair prospect.

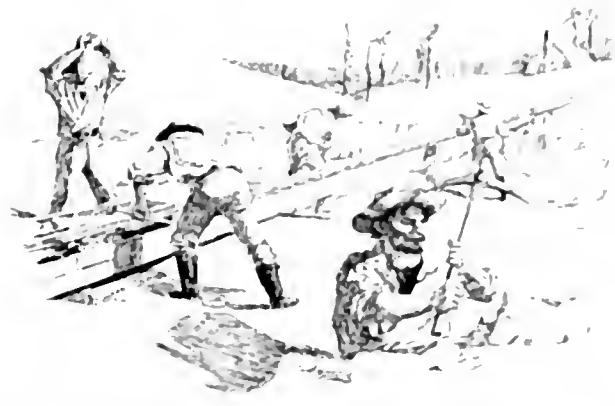
The average gain of the miner in those days can never be known. Though he was extraordinarily frank and confiding in the offhand conversations about the camp-fire, yet there is reason to believe that his largest receipts were sometimes not reported. My observation was that the industrious worker rarely brought to his supper less than ten dollars, often an ounce (reckoned at sixteen dollars), and sometimes six ounces, or even more. I myself took from the earth nearly one hundred and fifty ounces in seventeen successive working days. My largest clean-up was $224. One day, in less than half an hour, I took with my knife from a crevice in the rocks six and a half ounces of gold. When the river went down after it had been swollen by the first rains and had swept over the bed-rock of bars supposed to be worked out, hundreds of glittering scales were left exposed, affording pleasant picking for a day or two.

SEEKING [illegible]

The nights in the mines were glorious for sleep. However hot the days,—and I have known a thermometer hung on the north side of a pine-tree to show 128° at two o'clock,—the nights were cool, requiring at least one good pair of blankets for comfort. Stretched on the ground under a tent or canopy of boughs, or with nothing but the purest air between him and the stars, the miner was lulled to rest by the murmur of the river or by a coyote, running his remarkable gamut. The great heat did not interfere with work, and there was not a case of sunstroke, nor was the atmosphere sultry or very oppressive. Eighty-eight degrees in the moist climate of Panama made life vastly more uncomfortable.

At first, and until the blue-shirted population became numerous, not much regard was had to the size of claims, the miner occupying about all the ground he desired. But a change soon came. The sense of justice of the first occupants of a locality, inspired, it may be, by the fact that the swarms of new immigrants would soon compel a division, allowed a mining statute limiting claims to a certain size. This varied in the different camps, and depended somewhat on the richness of the earth. Generally each miner was restricted to about fifteen feet front on the river, the claim extending across the bar to the hill, but where the bar was a wide one the length was shortened. In some cases a claim was from fifteen to eighteen feet square. Back from the river and near the foot of the mountain the bed-rock was sometimes ten or twelve feet below the surface, and great labor was required to throw off the top earth to reach the auriferous stratum, and often such deep claims were very wet, calling for constant bailing. Of course such claims must be rich to pay, and some of them were, but it was not always so. I have known days and sometimes weeks of hard work to be spent in one of these pits, to find a smooth bed-rock at last with very little gold on it. Now and then, after long and tedious toil and discouragements, the miner "struck his pile," but as often he found nothing but barren rock or gravel.

Mining is one of the most fascinating and exciting of employments. But in the earlier days, when we knew less about genuine indications, mining was, more than now, a species of gambling. The effects are yet to be seen in hundreds of men still living near their old haunts, who, in common phrase, have "lost their grip"; others live in our memories who, after repeated disappointment, sleep on the mountain sides in nameless graves. Yet these same unfortunates did their part in giving to the world thousands of millions of dollars.



[illegible]

thus stimulating progress probably more than was ever known in any other epoch of similar length in the history of mankind.

The early miner soon observed in working by the river's shore that the pay dirt sometimes extended down under the water, and he was not slow in going after the yellow metal wherever it was to be found. Large prospects suggested turning the stream from its bed to work the bottom, and this was usually done by digging a canal across the bar, or by carrying the water in a wooden flume over the channel or across the bends. I have seen companies of men, filled with enthusiasm and confidence, at work for weeks until the river-bed was laid bare, to find only a narrow strip of pay ground along the edge. But in some cases the reward was enormous.

One Sunday in September, 1849, putting on my "store clothes" and "biled shirt," brought along from the old home in utter ignorance of the real life I was to lead in the mines, I went on a pedestrian trip of observation down the river. The air of the morning was like champagne. The shaking of rockers or rattle of stones thrown from hoppers was little heard. Miners were washing their clothes by the side of the river. Camp-fires smoked everywhere, and many resting or sleeping men were stretched on buffalo-robes or blankets under trees and brush awnings. The trail was across rocky bars, stony points, and along the steep sides of the hills. I had sauntered for three or four miles when, on rounding a point, a busy and novel scene burst on my view. Files of Mexicans were coming and going, bearing earth in wooden bateas on their heads to make a dam in order to turn the stream. The work was being superintended by a stalwart American, the projector of the enterprise, in broad sombrero, and reclining on a serape spread on the bank, reminding one of a planter with his slaves. It proved to be Colonel James, who was afterwards a distinguished criminal lawyer of San Francisco. I learned from him that the dam, after weeks of labor, was nearly completed; an hour more and the river would be flowing in an old channel. My curiosity was excited, and I remained to see the result of his venture. When the water was drawn off, the bed of the river presented the appearance of successive strata of hard slate, on edge, from three or four inches to a foot or more apart, the softer slate or shale between having been worn out and the depressions partly filled with sand and gravel. These strata on edge extended diagonally across the channel, forming an abundance of natural riffles to catch and retain the gold. My recollection is that the bed of the river had been laid bare to an extent of 200 yards in length by 60 feet in width. The great moment of expectation had come. By invitation I followed the colonel, who carried a pick, a pan, a shovel, and a small tin cup. It was plain there would be little gravel to wash, as the claim was on the slope of a "rapid," the grade being so great that most of the light material borne by the waters had been carried over. The shovel at once showed the wealth of one of the crevices, and I distinctly saw the colonel take his tin cup by the handle and scrape up from the bottom of the crevice a few handfuls that seemed to me to be half gold. I did not stay to see the gold washed, but I can safely say that I saw at least a thousand dollars go into the pan in half an hour.

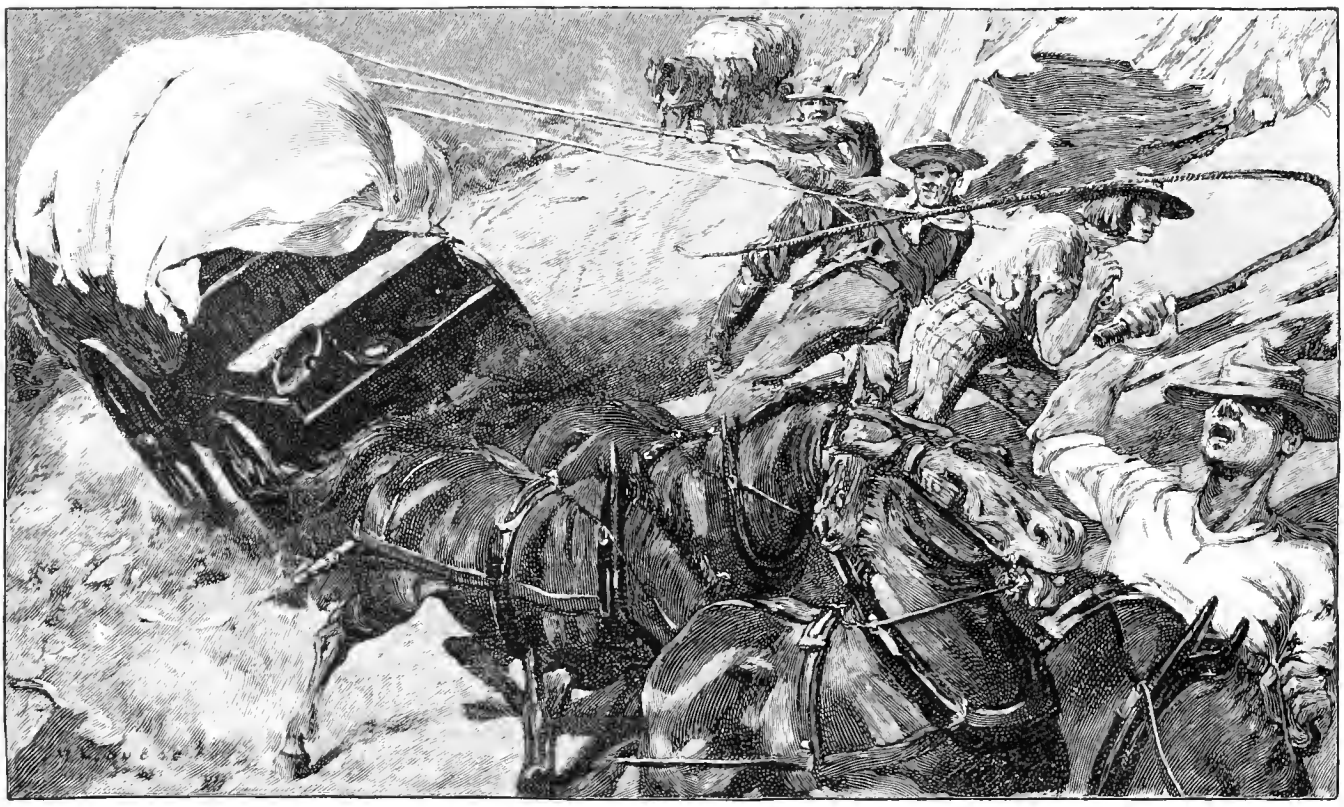
I had seen enough to make a rosy report, and soon was a member of a company to turn the river near our camp on the bar. We dammed the river, the bed-rock of which was smooth and barren. It was no child's play, working in the water in the hot sun, sometimes up to our necks, laying boulders into a wall across the stream, and filling in above with the red clay of the mountain side. Miners would

MARYSVILLE BUTTES, A LANDMARK OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

pass and repass, envy us our claim, and chances were numerous to sell out interests at good figures; but we had come to California to make a fortune and return as soon as possible, and had no thought of selling a "sure thing" for a few thousand dollars. Alas, for great expectations! the river claim proved a failure. The earnings from washing the bar were nearly all gone, newcomers occupied all the ground not exhausted, and so we prepared to wander.

Pictures of camp life crowd upon one. Who can forget the trains of loaded mules descending the mountain to the bar, with their attending Mexicans, raising a cloud of red dust and filling the air with their cries of "Hoopa!" "Mula!" and other expletives? Or the herds of wild cattle galloping down at breakneck speed, followed by swarthy and dust-begrimed *vaqueros*, "in sugar-loaf hats and legs of leather," and their headlong riding over the boulder-covered bar, swinging their riatas and lassoing the frightened bullocks for the butchers? Almost every store-tent had one or more rude tables where card-playing was indulged in "for the drinks," or where monte, the favorite gambling game, was played for dust, and at night these places were alive with miners purchasing supplies or trying their luck at the tables. As illustrative of the confidence of traders in the miner, I may here mention that in 1849 and for a year or two thereafter I never knew of a miner being refused credit for anything he wanted. A trader, a total stranger to me, who had heard a rumor of better diggings, once offered me his tent and contents at cost — about $2200, not a dollar to be paid until all the goods were sold. The miners on the bar were always ready to help others with purse or counsel, to share the last flapjack or frijole, or to espouse the cause of the injured. On Sunday or when the work of the day was over visits were exchanged without formality, and there was a general cordial mingling of men from all parts of the country and from every quarter of the globe. A considerable number of the first gold-seekers had brought books to the mines which passed from hand to hand, and there could be found a variety of volumes. Reading and argument were common sources of amusement, and in some of the tents one might hear the picking of improvised banjos.

The autumn of 1849 came on. The leaves had begun to fall; the winds in the towering pines and the murmur of the waters had more melancholy tones, the crickets sang more plaintively, the few birds were restless, and what with the want of claims to work and the coming [illegible] it was needful that we



A ROUGH ROAD TO THE MINES.

seek another locality and prepare for the winter. I had already prospected the Rich Gulch of the Calaveras five or six miles away, had worked one day on a claim and had left a pick and shovel there as an evidence of ownership. The custom of the miners was to recognize mining tools in a claim as equivalent to possession, and in the absence of the claimant these tools were sufficient to hold the claim ten days. But my partner had fallen sick, and I was not able to leave him, and when we moved to the gulch eleven days after I had left it, we found the tools on the bank and two "jumpers" at work. We were too late, but we took the loss philosophically, as there was plenty of ground not taken. I understood afterward that the jumpers realized out of the claim about $7000 in six weeks, which was more than I pocketed from the gulch during the entire winter.

The Rich Gulch was a good type of what were called "dry diggings"—a long arroyo, dry in summer with a good stream running down it after a rain. Claims extended from bank to bank, and for sixteen feet in length. The brown and red soil from the hills had run down in the course of time and changed the channel of the stream in many places, and here the miners had to expend a good deal of labor on what they called "dead work," removing this hill soil, sometimes twenty feet in depth, to get to the old gold-bearing bed. As coöperation in the way of drainage had at this time been little thought of, each claim had to get rid of its own water in any way without much consideration for neighbors below. The amount of bottom dirt washed was slight compared with the whole removed, but in most claims it was exceedingly rich. Many a man had reason to remember with pleasure those winter diggings for the fortune they gave him. The gold was coarser and rougher than that of the rivers, not having been so much ground among the sand and gravel.

A WOMAN IN THE MINES.

During the winter of 1849–50, the cost of living was extreme. As the season was a very wet one, the roads and trails were full of mudholes, in which supply wagons were stuck and mules and oxen mired. Wagons and animals were unloaded several times a day to extricate them from the mud, and in one instance at least fourteen days were spent on the road from Stockton, fifty miles away. Flour reached a dollar a pound, rice the same, pork and bacon a dollar and sixty cents a pound, saleratus sixteen dollars a pound, and spermaceti candles a dollar each. An ounce of gold was the price of a pick or shovel, and almost anything needed, except fresh beef, commanded

a proportionate price. That all miners did not get rich is accounted for in the statement that it took a fair claim to pay expenses. The short duration of a placer claim, the loss of time in finding another, and the too general restlessness, tell the story of many failures to realize a fortune by even those who were the most lucky. Too often it was due to extravagance, gambling, or the guzzling of brandy or

[illegible]

whisky at eight dollars a bottle. But, drunk or sober, one was obliged to pay two ounces for a pair of pantaloons, a hundred dollars for a pair of long-legged boots, and four dollars expressage for a letter.

There were not more than four or five log-huts in the gulch, nine-tenths of all the miners living in common soldier tents, about eight feet square, the entire winter. Ours had a huge fire-place in front, that sent through our thin, cotton dwelling a warm glow from a fire of manzanita wood, which is nearly equal to hickory for fuel. The weather was at no time very cold, and we suffered no discomfort. February was like May in New York.

It was during this month that an alcalde, assuming to have derived his authority from an alcalde at Stockton, began to give law to the little community. Some of his decisions in cases of double ownership of [illegible] square with our notions of justice. It was more than suspected that he had been "[illegible]," *i.e.* bribed, to make them. A meeting of miners was called, and a committee was appointed to draft laws for the gulch. The alcalde, [illegible] wart and swarthy Creole, gathered his boon companions around him and tried to interrupt the reading of the proposed laws, loudly declaring that he was alcalde and was going to govern the camp at any hazard. But the odds against him soon cooled his courage, and though pistols were exhibited and violence was threatened, no blows were struck. The next morning the blustering alcalde retired from the gulch forever. The new laws constituted the first code (so far as I know) adopted in the mines, and sufficed for the settlement of disputes for a long time.

I neglected to state in the proper place that in the early part of October business took me to Sacramento, and I only go back to relate an incident which will help to illustrate mining life as it was in California. [illegible] a large mule wagon [illegible] stage, and consumed [illegible]

A MINERS' BALL.

in the afternoon of the first day, the driver said it was about time to camp, but he remarked that at a house four miles farther on there was a woman. Now a woman in the mines was a rarity; we had had a glimpse of one on the bar during the summer, and that was all. It was at once put to vote to determine whether we should camp or go on. Of course there can be no doubt of the result. In the evening we halted in front of a log house with a very steep roof made of tules, and applied for supper. The hostess, a tall, raw-boned Missourian, on presenting our bill in the morning, to weigh the dust put a cube of lead in the scales that approximated the size of a hymn-book, but the generosity and chivalry of the early miner and the rarity of women combined to make us ignore it.

In the spring of 1850 I returned to San Francisco, and in May, with one companion and four animals, went around the bay to Sonoma and from thence began the exploration of that unknown region from Sonoma to Oregon. Wandering miners we knew had already gone over the mountains and found gold on the Trinity. Were there not other streams flowing into the Pacific north of San Francisco, and might not all be auriferous as well? It was a tedious, eventful, but fruitless journey of forty-seven days, almost wholly over mountains trodden by Digger Indians and, what was more perilous, by ferocious grizzlies, of which we saw five at one time. No gold was found in any stream till we reached the Trinity, thirty-six days from San Francisco, and there the diggings were not remarkably rich. The hardest toilers reported but from eight to ten dollars a day. The style of mining did not differ from that which I have described, except that the pay dirt was carried a considerable distance in buckets from high and dry bars down to the river to be washed. Something better must be found, and a prospecting party was sent on an exploring expedition farther north.

There were some queer distinctions in those days. One Sunday, going to the butcher's booth, I found a customer ahead of me, who inquired if he could not have a piece of a liver which was hanging on a tree in plain sight.

"Don't know if you can or not," said the butcher.

"I'd like to know why? I've been trading with you all along, and never asked for liver before; but I want some variety now."

"Stand around and let me look at you. No, you can't have any liver."

"Well, why?"

"There ain't enough to go round. I have to have some rule about givin' it out, and I have decided that no miner can have a scrap of liver from me unless he wears a canvas patch on the seat of his pants."

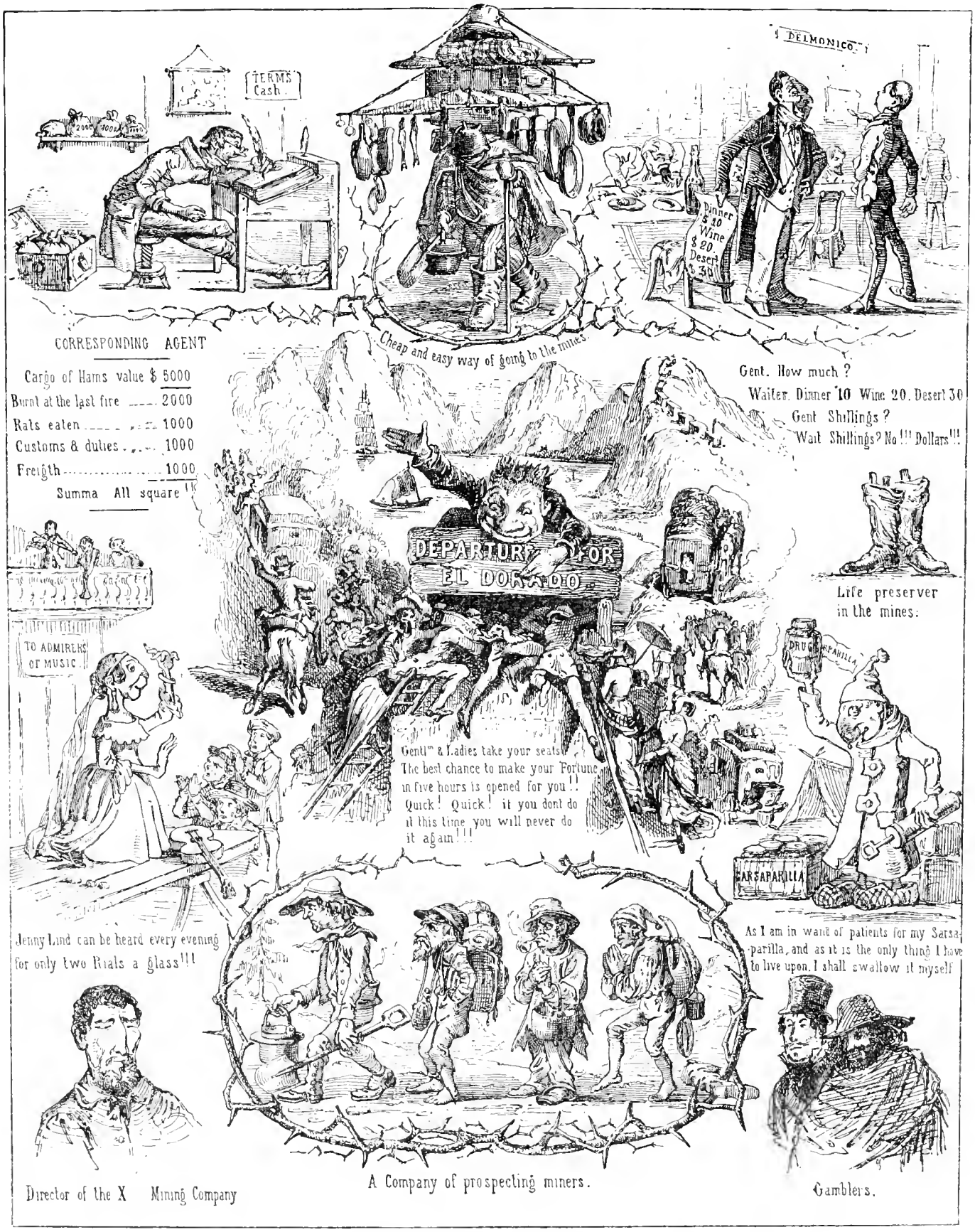
The canvas patch was a badge of precedence as well recognized in our camp on the Trinity as the star of the Order of the Garter is in Great Britain.

On the 3d of July two of our prospecting party returned and whispered the news that rich bars had been found on a stream full of salmon farther north, and the next morning we were off. The night of the fourth and fifth gave us the variety of a snow-storm, from which we took shelter under a roof of spruce boughs inclosed on three sides with the same material. After eleven days of exhausting climbing and descending steep and lofty mountains, tearing our clothes in the tangled chaparral, camping at night in the chilly air where the water from melting snows made green pastures for our mules, we reached the virgin diggings on Salmon River. There was no evidence that any white man had preceded us. The bars by the river were untouched; an interminable forest stretched all over the mountain sides and up and down the winding river, unmarked by the woodman's ax — not dense, but relieved by glades and openings, and but for the steepness of the mountains easily traveled.

Here was a newer scene and a more novel life. There were but eleven Americans of us all told, and a wide and rugged region lay between us and others of our race. Indians came in squads, shyly viewed us, made their comments, and passed on. They were superior to the Diggers of the California valleys, and were of the blood of the Modocs, who committed such atrocities in the lava-beds twenty years after.

My partner in the new diggings was a printer from the establishment of Harper & Brothers, who had come around the Horn as one of Stevenson's regiment in 1847. Displeased with our allotment of claims, which were too wet, we resolved to take chances alone with the Indians. So one fine morning we quietly packed the mules, forded the river at a shallow place, and proceeded to go we knew not whither. A tramp of eight or nine miles on elk and Indian paths, along a ridge that rose two hundred feet above the river, brought us to a point at the junction of streams. Crossing the north fork we made our camp on a high bar covered with young pines and oaks and already occupied by an Indian family, with whom we hastened to make friends by gifts of beads, bracelets, and other trinkets captivating to the savage. We had no tent, and made our camp by inclosing a small space with ropes tied to saplings for corner posts, to keep the mules, turned loose upon the bar, away from our bed and provisions.

Here, again, was a still fresher and wilder



SAN FRANCISCO CARICATURES.
(FROM AN OLD LITHOGRAPH BY JUSTH AND QUIROT, IN THE COLLECTION OF COMMANDER JOHN R. BARTLETT.)

life. Cut loose from our kind we trusted to uncorrupted natives, and did not trust in vain. A little prospecting gave glowing promise. Fifty cents to the pan was not infrequent. The rocker was speedily screwed together and real work begun. The river was high from melting snows on the mountains, and the portions of the bars out of water were small, but our first day's work yielded about fourteen ounces. Thus we passed two weeks, mining in patches and with varying success, when miners on the Klamath, hearing from the Indians that white men were working on one of the branches above, pushed up the country to see if somebody had not something better than they. Among the newcomers were a few Texans who laid claim to a very wet bar down the river, and were soon doing well. Somehow a rumor came to our

isolated camp that big lump diggings had been found to the northeast on Scott River, and the Texans were on the wing. My partner took the big lump fever and went along. I associated myself with three others, entire strangers, and we took possession of Texas Bar, threw a slight breakwater of clay along the river's edge to stop the water from spreading over the bar, and then cutting a drain to the bed-rock from the lower end, we had comparatively dry ground and went to washing. We worked early and late, sometimes not ceasing till starlight, for all our provisions except flour were exhausted, and our only reliance was on the Indians, who supplied us with salmon in exchange for trinkets. This kind of living could not last, and we strained every nerve to get as much gold from the claim as possible. The average spoil of a day was rather more than a hundred dollars to the man. About the middle of September a conference of the few miners left on the river was held at the Forks, and as the diggings were too good to abandon it was agreed to despatch six men and twenty mules to Trinidad on the coast for supplies to last the winter. The train was made up and took the trail at once. Haste was necessary, as even flour, the last link to civilization, was nearly gone.

Meanwhile the mining went on. Few in numbers, and without provisions, our position could easily become critical. Our relief party came back suddenly; it could not go through. The Indians on the Klamath were hostile. Oregon men had shot some Indian dogs down the river, and the young bucks had retaliated by killing a horse. Thus began the so-called Klamath war, that cost the State, and ultimately the nation, a large sum of money. The miners were without delay in council. My party of four had scant rations for four days. At four o'clock we abandoned claims, picks, and shovels and commenced a forced march for the Trinity. I shall not detail the experiences of that hurried tramp on foot over the roughest of mountains. It is enough to say that one day four of us subsisted on a ground squirrel and a woodpecker, and the last day on copious draughts of water when fortunate enough to find it. And when at last we struck the Trinity it was only to be disappointed. The river was deserted; the miners had gone to winter quarters in the "dry diggings" at Weaverville. Wet, weary, and disgusted, with a dreary prospect for supper, we crawled up the bank and dropped down at a fallen tree to make a fire for the night. The mules were relieved of their packs and left to graze. They were too nearly dead to stray. A smoke was seen a few hundred yards away. I went to reconnoiter. A Mexican pack-train was encamping. Meeting two muleteers gathering faggots for the fire, I inquired what they had to sell. "*Ninguna cosa*" ("Not a thing") was the answer. Going on to the camp-fire I inquired if they would sell me something to eat. The reply in Spanish was that they only sold by the cargo. Then I observed, sitting by the fire and smoking a cigarette, a Mexican whom I recognized. Stepping up to him I asked in Spanish if he did not know me. He said no.

"But, Don Fernando, do you not remember the man who bought an iron-gray mule of you on the Calaveras last year?"

"*Ah, si, señor*," and he grasped my hand. I explained the situation in as few words as possible. Instantly, snapping his thumb and finger, he called out to two men:

"*Mira, hombres! Ven aca! Dos quintals de harina, carne seca, panoche, y todas cosas por los Americanos: anda!*" ("Attention, men! Come here! Two quintals of flour, dried beef, raw sugar, and everything for the Americans; travel!")

"How much for it all?" I inquired.

"*Ninguno centavo; gracias a Dios, señor*" ("Not a cent; thanks to God, sir"), he replied with emphasis, and the *hombres* carried an abundant supply of substantials to our camp. That tall and swarthy Don in brown sugar-loaf hat, his head thrust through a hole in the middle of a blanket that served for a cloak, standing in his spurs, the rowels of which were four inches in diameter, is not a figure to be readily forgotten.

There was an incredible amount of cooking that night. Slapjacks and sugar, ropes of dried beef broiled on the coals, coffee made of an extract—everything was welcome. It was a merry night. I never knew before the intoxication of eating. We cooked, ate, lay back upon the blankets, told stories, returned to the cooking again, and so alternated until sleep overtook us in the warm glow of the fire.

When, in the afternoon, we made our entry into Weaverville, a scattered village of about four hundred miners' cabins, Don Fernando found himself in trouble. He could find but one trader with money in the whole town—and he was a type of the monopolists who have since become the curse of California. He offered the Mexican about half-price for his cargo, and there was no other place to which to carry the goods. It was now our turn. It was suggested that we help Don Fernando out. He had been offered $1,200. We told him that we did not want his goods, as we did not know what we were going to do, but we would make the trader pay more for them.

"Tell him we offer you $1500." In short time we learned that $1600 had been bid.

"Tell him we will give $1800."

Again came a bid of $1900. We offered $2000, and soon were confronted by an angry Missourian, who "was n't goin' to have any durned Yankee git in 'tween him and a greaser in a trade." So he jumped our bid $200. Don Fernando in a whisper said it was *bastante* (enough), and the Missourian was the buyer. We had paid off some of our obligations to Don Fernando and had made a little stir in the new diggings.

The autumn of 1850 was unlike that of 1849. The miners in the dry ravines had thrown up on the banks large quantities of pay-dirt from the beds, and were continuing their work hoping to be able to wash. But little rain fell till the following March. The miners scattered again along the Trinity to pay expenses, and I with others departed for Sacramento.

The early summer of 1851 found me in the mines at Nevada City, in the richest gold-producing section of California, or perhaps of the world. The two mining towns of Nevada and Grass Valley are but four miles apart, and that either of these is more populous than any other town in the Sierra Nevada is evidence of the great wealth of the region. The miners of Nevada County originated or adopted most of the improved methods for facilitating washing and saving gold. The long tom came into use early as the successor of the rocker. It was a trough of boards ten or twelve feet long, two feet wide on the bottom, with sides eight or ten inches high, and was furnished with a perforated sheet-iron plate three feet long, which had the end part curved upward to stop the stones and gravel, while the water, sand, and small gravel dropped through into a riffle-box below, set on an incline to allow the lighter matter to pass off with the water. The long tom was put on an easy grade and supplied with a constant stream of flowing water, enough to drive and wash all the earth thrown into it down upon the perforated screen. Two or more men shoveled the earth into the tom, and one threw out the stones from the screen with a fork or square-pointed shovel, when they were sufficiently washed. As the claim was worked back, the long tom was extended by means of sluice boxes until a dozen or more miners were shoveling dirt into them on both sides. Afterward it was found that by putting riffles into the sluice boxes the long tom could be dispensed with, and miles of sluices of all sizes were seen, some supplied with a few inches of running water, miners' measure, while others bore torrents of the muddy fluid. The sluice requiring a rapid flow of water was set on a grade of say four inches to twelve feet in length. It is plain that in a short distance the pay dirt would have to be lifted higher than the miner's head. A descending bed-rock added to the difficulty, and sometimes the earth was thrown by one set of miners up on a platform to be shoveled by another set into the sluice. Numerous small boulders were kept in the sluice, around and over which the water boiled and leaped, dissolving the clay. When the gold was fine and difficult to save, quicksilver was poured into the sluices to catch it, the riffles arresting the amalgam as it moved down.

More and more, as experience was gained, water was made to do the labor of men. Instead of carrying the dirt in buckets to the river to be washed, the river was carried to the dirt. Ditches were dug at great expense and water from them was sold at a dollar an inch for ten hours' use, and often it was resold in its muddy state one, two, and three times at decreasing rates. The water belonged to the ditch owner as long as it could be used. The fact may here be noted that one of the first ditches constructed was that from Rock Creek to the hill diggings about Nevada City. It was nine miles long, and cost about ten thousand dollars, and so rich were the diggings and so active the demand for water that the enterprise paid for itself in six weeks.

It was early discovered that the river gorges in which the first mining was done — those deep channels from the high Sierra — cut across ancient river-beds filled with auriferous gravel, the bottoms of which were hundreds of feet above the beds of the modern streams. From these deposits of far-back ages much of the gold found on the later river bars had come, and these ancient storehouses, exposed by the wear and tear of centuries, led to another kind of mining. Great canals from high up the rivers were carried with fine engineering skill and large outlays of labor and money, without the aid of foreign capital but by the pluck, purses, and brawny arms of miners along frightful precipices, across cañons in lofty flumes and through tunnels to the ancient filled river channels. Here the water was carried down the banks in strong iron tubes or hose, and large quantities were compressed through nozzles and thrown with terrific force against the banks of auriferous gravel. Ditches dug in the earth on a moderate grade, or sluices of lumber, caught the muddy debris and separated the gold, leaving it on the bottom. A steady throw of this water against a bank, directed with a miner's judgment, was kept up for days and even months without cessation night or day. This was called hydraulic mining, and it was introduced into California in 1852. To facilitate the work of the monitor or water-cannon that shot the compressed stream, tunnels were run into the banks where they were hard and tons of powder were exploded in them at a single blast, pulverizing the deposit to the ex-

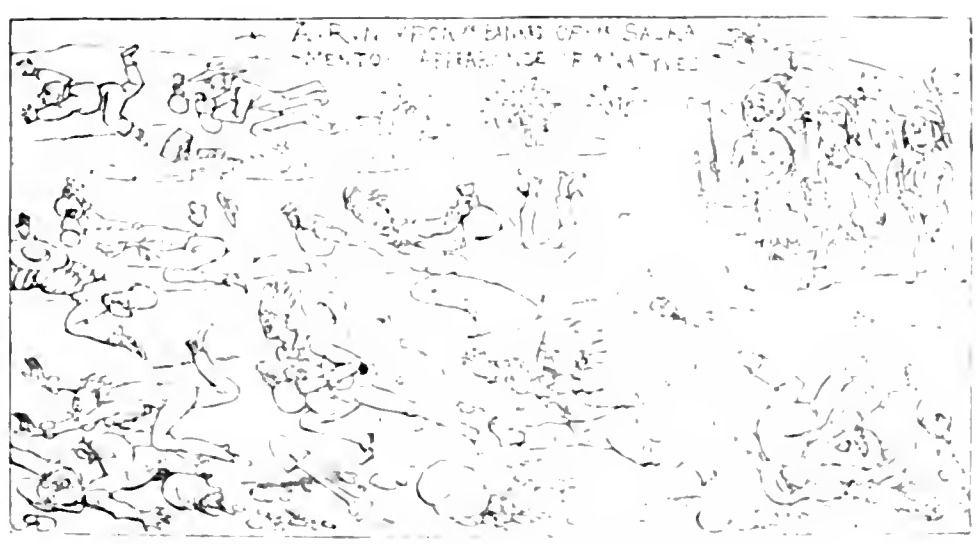
tent of acres and often to a depth of more than a hundred feet.

In the great mining region of California, which has given to the world more gold than any other area of like extent on the globe, all this is now over. The fiat of courts has gone forth that no debris of any kind can be allowed to be dumped into any stream or its affluent to the danger of property below or to the impeding of navigable waters. Thus has been destroyed the market value of hundreds of miles of canals, great artificial lakes to store the waters of winter, and vast deposits of auriferous gravel — in a word, a hundred million dollars in mining property. Thousands of miners who have exhausted their energies and the best part of their lives in the mines have, with their families, been reduced to poverty and distress.

The old miner, full of cherished memories of that wonderful past, on revisiting the scenes of his early labors sees no winding line of miners by the river marge, with their rattling rockers or long toms; no smoke from camp-fire or chimney arises from the depths of gorges; cabins are gone; no laughter nor cheery voice comes up from the cañons; no ounce a day is dried by the supper fire. Gone are most of the oaks and pines from the mountain-sides; the beds of the rivers are covered deep with the accumulated debris of years, over which the water, once clear and cold from the melting snows of the Sierra, goes sluggishly, laden with mud, in serpentine windings from bank to bank. On the tableland above, in the chasms made by hydraulic power in the pleiocene drift, the hollow columns of iron that once compressed the water stand rusting away; the monitors lie dismantled like artillery in a captured fortress. All is silence and desolation where once was the roar of water and the noise of busy life. The same red and brown soil is beneath your feet, the same alternation of ridges and gorges is here, the same skies unflecked by clouds from May to November are overhead; the same pure air is left to breathe in spite of courts and monopolies; a considerable portion of the soil is cultivated; scattered here and there over the mountain slopes are homes surrounded with flowers and fruits — but the early miner sees it all with the sad belief that the glory is gone.

The early miner has never been truly painted. I protest against the flippant style and eccentric rhetoric of those writers who have made him a terror, or who, seizing upon a sporadic case of extreme oddity, some drunken, brawling wretch, have given a caricature to the world as the typical miner. The so-called literature that treats of the golden era is too extravagant in this direction. In all my personal experience in mining-camps from 1849 to 1854 there was not a case of bloodshed, robbery, theft, or actual violence. I doubt if a more orderly society was ever known. How could it be otherwise? The pioneers were young, ardent, uncorrupted, most of them well educated and from the best families in the East. The early miner was ambitious, energetic, and enterprising. No undertaking was too great to daunt him. The pluck and resources exhibited by him in attempting mighty projects with nothing but his courage and his brawny arms to carry them out was phenomenal. His generosity was profuse and his sympathy active, knowing no distinction of race. His sentiment that justice is sacred was never dulled. His services were at command to settle differences peaceably, or with pistol in hand to right a grievous wrong to a stranger. His capacity for self-government never has been surpassed. Of a glorious epoch, he was of a glorious race.

E. G. Waite.



A "COMIC" OF HORACE LOVE'S [illegible]

IN BEAVER COVE.

THEY were having a dance over in Beaver Cove, at the Woods'. All the young people of the settlement were there, and many from adjoining settlements. The main room of the cabin had been almost cleared of its meager furniture, and the pine-plank floor creaked under the tread of shuffling feet, while dust and lamp-smoke made the atmosphere thick and close.

But little did the dancers care for that. Bill Eldridge sat by the hearth playing his fiddle with tireless energy, while a boy added the thumping of two straws to the much-tried fiddle-strings. A party of shy girls huddled in a corner of the room, and the bashful boys hung about the door, and talked loudly.

"Hey, there; git yer partners," Bill cried to them tauntingly from time to time.

Armindy Hudgins and Elisha Cole were preëminently the leaders in the party. They danced together again and again; they sat on the bench in the dooryard; they walked to the spring for a fresh draught of water. Armindy was the coquette of the settlement. In beauty, in spirit, and in daring, no other girl in Beaver Cove could compare with her. She could plow all day and dance half the night without losing her peachy bloom, and it was generally admitted that she could take her choice of the marriageable young men of the settlement. But she laughed at all of them by turns, until her lovers dwindled down to two, Elisha Cole and Ephraim Hurd. They were both desperately in earnest, and their rivalry had almost broken their lifelong friendship. She favored first one and then the other, but to-night she showed such decided preference for Cole that Hurd felt hatred filling his heart. He did not dance at all, but hung about the door, or walked moodily up and down the yard, savage with jealousy. Armindy cast many mocking glances at him, but seemed to feel no pity for his suffering.

In the middle of the evening, while they were yet fresh, she and Elisha danced the "hoe-down." All the others crowded back against the walls, leaving the middle of the room clear, and she and her partner took their places. They were the best dancers in the settlement, and Beaver Cove could boast of some as good as any in all north Georgia. The music struck up, and the two young people began slowly to shuffle their feet, advancing towards each other, then retreating. They moved at first without enthusiasm, gravely and coolly. The music quickened, and their steps with it. Now together, now separate, up and down the room, face to face, advancing, receding, always in that sliding, shuffling step. The girl's face flushed; her lithe figure, clothed in the most primitively fashioned blue print gown, swayed and curved in a thousand graceful movements; her feet, shod in clumsy brogans, moved so swiftly one could scarcely follow them; her yellow hair slipped from its fastenings and fell about her neck and shoulders; her bosom heaved and palpitated. Panting and breathless, Elisha dropped into a seat, his defeat greeted with jeering laughter by the crowd, while Armindy kept the floor. It was a wild, half-savage dance, and my pen refuses to describe it. Nowhere except in the mountains of north Georgia have I ever witnessed such a strange performance.

Armindy would not stop until half-blind and reeling with exhaustion she darted towards the door amid the applause of the crowd. Elisha Cole started up to follow her, but Ephraim Hurd reached her side first, and went out into the yard with her.

"You 've nearly killed yourself," he said, half-roughly, half-tenderly.

"No such a thing," she retorted.

"You 're out o' breath now."

"I want some water."

"Better sit down on this bench and rest a minute first," he said, attempting to lead her to a seat placed under an apple tree; but she broke away from him, running swiftly towards the spring bubbling up from a thicket of laurel just beyond the dooryard fence.

"I ain't no baby, Eph'um Hurd," she cried, gathering up her hair and winding it about her head again, the breeze fanning her flushed cheeks.

The moon was clear and full over Brandreth's Peak, and Ephraim looked up at it, then down on the girl, softened, etherealized by its magic beams.

"What makes you act so, Armindy?"

She broke a spray of laurel bloom and thrust it through the coil of her hair.

"I don't know what you 're talkin' about, Eph'um; but I do know I 'm waitin' for you to give me that gourd o' water."

HOW CALIFORNIA CAME INTO THE UNION.

FORTY years ago in this month of September, California was admitted into the Union. The rounding out of four decades of State life will be the occasion of a great celebration at San Francisco on the 9th of this month, in which an effort will be made to restore and to make real to the generation of to-day the hardy pioneers and gold hunters who founded in this far western land as genuine an American commonwealth as Massachusetts or New York. It will help the young Californian of to-day to appreciate the services of the men who, despite many errors, laid firmly and well the foundations of the chief State on the Pacific coast.

The philosophic historian, with a perspective of forty years, is apt to look back with a certain polite condescension upon the leading events of early Californian history, and especially upon the Bear Flag movement.[1] He condemns it out of hand as unnecessary, impolitic, and the work of men who had sinister or selfish motives. But the historian is unable to put himself in the place of the men who were the chief actors in that episode as in the other stirring events in California that crowded the ordinary normal development of a century into a decade of strenuous life. To get the full measure of this early Californian life one must have shared in the experiences of the pioneers, or have heard the story of their perils and privations from the lips of survivors. Their stories furnish the best answer to the historian's strictures that the policy of the American settlers in California, just before the cession of the territory to the United States by Mexico, was uncalled for and unjustifiable.

It is impossible to get a correct idea of the period without a clear knowledge of the environment and without some sympathy with the actors. The California pioneers were made heroic by the deeds which they performed. In part, they had greatness thrust upon them, for the very stress of circumstances developed those qualities which enabled them to bring order out of chaos and to solve questions in government and social order that had never been solved before in this country. Yet they were only plain Americans, many of them as rude and uncouth as Lincoln in his rail-splitting days, but all had that fund of sound common sense which is born of hard experience and that ready adaptability to a new land and new customs that makes the western pioneer the ideal colonist. They brought with them across the plains in their huge wagons, that have been so aptly termed "ships of the desert," that passionate love of freedom and of individual rights that colored all their life in this far western land. They found a pastoral people living a life as gracious as their climate. The two elements refused to mingle, and the stronger at once asserted itself. That the conquest was made with so small a loss of life and so little personal suffering is greatly to the credit of the more aggressive race. With Englishmen in the place of the American pioneers the first sign of restiveness on the part of the weaker race would have been the signal for hostilities that would not have ended in a well-nigh bloodless revolution. What the conquest of California proved above all other things was the rare self-control of the men who were gathered from all parts of the country. Down-east Yankee lawyers and Missourian backwoodsmen fraternized and made common cause in the effort to plant American institutions in this new land. This work was marked by occasional outbursts of rough justice and by much haste in executing punishment, but these exceptions

[1] The revolution against Mexican authority in California, known as the Bear Flag movement, will be fully treated of in future papers of the series on the Gold Hunters of California, to which the present paper is preliminary, being here printed out of place chronologically by reason of its appositeness to the anniversary of the admission. It is enough for the purposes of the present paper to say that the movement was the result of friction between certain American settlers in California and the Mexican authorities, and that it was more or less intimately connected with the misunderstandings between General Castro, commander-in-chief of the Mexican forces, and Captain Fremont on the occasion of his visit to California with an exploring expedition in 1845. A version of the flag, of which the cut on page 781 is a presentation, was hoisted at Sonoma on the 14th of June. The capture of Sonoma was effected, with the assistance of thirty-two of the settlers under the command of Ide, by Merritt; and General M. G. Vallejo, Colonel Victor Prudon, Captain Salvador Vallejo, and Jacob P. Leese, brother-in-law of the Vallejos and an American who refused to join the rebels, were taken to Sutter's Fort as prisoners. Merritt was succeeded in the command of the insurgents by William B. Ide.—EDITOR.

only prove the essential justice and fairness of the work of the pioneers.

It is not in the province of this article to discuss the Bear Flag episode. Only a brief summary of the salient events that led up to the cession is necessary to comprehend the curious tangle of political interests in California that was destined never to be unraveled but to be cut by the hand of war. The conquest of California would probably have been pushed resolutely by the settlers had not the Mexican war broken out, since the raising of the Bear Flag and the declaration of the independence of California made it impossible for the actors in this revolution to recede from their position. Four years before, Commodore Jones had taken possession of Monterey and hoisted the American flag on the report that Mexico had begun hostilities. He made a formal apology when he discovered his mistake, but it is very unlikely that Frémont would have apologized for his part in the Bear Flag revolt, or that Mexico would have accepted any explanation.

All the actors in this period with whom I have talked declare positively that the settlers were convinced that the occupation of Upper California by the Americans would be a question of only a few months. They all felt assured that the United States was prepared to seize the country on the first sign of hostilities on the part of Mexico. And their position was rendered the more difficult by the constant fear of English annexation. The historians who have made the most careful study of this period look upon this fear of England as a bogy, but survivors of those days declare it was real and had no small part in influencing the acts of the settlers. Whether England had any intention of appropriating the territory is a point which will probably never be satisfactorily determined. Although there was nothing stronger at the time than rumors of English designs on California, it is only natural that men who had a vivid recollection of the war of 1812 should suspect the motives of England. She possessed British Columbia; she claimed all territory north of the Columbia; she had not even relaxed her grip on Oregon. Here was a magnificent stretch of territory, with the finest harbor on the Pacific, that could be gained should the United States be found napping. It would have been against human nature for the settlers at the time of the conquest not to suspect England of lusting after this fair domain. It was known to a few also that the British vice-consul in California for several years had been trying to induce his government to intervene and establish a protectorate over the territory, which in English hands could so easily be transformed into actual possession.

About the time that the Bear Flag party were getting ready for action in Sonoma the American naval commander in charge of the Pacific squadron was at Mazatlan. Commodore Sloat had received the most specific orders to occupy California at the first outbreak of hostilities with Mexico. In the harbor of San Blas was the English admiral Sir George Seymour on board the British frigate *Collingwood*. Sloat feared that Seymour might receive the first news of the Mexican war and thus anticipate him in seizing Monterey; so as soon as he obtained positive proof of the capture of Matamoras by General Taylor he sailed for California. Our navy was then a fair match for the British, especially in speed, and the *Savannah* could easily outsail the *Collingwood*; but Sloat took no risks, crowded on all sail, and reached Monterey on July 2. He had the sloops *Cyane* and *Levant* at Monterey and the *Portsmouth* at Yerba Buena (San Francisco) and no British sail had yet appeared.[1] Sloat was a man who dreaded responsibility. He expected to find California peaceful; he even hoped to meet small opposition in raising the American flag. But what was his astonishment to learn that the native Californians were bitterly opposed to any change, and that they were in a red heat of resentment over Frémont's action. He found the British vice-consul, Forbes, supporting General Castro and Governor Pio Pico in their diatribes against the American adventurers, while the Spanish vice-consul, Lataillade, surpassed all the others in his condemnation of the Sonoma revolution. Sloat accordingly hesitated five days before taking possession of Monterey.

On July 7, 1846, Commodore Sloat took formal possession of California in the name of the United States. After making a formal demand for surrender upon the Mexican commandant, which that officer evaded by disclaiming authority to act for Castro, the commodore prepared for action. He issued orders warning the men against plundering or maltreating any of the natives. Under Captain Mervine a force of two hundred and fifty seamen and marines was landed and marched up in front of the old custom-house, which usually bore the Mexican colors. There is a conflict of authority as to whether the flag was flying on this day. The people crowded about, eager to see the spectacle, but there was no hostile demonstration. The commodore's proclamation to the people of California was read. It declared that he proposed to hoist the American flag at Monterey and to carry it

[1] We give place to this widely received version of Commodore Sloat's action; but see the article in "Californiana" in the present number by Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard University.— EDITOR.

throughout California. It was Greek to most of the spectators, who understood Spanish only, and was received in silence. Then the Stars and Stripes were run up, three roaring cheers were given, a salute of twenty-one guns was

fired, and California thus passed into the hands of the Americans. On the following day the proclamation was read on the plaza at Yerba Buena, and the Mexican colors were supplanted by the American flag. At the old presidio, near the Golden Gate, was the dilapidated Mexican fort with its rusty and useless guns; but over these also the Stars and Stripes were raised — an earnest that this main gateway of the Pacific would now be held against all comers. In the other towns where the

COMMODORE SLOAT, U. S. N. (FROM A PORTRAIT IN OIL PAINTED AT PANAMA IN 1846. PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY HIS GRANDSON, J. B. WHITTEMORE.)

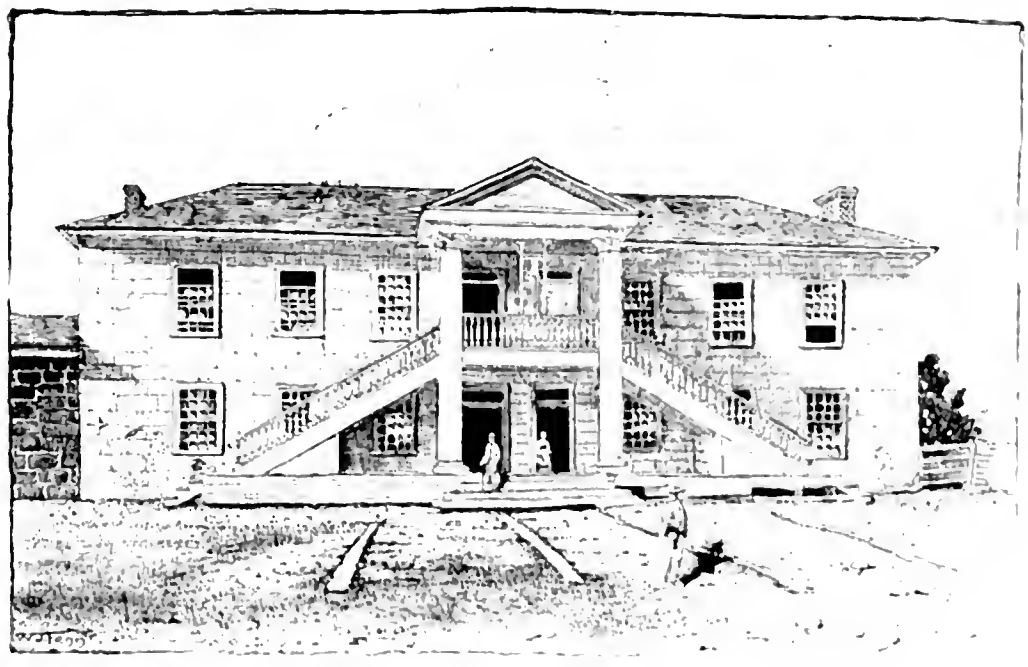
may be put in a paragraph. Sloat declined Frémont's offer of his Bear Flag battalion; but the chagrin which this caused was speedily forgotten, for Sloat, ill in body and weary of responsibility, turned over his command to Commodore Stockton and departed for the East. Stockton was the exact antithesis of Sloat. Responsibility did not worry him; in fact, he enjoyed it. He promptly accepted Frémont's troops and issued orders for their prompt organization into a regiment. He pushed the campaign vigorously against the native Californians, who were massed at Los Angeles; but when he reached that city he found everything quiet, took possession, and declared the war at an end. He had only just reached Monterey on his return when he was informed that all the south was again in arms. It required six months to subdue this revolt; but the power of the insurgents was broken by General Kearney, who arrived overland from New Mexico, after one of the severest marches on record. He coöperated with Stockton's marines, and finally the Californians gave up the fight; and the treaty of Cahuenga on January 13, 1847, ended the last stand made by the natives for control of the territory. The Californians surrendered to Frémont probably because they counted on getting better terms than from Stockton; and this expectation was fulfilled, as unconditional pardon was granted to all who had borne arms, with freedom to leave the country, and full rights of citizenship to those who chose to remain.

There was a strong element of *opéra bouffe* about the conquest. Seldom did the opposing forces number over five hundred men, and even the engagements at San Pasqual and San Gabriel were little more than skirmishes. But it is undeniable that much hard work was done by Stockton, Frémont, and Kearney.

The ensuing five months before the cession

were filled with controversies between Stockton and Kearney, and then between Kearney and Frémont. They resulted in the departure of all three to the East and the succession of Colonel Richard B. Mason to the position of governor of the territory and commander of the United States forces. The country was disquieted by rumors of an expedition from Mexico to reconquer the territory, and by reports of strong disaffection among the native Californians in the southern counties, where few Americans had settled.

All doubts and fears were ended, however, on August 6, 1848, when news of the ratification of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was received. The territory ceded by Mexico included not only California but Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. One year's time was given to all residents of this territory to decide whether they would remain as United States citizens or depart for Mexico. Property rights and Mexican grants and titles were to be fully respected. Governor Mason issued a wise proclamation, in which he assured all the old inhabitants that they would be protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty and property. But hard-headed American pioneers demanded a better system of government than the Mexican law gave them.



COLTON HALL, MONTEREY — SCENE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

Under this system the alcalde, or district judge, was given more power than the Supreme Court enjoys to-day. There was no appeal from his decisions; and though this system might suit a primitive pastoral community, it was as obsolete for Americans as the laws of feudal England.[1]

The urgent necessity for a stable government led the California settlers to believe that Congress would not adjourn without providing proper officers for the new territory, which was now American in name as well as in fact. President Polk, in a special message to Congress on July 6, 1848, called attention to the peculiar situation in California and urged Congress to establish a territorial government. At this time it began to be foreseen by the friends of California that a hard struggle was before them, but it is doubtful whether any one suspected that the fight over California between the two sections would become so bitter as to threaten secession and civil war. Extension of slavery and maintenance of the slave-holding power in Congress were the great issues. The admission of Iowa and Wisconsin had neutralized the South's advantage in securing Texas. Thus the lines were evenly drawn in the Senate,—fifteen States on each side,—and the Southern leaders saw clearly that unless they obtained control of the new territory ceded by Mexico all the fruits of the Mexican war would be lost to them. For three years the power of the free States had been growing at a rate which threatened speedily to place the slave State

[1] Governor Mason had received no instructions, but as military governor he wisely determined to make no change until Congress provided a territorial government. The situation was anomalous. The treaty of peace with Mexico left California with no other than a *de facto* government. Mason frankly admitted that he had no authority to collect duties should merchants refuse to pay them, and he expressed the fear that the rapid desertion of troops would leave him without any military backing; yet he declared he would exercise control over the alcaldes appointed and maintain order if possible. He held that no one had any right to move in providing a better government until Congress should act in the matter. Directly opposed to his assumption of power were the majority of the American settlers, who held that they had a perfect right to establish a government so long as Congress failed to make California a territory and provide a suitable government.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON

COMMODORE ROBERT FIELD STOCKTON.

(FROM A PAINTING ON IVORY OWNED BY HIS SON, HON. JOHN P. STOCKTON.)

in a feeble minority. The struggle over the Wilmot proviso—which prohibited the introduction of slavery into the territory to be acquired by the Mexican war—was an earnest of the savage political warfare that was to follow. The pioneer effort for compromise on California was made just after the treaty with Mexico. This was the reference of the subject to a committee of eight from the Senate, which decided to admit Oregon, California, and New Mexico as Territories, but to refer the slavery question to the Supreme Court. This satisfied the Senate, but the House promptly refused to adopt it.

While California thus served as a bone of contention in Congress, an event occurred that gave an enormous impetus to the movement in favor of State government. This was the discovery of gold by James W. Marshall in Captain Sutter's mill race at Coloma on January 19, 1848.[1] Most significant of all dates in California history is this, for the gold discovery has colored every phase of social and political development in the chief State of the Pacific coast. Yet, to the men who preceded the gold hunters we must look for the impulse towards a sound government. The Forty-niners aided the movement by sheer force of numbers, but the yeoman's work was done by the many able men who had helped to conquer California or who came in from the adjoining Territory of Oregon.

One of the anomalies of the gold discovery was its slowness in reaching Americans in California. It was midsummer before the news was generally credited in California and Oregon. Then, when people became convinced that the reports were true and that fortunes could be made in a few months in the Sacramento Valley, there was a rush such as was never before known in history. Of course the California settlers had the great advantage of proximity to the new El Dorado. Next, perhaps, came those in Honolulu. The Oregonians obtained their news by way of the Sandwich Islands and Fort Vancouver. These hardy pioneers had just emerged from a long struggle with hunger, the wilderness, and the Indians. They were poor, and they saw in the future only a vista of weary work with small profits, as they had no market for their produce. Suddenly the scattered settlements were electrified by the news of the gold discovery. Those who took part in the rush declare that not less than two-thirds of all those capable of bearing arms swarmed over the Siskiyou Mountains and came down to the gold fields of the Sacramento. In the meantime the news had spread to the East, to Australia, and to South America. From all quarters came young men as eager for adventure as for gold. Not one in a thousand had any practical knowledge of mining or any plan of remaining in the country after a fortune had been made. Eighty thousand is a conservative estimate of the number of gold hunters who flocked to California in the first twelve months that followed Marshall's discovery. The great majority of the gold seekers were crowded into the Sacramento Valley, where the richest placers had been found on the Sacramento, Yuba, American, and Feather rivers. Sacramento City had been founded on the river bank by Sutter's historic fort, and was the chief town in the valley. The American passion for corner lots developed early among the miners, and to record transfers some legal officers were required. In January, 1849, the people of Sacramento accordingly elected a first magistrate and recorder for the district. In San Francisco and San Jose the same trouble was experienced and the same desire was felt for a suitable government. Meetings were held in the three cities, and it was decided to elect delegates to a convention for forming a provisional government. San Francisco was in the most grievous plight because of conflict of authority between the provisional officers. In August, 1847, Governor Mason had sanctioned the election of a town council, but this went out of existence in December, 1848. An election for a new council was declared invalid through fraud. San Francisco differed from nearly every other large town in California in that it had no basis of native inhabitants. It was almost purely American, and the national desire for self-government led to the election of a legislative assembly and three justices of the peace. The old office of alcalde was to be abolished. This programme was carried out, but the alcalde refused to give up his office. Finally the offices of sheriff, register, and treasurer were added, and the alcalde was legally ejected. Yet none of the acts of this improvised body was ever legally sanctioned. General Persifer F. Smith had succeeded Mason as military commander, and General Bennett Riley had been appointed military governor. Smith's duties were to defend California and Oregon from attack and to preserve peace. To Riley was intrusted the difficult task of administering the civil affairs of a land which was neither an acknowledged Territory nor a State. Two months before Riley's arrival the delegates elected to the convention decided to postpone this meeting until August. If by that time Congress had taken no action, the delegates were to meet at Monterey and draft a constitution to be submitted to the people.

[1] This is the commonly accepted date, but Mr. John S. Hittell has demonstrated in the "Overland Monthly" that the actual date was January 24. EDITOR.

PETER H. BURNETT, FIRST GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

Old Bennett Riley was perhaps the best man who could have been selected for governor, as he was the embodiment of all that was just and impartial in the military system. He had strong convictions; but, unlike most of the military men who came into prominence in California, he was not prejudiced or vacillating. He made a thorough study of the situation, and when he had once become convinced of the soundness of his position, neither coaxing nor bullying could move him one jot. His arrival in May brought to a head the whole question of the government of the new territory. There was absolutely no precedent for the cession of the territory, and the neglect of Congress to provide territorial officers left California in the unique position of a land without a government. Two opposing theories of the status of the country were held, one by the settlers and the other by the military governor; yet, though the settlers prevailed, the legal question was never referred to a competent court, and remains undecided to this day.

Many of the settlers who were most active in demanding that the people should elect their own officers came from Oregon. They were gold hunters, but they had had valuable pioneer training in redeeming Oregon from the wilderness and in working out unaided the problem of self-government. At their head was Peter H. Burnett, a Tennesseean who migrated to Missouri and started for Oregon in the summer of 1843. He was a lawyer, and did good work in the legislative committee of Oregon which drafted a good constitution and established an efficient government. Burnett, who was destined to play an important part in the movement for statehood in Cali-

fornia, is a fine specimen of the Western pioneer; for he is still alive, in full possession of his faculties, at eighty-two years. He had done his part in Oregon, and now he saw the same necessity arising in California that he had aided to meet and satisfy in the neighboring State. He presided at the first meeting held in Sacramento to devise plans for a provisional government, and in June, 1849, he became a member of the legislative assembly of San Francisco, and at once took an active part in the movement that resulted in the calling of a constitutional convention.

Early in June, Riley issued two proclamations. One, addressed to the people of California, gave a clear summary of the situation and announced a special election for delegates to a convention which he called to meet at Monterey in September for the purpose of forming a territorial or State organization. It also included a list of officials, adapted from the Mexican system, to be elected. The second proclamation, issued a day later, was a formal declaration that the legislative assembly of San Francisco had usurped the powers vested only in Congress. It fell to Burnett to head the settlers' party in its opposition to the claims of General Riley. The situation was unique in American politics. Riley's position may be briefly stated as follows: The laws of California, he held, must continue in force until changed by competent authority. The power to replace these laws by others is vested in Congress. The situation differed from that in Oregon, for Oregon was without laws, while California had a complete system, which, though defective, must continue in force until repealed by valid legislative power. California, in fine, resembled Louisiana after the purchase; and the decision of the Supreme Court recognizing the validity of the laws of Louisiana under French rule formed a safe guide in the present case. Thus, according to Riley's logic, the San Francisco legislative assembly had usurped powers belonging to Congress, and had absolutely no right to call a convention.

The position of the settlers may be summed up in a few words. The moment the treaty took effect, according to their view, the United States Constitution and American laws superseded in California the Mexican civil law; while Congress refused to legislate for California, the people had the right, under the Constitution, to exercise that power; a subordinate military officer could not fill the office of governor; it was not common sense to expect Americans, unfamiliar with Spanish, to administer the Mexican law, which they did not understand, and which had no bearing on practical life. Finally, a temporary exercise of legislative power by the people was not in violation of the Constitution, but only the practical application of the rights of American citizens.[1]

Political excitement ran high when General Riley's two proclamations reached San Francisco on June 9. It had been an eventful week. On the 4th the long-expected steamer arrived from Panama. As she came into the harbor the wharf was crowded with men, eager to learn the news of the action of Congress. The majority were confident the new territorial officers were on board, empowered to provide for some representation of California in Congress. Deep was the disgust when it was found that Congress had not only failed to make any provision for the government of California, but had actually voted to extend the revenue laws to the new territory and had sent a collector to levy the duties. The resources of Californians in picturesque profanity were sadly taxed on that day. The Plaza, the streets, the saloons, the gambling palaces, echoed to the indignant protests of men who felt the injustice of taxation without representation as keenly as their forefathers smarted under the measures of Lord North. The excitement

DR. W. M. GWIN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible])

[1] See article by Francis Lippitt in "Californiana" in the present number.—EDITOR.

J. ROSS BROWNE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE ROOMS OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.)

found vent in a great mass meeting on the Plaza, or Portsmouth Square — the scene of most of the stirring events in early San Francisco history. Resolutions, written by Burnett, expressed in no uncertain language the feelings of the people. They declared that both parties in Congress evidently expected California to settle the question of her admission, which hinged solely on slavery, and that the quicker this was done the better. They recommended the immediate election of delegates to the constitutional convention.

The scenes in Congress during this second struggle over California were intensely exciting. When the second session of the Thirtieth Congress met on December 5, 1848, President Polk again presented the claims of California, fortified by Governor Mason's report, and by letters of Thomas O. Larkin, United States consul at Monterey, detailing the importance of the gold discovery and the certainty of an enormous immigration into the new territory. Stephen A. Douglas, who was eager to prevent an open rupture between the two sections, drafted a bill for the admission of all the new territory as the State of California, with the proviso that Congress divide it, after admission, into other States. The judiciary committee pronounced this unconstitutional, and recommended the making of two new Territories out of the ceded domain. The Congress that discussed this question included some of the ablest of American statesmen, yet not one appeared to foresee the importance of California or the significance of the gold discovery. Several of the schemes proposed were puerile and senseless. A motion was even adopted by the committee of the whole to cede back to Mexico all of California except the port of San Francisco, which would then have been for this country what Hong Kong is for England on the coast of China. The quarrel over California grew more and more envenomed as the session proceeded, until finally a deadlock resulted. Amendments providing for revenue laws in California had been added to the civil and diplomatic appropriation bill. The followers of Calhoun denounced this as an invidious scheme on the part of the Northern faction to force the issue over California, and they threatened to defeat the appropriation bill and thus leave the Government without funds unless the California section was withdrawn. Congress expired by limitation on Saturday, March 3, at midnight, but the new President, General Taylor, was not to be inaugurated until Monday. The Southern senators filibustered in the hope of killing the bill, and with it any recognition of California. The Senate Chamber has witnessed many exciting scenes, but none perhaps ever equaled the storm that raged on this night as the hands of the great clock neared the midnight hour. The Southerners insisted that the session ended at midnight; but the logic of Webster, who held that the legislative day ended only with the sitting, at last prevailed. All through the night the fight went on, but just before daybreak the Southern forces weakened and the bill was passed.

The steamer which bore this news of congressional inaction brought to California two men, one destined to prominence in the first ten years of California's stormy political life, the other to brief notoriety, due as much to his eccentricity as to his official position. The first, who showed from the outset his dominating mind, was Dr. William M. Gwin of Mississippi, who had served in Congress, and who came to California with the purpose of becoming the first United States senator from the new State. He

THE BEAR FLAG HOISTED AT SONOMA JUNE 14, 1846; FINALLY LOWERED AT SAME PLACE JULY 11, 1846.
(FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, SAN FRANCISCO.)

was an ardent disciple of Calhoun, and was counted upon to do all in his power to throw California into the slave-holding ranks. The other was Thomas Butler King, a Georgia congressman, sent out by the Taylor administration to advocate the admission of California as a State. Both spoke at the mass meeting in San Francisco three days after their arrival. In several other towns meetings were held approving the San Francisco resolutions, and one assemblage on Mormon Island, in the Sacramento River, pledged itself to discountenance any effort towards secession from the Union. The report of this meeting, with vague rumors of the growing discontent, appeared to confirm the suspicions of General Riley that there was a real plan to form an independent government. He thereupon issued a third proclamation, denouncing the scheme, and asserting that recent orders from Washington confirmed his previous views that the plan of establishing an independent government could not be sanctioned. Burnett at once replied, showing the absurdity of the suspicion that the settlers wanted independence, and making a strong plea for the wisdom and justice of the course the people had been forced to adopt. That there was no intention wantonly to antagonize General Riley was proved by the action of the delegates in agreeing to hold the convention at Monterey on the day fixed by the governor.

Having decided the important question of the calling of a convention, the California settlers returned with renewed zest to the business of gold-hunting and money-getting. In this interregnum of two months about the only incident worthy of note is furnished by Butler King, President Taylor's ambassador to the new territory. In July he made an official tour of the mines. He traveled in state, being escorted by General Smith, Commodore Jones, and a body of cavalry under Lieutenant Stoneman, afterwards prominent in the war and lately governor of the State. It was the height of the dry season, when the wide plains of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin glowed under the fierce heat of a semi-tropical sun. Only men in search of gold could be induced to work under this sun during the middle of the day, because of the danger of fever from overheating. Even hardy frontiersmen, when passing through the great California valleys in summer, rose early, and adopted the native custom of a long siesta at midday. King, however, rose superior to the climate as well as the customs of the far West. He kept precisely the same hours as when in Washington — rose at eight, dressed himself with extreme care, had his boots polished, took a leisurely breakfast, and then set out on the day's journey, when the sun was high in the heavens, and the mercury far up in the nineties. The spectacle of a modern "dude" among the red shirted miners of Leadville ten years ago, when the silver fever first broke out, was not more irresistibly comic than this picture of the old-time Southern exquisite arrayed like a bridegroom for a long, hot, dusty ride through the plains of the San Joaquin. General Smith protested, but to no avail; yet he had the satisfaction of seeing his prophecies fulfilled when King, on his return, was stricken with fever that came near ending his eccentricities.

The Whig administration that sent out Butler King to smooth the way for statehood in California blundered in this as in most of its other acts. It was vitally important that the man selected for this work should be quick to see the spirit of the people; but King tried to mold this Western life, which he never comprehended, to fit his orders, and the result was that he played directly into the hands of the men who came so near to securing the greater part of the new territory to the slave-holding States. Gwin used King as he used others, to carry out his scheme, which was only thwarted by the shrewdness of a few antislavery men in the convention. During the two months before the convention met Gwin had strongly impressed his personality upon California public affairs, and secured election as a delegate to the convention. Although when the convention opened he had been in California only four months, he had managed by his skill and address to become possessed of all the political influences at work and to gauge accurately their strength and importance. The result of the election of delegates was to give the pro-slavery men the predominance, although later, when additional delegates were admitted to form a quorum, the Northern men numbered 22, against 15 from the slave-holding States, 7 native Californians, and 4 of foreign birth.

The convention met on September 1, but was not organized until two days later, for lack of a quorum. The meeting-place was Colton Hall, in Monterey, which had the distinction of being the only plastered house in the new territory. Considering the haphazard way in which the delegates were selected, the convention was an able body. The curious mingling of races in California, as well as the youth of the pioneers, was seen in its composition. Of the 48 members 36 were Americans; New York furnished 11, New England 6, and Maryland 5. Of native Californians there were 7, while 5 delegates were of foreign birth. Only two of the native Californians spoke English with any fluency or understood it easily; hence it was necessary to employ an interpreter, and the proceedings were recorded in English and

Spanish. It was probably the most youthful legislative body that ever met; 9 men being under thirty, 23 over thirty but under forty, 12 between forty and fifty, and only 4 over fifty years of age. Four members had been in California only four months; nine had been there one year or less.

There is pretty good evidence that Gwin went to the convention with the purpose of becoming its president and thus guiding its deliberations, but the native Californians and several of the pronounced antislavery men had strong prejudice against him, and Robert Semple, a typical Western backwoodsman, who was equally ready with the rifle and the printer's stick, was chosen to preside. Captain Marcy, who had arrived with Stevenson's New York regiment, was elected secretary, and J. Ross Browne, who in later years gained fame on the coast as humorist and traveler, was appointed official reporter. Of all the members Gwin easily occupies the foremost place. He did not speak so often as many others, but, like Halleck, what he said had great weight, and in nearly every controversy he either carried his point or effected a compromise well-nigh as advantageous as a victory. A master of the arts of the parliamentarian, Gwin was constantly called upon to exercise his skill, and it is no exaggeration to say that his readiness, courtesy, suggestiveness, and persuasive powers have rarely been surpassed in a deliberative body. A careful reading of the debates in this convention, aided by the suggestions of survivors, proves conclusively that Gwin had the settled purpose to secure so large a territory for California that Congress would feel bound to divide it. He was too shrewd a politician to hope to commit the new territory to slavery. The spirit shown at public meetings of settlers and miners which he had attended proved that slavery would not be tolerated. Hence instead of pressing the slavery issue, he devoted his energies to securing the best ultimate advantages for the slave-holding States. California had a coast line of over five hundred miles, and her territory was popularly supposed to extend to the Rocky Mountains. What was more simple and logical than to secure the admission of this immense domain as free territory and then persuade Congress to divide it, giving the southern half — the lion's share — to slavery? Division on no other than lateral lines seemed feasible at that time, as the great central region was regarded as a desert. A new State must possess a coast line, and the most natural division was on the historic parallel of 36° 30′ — that color line that was drawn with such monotonous regularity by Calhoun and his followers. In this work Gwin betrayed masterly political manipulation. He made an easy conquest of Butler King and Halleck, and these allies he used to win over the suspicious native Californians. It was not difficult to prove to them that they would be benefited by the erection of Southern California into a new territory, distinct from the North. Then, as now, it was a plausible argument that the southern half of the country differed so materially from the northern part as to demand a separate government. The Californians were quick to see that in the North their political supremacy was clear gone — swept away by the thousands of gold hunters. Gwin shrewdly intimated that the policy backed by the representative of the Administration must be the winning one, and that the men who aided King and himself in getting the admission of the whole Western territory could depend upon recompense in legislation that would lighten the burden of taxation and secure them in possession of their royal grants of land, measured not by miles, but by leagues. The Californians had everything to gain by this alliance, while on the other hand the settlers who opposed the admission of so vast a territory had nothing to offer them. It was to the strongest sentiments of human nature that Gwin appealed, and his success seemed a foregone conclusion. That he failed to carry his point in the convention was due mainly to the superb fight made by Charles T. Botts, a Virginian, aided by the firm backing of the old settlers, Semple, Hastings, Shannon, McDougall, Snyder, and others. Twice Gwin obtained a majority for his plan. On the second occasion, when the measure passed the house, having been previously adopted in committee of the whole, the most exciting scene of the convention ensued. McCarver, an old Oregon pioneer, moved for immediate and final adjournment, crying out passionately, "We have done enough mischief." Snyder shouted, "Your constitution is gone! Your constitution is gone!" For a few moments it looked as though the convention had hopelessly split upon this rock, but finally an adjournment was secured to the following day, when, after long debate, the boundary was fixed as it stands to-day, with the Sierra Nevada and the Colorado as the eastern line, with the great central desert, to be formed later into Nevada, Utah, and Arizona.[1]

The constitution adopted by the convention was one that did good service for thirty years, until the Kearney agitation swept it away in a great outburst of popular feeling against railway and land monopolies, which, gathering force for years, was brought to a head by the cynical defiance of a few powerful corpo-

[1] For an account of how this was done see "Californiana" in this number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

rations and a small clique of millionaires who fancied they owned the State. The constitution was largely drawn from that of New York, with some provisions by the then recently adopted constitution of Iowa. What will strike any reader of the debates is the strong desire of the members to secure the rights of settlers and the equally strong wish to make education as free and as thorough as possible. Two sections in each township were set apart as school lands, seventy-two sections for a university, as well as five per cent. of the proceeds of the sale of all public lands. Semple and McCarver, both self-made men, who came up from the people, and who therefore placed a high value on free education, made eloquent pleas for a liberal school fund. Semple argued that California could have a university equal to any abroad, as she had the gold-dust to pay for "talent," and he naively added, "We can bring the president of Oxford University here by offering a sufficient salary."

Another amusing feature was furnished by the discussion over the seal of the new State. Every interest wished to be represented, but the old settlers were determined to have the grizzly bear in the foreground. This naturally excited Vallejo, who had suffered at the hands of the Bear Flag party, and he grimly suggested that Ursus of the Sierra have a lasso about his neck. The debate ended in the adoption of the well-known design — Minerva, type of the entrance of California full grown into the Union, with the grizzly at her feet; wheat-sheaf and vine, the miner and his tools, represented the leading industries; while the background was the bay of San Francisco framed in by the Sierra Nevada, and over all the magic word, "Eureka."

One of the men who worked hard in the convention, but who has received little credit for his labor from the historians, was Captain Halleck, the governor's secretary and his representative in the debates. Governor Riley made no attempt to influence the convention, but Halleck was tacitly understood to speak for him. Halleck had great legal ability, and he drafted the excellent public papers that Riley issued. He also prepared an excellent digest of the Mexican laws for the use of Americans. He spoke frequently in the convention and always to the point, and no survivor of that body fails to declare that his judgment was sound and that his services were invaluable because of his intimate knowledge of the country. Some recognition of his merit has been made by the erection of a statue to his memory in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Of the native Californians in the convention, Carrillo, who had been a valued adviser of Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, was the ablest. He made the best speeches, and seemed to have the clearest apprehension of the great change that had come over the country and of the new measures that were needed. More popular than any of his Californian associates was General M. G. Vallejo, the lord of an enormous estate in the Sonoma Valley, stretching from San Pablo Bay for forty miles up the beautiful valley. His sister had married Jacob P. Leese, an early pioneer, and Vallejo always professed the warmest admiration for the Americans. Even the rude treatment he received from the Bear Flag party did not sour his temper. Like Sutter, he had a magnificent opportunity to take a foremost place in the affairs of the new territory; but he was formed for the life he had led for forty years,—the pleasant life of a landed grandee,—and he had neither the energy nor the mental suppleness to adapt himself to the new regime. To Vallejo, however, belongs the great credit of using his large influence to persuade his fellow-Californians to accept the new government cheerfully, and to do all in their power to strengthen the hands of the conservative men who he saw clearly formed the only hope of safety from wholesale spoliation of land and herds.

Long before the convention was over candidates for office had announced themselves, and the first political campaign in California had begun. From all accounts it was as unique as the other features of State-making. Peter H. Burnett, who was then Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court appointed by General Riley, was the most prominent candidate for governor, his opponents being W. S. Sherwood, a New York lawyer; Captain Sutter; Geary, the popular last alcalde of San Francisco; and William M. Stewart, who had been prominent in the work of securing a State convention. Gwin and Frémont were the leading candidates for the United States Senate. All started out on electioneering tours that extended into many of the new mining camps. The Argonauts of 1849 in the remote camps had cavalier methods of settling the claims of candidates. A man who "put on style" was sure to be defeated. A "boiled" shirt could be tolerated, but not a silk hat, and there were grave doubts about the honesty of a candidate who did not chew tobacco or take his liquor like a man. Burnett's great claim to popularity lay in his championship of the settlers' rights, his rigid honesty, and his knowledge of the law. He had some amusing adventures on his tour of the mines that would have discouraged any one except a pioneer. At Mud Springs, in the heart of a rich placer mining country, the proprietor of the canvas hotel honored his guest with the best

bed in his big lodging-tent, and the weary candidate hoped for sweet and refreshing sleep, but during the night rain fell in torrents, the wind arose, tore away the fastenings of the tent, and the structure collapsed. The guests were forced to hug the main pole with the loose canvas flapping about them and the rain beating without. Of this unhappy town the writer has a vivid recollection in 1857, when very heavy rain swelled the creek that formed the center of the main street, and the floors of all the shops and houses were two feet under water. Many of the miners regarded the election as a huge joke. A typical instance of the way miners voted was recorded at the lower bar of the Mokelumne River. One fellow, who had voted a straight ticket, gave his reasons over the bar in the saloon in this original fashion: "When I left home I was bound to 'go it blind.' I did go it blind in crossing to California, and I 'm not going to stop now. I voted for the constitution, and I 've never seen the constitution. I voted for all the candidates, and I don't know a d——d one of 'em. I 'm going it blind all through — I am!"

The first election resulted in a small vote. Three-quarters of the American miners did not leave their tents to go to the polls. The Mexicans and native Californians took considerable pride in casting their first ballot, though in later years they have not betrayed any keen interest in politics, and they have never held the balance of power which early observers feared because of their numerical majority. Burnett was elected governor, receiving 6716 votes; his next competitor, Sherwood, getting 3188, and Sutter 2301. On the 15th of December, 1849, the first legislature met at San Jose, that city having secured the honor of the State capitol by guaranteeing to furnish suitable buildings. The conditions were found even more primitive than at Monterey. The Capitol building was a rude, unfurnished wooden structure. The Assembly, composed of thirty-six members, succeeded in using the large upper chamber, but for several weeks the sixteen senators were forced to meet at a private residence. Five days after the first meeting Governor Burnett was installed, General Riley having on the same day resigned his powers as governor. Despite the discomforts and the lack of all the usual facilities, this first California legislature went to work manfully. Again was seen the triumph of the pioneer over circumstances that would have paralyzed an older community. The first business was the election of United States senators, for it was wisely urged that the presence of these men at Washington would hasten admission of the State. Among the candidates were Butler King, the eccentric Administration agent; Frémont, about whom was the glamour of border adventure and who was generally regarded as the Bear Flag hero; Gwin, whose ability had been proved in the convention; Geary, the San Francisco alcalde; Halleck, whose friends claimed this reward for his services; and Semple, whose aspirations were as lofty as his stature. Frémont was the most popular, partly because of his prominent part in the conquest, and partly because he was known to have behind him Senator Benton, a political power who could do much for California. Frémont was elected on the first ballot and Gwin on the second. George W. Wright and Edward Gilbert had been elected representatives.

It has been common for Californians to regard this first legislative body as a roistering crowd that drank and swore like the troops in Flanders. But it must be said that these pioneer legislators proved far more industrious than any of their successors. They framed in a few weeks an excellent body of laws. Although they included a few rampant proslavery men, they were mainly the old settlers who had worked for a State government. One man by his horse-play gave to the body the unsavory but picturesque title of "The legislature of a thousand drinks." This was Thomas Jefferson Green, a professional politician who was attracted to California, like Gwin, Butler King, Geary, Broderick, and others, by the hope of a good office and political influence. Green seemed to look upon the session of the legislature as a picnic. He had a room near the State House liberally supplied with all kinds of drinks, and after every adjournment his sonorous voice was heard crying, "Come, let 's take a thousand drinks!" Survivors of this legislature declared that Green was a seasoned vessel, and seldom appeared the worse for potations that would have put Squire Western under the table before midday. Even with the inducement of free liquor always on tap the drinking was not general. The little coterie that Green gathered about him had no influence upon the working members. Well would it have been for California had every succeeding legislature been as honest and as efficient as this pioneer body. To these men lobbying and the huckstering of votes were unknown. They felt deeply their responsibility to constituents, and they would have regarded the methods of legislative politicians of the present time as an insult to common decency.

While the first California legislature was wrestling with a code of laws for the new State the fight over California was renewed in Congress with greater bitterness than before. President Polk in his message made a strong plea for the admission of California. He set

forth briefly the causes that led the people to decide to form a constitution, declared there was reason to believe they would soon apply for admission as a State, and warned Congress against introducing sectional issues that were dangerous to the Union. Towards the close of January, 1850, Henry Clay introduced his compromise bill for the admission of California, which, though greatly modified, formed the ground on which an agreement was finally reached after six months of debate. The main feature of Clay's plan was that California be admitted with suitable boundaries and without slavery. A sop to the South was a resolution that the remainder of the land ceded by Mexico should be erected into territorial governments unhampered by any restrictions on slavery. He also introduced clauses forbidding the interference of Congress with the slave-trade between the States, and calling for more effective enforcement of the fugitive-slave law. Clay's compromise, though artfully devised, did not accomplish the desired object of placating the Southern leaders. Debate began immediately upon their introduction. Conspicuous among the proslavery men were Jefferson Davis and Foote, who argued that the Missouri Compromise line should be recognized throughout the new territory and that slavery should be valid below that line. Clay vehemently opposed this, holding that the people of the Far West should decide for themselves whether they wished to establish slavery; if they chose to introduce it, then he would favor the admission of California and New Mexico with such slavery provisions in their constitutions.

It was at this critical period that Gwin and Fremont and the California representatives arrived in Washington. They brought the new constitution of California, which President Taylor transmitted to Congress with the notification that the State would soon apply for admission to the Union. A motion was made to refer the message to the committee on Territories, but this procedure was more than Calhoun could endure. He was greatly incensed over the action of the Californians in prohibiting slavery, and though merely the shadow of his old self, with strength so spent that he could not speak in the Senate, he prepared a speech against the admission of California. It was read by Mason of Virginia. The gist of this address, which proved to be the dying utterance of the great proslavery leader, was a vigorous attack on the admission of California, because its people in assuming to meet in convention and adopt a constitution had been guilty of a revolutionary act. He held that there was no excuse for such open defiance of Congress, and hence he suggested that California be remanded to the condition of a Territory. To admit her as a State, with this constitution just adopted, would be to bar out the South from the territory acquired from Mexico and imperil the political equilibrium of the sections.

Webster followed in his great speech of March 7, second only in its impassioned passages to the reply to Hayne. Any paraphrase of its majestic language is flat and commonplace. It was an eloquent appeal for the freedom of the new territory which the South had vainly struggled for in the interests of slavery. He closed with the passage against "peaceable secession" which has become a classic in American literature.

The California senators, of course, were appealed to by the rival leaders. Frémont was in favor of anything which Benton championed, and Benton was determined to see the new State admitted, even if it led to the civil war that Calhoun and Jefferson Davis predicted. Gwin was placed in a very embarrassing position, as to carry out the desires of his constituents he must oppose Calhoun and his party. He had a stormy interview with President Taylor, who declared that whether California was admitted or not he intended to drive the Texan authorities out of New Mexico. Gwin refused to cooperate with Taylor, which aroused the wrath of the old soldier, and the conference ended in anger.

Gwin also had a conference with Calhoun, his old master in political arts, who roused his dying energies to try to convince his friend that the admission of California as a State would result in the supremacy of the North and the rupture of the Union. Gwin was greatly impressed with the earnestness of the dying statesman and the gloomy prophecies that he made, but he refused to adopt the policy decided upon by his party in Congress. To escape from his embarrassing position he went to New York, but after a short stay he was sent for by Henry Clay. In some unpublished memoranda Gwin has left an interesting account of this conference. It throws so much light on the causes that led to Clay's compromise bill that I give a portion of it entire. He says:

> When the California delegation reached Washington and asked for the admission of the State into the Union, I was in favor of its being acted on as a separate and independent measure, and with the least practicable delay. I found Mr. Clay, General Cass, Mr. Webster, Judge Douglas, and others who were the great leaders in Congress at that time, in favor of this policy. But afterwards they changed their views and I was sent for by Mr. Clay, who gave me the reason. He said he had been called upon by members of the House of Representatives

and informed that a sufficient number of the members of that body from the Southern States to control its action had entered into a solemn compact, which they would execute at the risk of their lives, never to permit a bill to pass the House admitting California until the right of the South to carry their property to the Territories of the United States was first guaranteed by law. Mr. Clay was incredulous; he thought it impossible for such a body of men to come to so desperate a resolve — which was revolution itself. He called for facts, which were furnished him; names also were given, and, if necessary to remove all doubts from his mind, it was proposed to bring each member who had entered into this league to his room to make the declaration to him in person. Mr. Clay said that then, for the first time in his life, he thought the Union in immediate peril, and that the short remnant of days left to him would see it destroyed. He at once determined upon the course he would pursue, and the first person he consulted was Colonel Benton — with whom he had been up to that time acting in full concert for the immediate admission of California into the Union — and my colleague, Colonel Frémont. The interview lasted for an hour, and he exerted all the powers he possessed to induce Colonel Benton to join him in postponing the admission of the State until the question of the territorial government was settled, but in vain. Colonel Benton sternly refused, and Mr. Clay confessed to me that he did what he had never done before in his life — he implored a fellow-man to do his duty, but all to no effect. That was their last interview and intercourse in life. Mr. Clay then sought the interview with me; and, after stating the case fully, I had no doubt of the facts, and told him that I never wished to see California *forced* into the Union in a revolutionary way which would destroy its existence, and that I was willing that the admission of the State should be considered in connection with all the questions that were then agitating the country.

In the great debate on Clay's compromise, Seward, then coming to the front as a leader, made one of the most vigorous speeches. He declared that the settlers had shown the proper spirit, and that if not granted admission to the Union speedily California would be perfectly justified in founding with the other Pacific coast States an independent nation. Four days after Webster's speech the California delegation, in response to a demand, presented a memorial which reviewed in detail the work done in the new State, its great resources, and its urgent need of admission to the Union. This memorial ignored the slavery issue, but it simply added fuel to the partisan flame. To Clay's compromise measures were added others by Bell of Tennessee, and both sets were referred to a special committee. The result was the omnibus bill of which, aside from the compromise features, the admission of California was the chief proposition. Again the partisan debate broke out with increased rancor. Four months of wrangling ensued, ending finally in the passage of the bill for the admission of California, separated from the compromise resolutions. On August 13, by a vote of thirty-four to eighteen, the Senate passed it. Jefferson Davis, Mason, and others could not see it adopted without a last word, so they issued a protest which summed up all the Southern hatred of national sanction of the free constitution of the California settlers. This protest had no effect on the lower house, which on September 7 also passed the bill, by one hundred and fifty to fifty-six. On September 9, 1850, the act was formally approved by President Fillmore, and within the next two days the California delegation was sworn in — not, however, without objections from Jefferson Davis and his small party of irreconcilables. The South had been worsted at every point; but it was a costly victory for the country, for a decade later burst out the pent-up fires of partisan hatred, whose lurid gleams were seen during this long struggle over California.

The California legislature adjourned in April, but it was the 18th of October before news came of the admission of the State. These six months of waiting tired the souls of impatient Californians more than all the previous period of doubt and uncertainty. Complaints came from several of the southern counties of burdensome taxes that would fall upon them should Congress admit the whole of California as a State. Among Americans, however, the desire for statehood was so strong that many openly advocated separation from the Union. In no other period of their history, perhaps, was the self-control of the Americans in California more thoroughly proved than in these dreary months. Climate and life, then as now, conspired to rob the settler of patience. He yearned to gain fortune or to compass any purpose at a bound. With a people of less moral stamina disunion influences would have prevailed and the world would have seen the fiasco of an independent state on the Pacific coast. But that rare judgment and foresight which comes with the Anglo-Saxon strain in American blood again prevailed. Some of the old Bear Flag party emerged again and gave vent to their anger in violent language; but these manifestations were merely the froth on the surface. Loyalty to the Union before they formed an actual part of it was as strong as it was eleven years later when Sumter was fired on.

Five weeks after California became a State the news reached San Francisco. The Panama mail steamer *Oregon* was sighted one October morning by the lookout on Telegraph Hill. He rubbed his glasses to make out what had transformed her familiar lines. Surely she was dressed in all her bunting, and now as she entered the harbor the rapid discharge of her

gun conveyed the long-expected news. Old pioneers cannot speak with unmoistened eyes of the scene that followed. Nerves had been strung to so high a tension that the rebound demanded violent exercise. The whole city swarmed to the water front and the hills around it. Merchants rushed to close their stores as they did on that other day, sad and long to be remembered, when the news came over the wires that Lincoln was assassinated. By common impulse every one ran to the old Plaza. There were cheers, shouts, ringing of bells, blowing of whistles, and booming of guns. Provident passengers who brought copies of New York newspapers sold them readily for five dollars a copy. At night the young city was ablaze with bonfires, illuminations, and rockets.

By steamer, stage, and pony express the news was carried to all parts of the State. On many roads there was keen opposition between rival stage lines, and this led to lively races to see which should be the first bearer of the welcome news. Crandall was one of the pioneer stage drivers who with Foss and "Hank" Monk made a reputation for daredevil skill in handling six-horse teams on bad mountain roads. He started for San Jose, the morning after the news reached San Francisco, with his coach decked with flags. Governor Burnett was beside him on the box. Down they dashed through the level Santa Clara Valley, then one wide tawny plain, unbroken by fence or farm-house. Behind them came the rival stage, its driver urging his Mexican mustangs to their utmost speed. As Crandall's coach passed the houses on the road all on board swung their hats and shouted "California is admitted to the Union!" and the cheers that rounded out this shout were taken up by the delighted people. Ex-Governor Burnett is an old man now, but he grows young again when he describes this race, full of excitement to the very end, when Crandall dashed up to the main hotel in San Jose in a cloud of dust, like one of the Homeric heroes, the victor in one of the hardest stage races ever run in this country.

The formal celebration of the admission was held on September 20, and was the first of the annual commemorations of the birthday of the State that have become a feature of California life. San Francisco was young, but it showed then that passion for picturesque street spectacles which has made its parades unique and noteworthy. The place of honor in the procession was given to the native Californians, who had come so cordially under the new regime. They were well represented by a band of young men, superbly mounted and richly dressed, who carried a blue satin banner with the inscription in gold letters, "California — E Pluribus Unum." Then came the pioneer — not old and bent as to-day, but in the full strength of young manhood. They bore a banner with the State seal and the inscription, "Far West, Eureka, 1849. California Pioneers, organized August, 1850." The banner also bore a device of historical significance — a typical Yankee stepping ashore and meeting a native Californian, with sombrero tossed over his shoulder and lasso in hand. After the army and navy officers, the Mexican war veterans, and the civil dignitaries came the unique feature of the parade — a large company of Chinese in gala costume of sky-blue, yellow, red, and brown silk blouses, with flowery sashes such as are worn at their annual New Year ceremonies, and carrying a blue silken banner with the legend, "The China Boys." Following them came a large car in which were seated thirty boys, each representing a State, while in the center was a white-robed girl, like a fairy in the Christmas pantomime, upon whose gleaming breastplate were the words, "California: the Union, it must and shall be preserved." The volunteer fire department, that had already had one great battle with fire that well-nigh swept the city off the sand dunes, turned out in great force on the Plaza. There were the usual exercises — an oration and a poem that fired the patriotic heart.

Forty years seems a brief period in pastoral California, where the hand of time moves as slowly as in the land of the Aztecs; but in California as a State it has seen marvelous changes. The young Californian has been accused of lack of reverence. The climate makes him precocious, and he has a keen eye for the material side of life; yet withal he has a large fund of sentiment, and no South Carolinian in the days before the war was ever prouder of the Palmetto State than is the youthful Californian of this commonwealth, whose birth marked a period of national travail that ended only with the freedom of four million slaves. A touch of provincialism there is in this State pride, for to most of these younger men the blue line of the Sierras is the eastern bound as of the only world they know; yet their perfect confidence in everything Californian is, in a way, a source of strength. To General A. M. Winn first came the idea of a union of the young men born in California, in order to perpetuate the memory of the founders of the State. The society, formed at [illegible] in 1875, under the rather florid name of "Native Sons of the Golden West," began with a roll of twenty-one members. Its purpose obtained favor; the 9th of September — the anniversary of the admission of California to the Union — was made a legal holiday through-

out the State; every year has seen it observed by the Native Sons, who have increased in fifteen years to 8000 members.

The New England Society of California Pioneers visited San Francisco last May, and the old men looked vainly for landmarks that they could identify in a city which has sprawled over miles of sand dunes and has neared the Golden Gate. San Francisco's growth in these forty years is typical of the enormous progress of California. Changed is the old order of mining life, gone forever the supremacy of the pioneer gold hunter with pan and rocker; but in his place is the scientific mining engineer, using machinery that is the wonder of the world; the wheat-grower, whose steam plow turns a mile-long furrow and whose harvest hands camp at night in the vast fields over which they move; the fruit-grower, who has made the level valleys and even the steep foothills smile with fruitage of orange, lemon, fig, grape, and apricot; and, best of all, the tiller of small farm and orchard, who is proving that in this Italy of the far West may be seen the ideal country life, with work out-of-doors which refined women may share in without risk of coarsening their hands or their natures. California to-day, with its thoroughly American people, of tireless energy and equally great self-control, is the best monument to the wisdom of the pioneers who laid the foundations of its statehood.

George Hamlin Fitch.

CALIFORNIANA.

Light on the Seizure of California.

WITHIN the last few years much has been done by local historians, notably by Mr. H. H. Bancroft's collaborators, to clear up the mysteries that used to obscure the story of the seizure of California by our naval forces in 1846. The present note intends to offer one additional scrap of information bearing upon the matter. By way of introduction I shall venture to summarize, in unoriginal fashion, the now well-ascertained facts concerning the naval capture of California, leaving aside wholly any detailed discussion of evidence until I come to my one additional piece of evidence itself.

The Polk Cabinet, as is well known, planned the Mexican war for some time before it broke out. They devoted, of course, much attention to the best way of obtaining possession of the Mexican "Department of Upper California," a province which was not only very sparsely inhabited, but which also had a very loose connection with the mother country, and a very imperfect sense of loyalty to the central government, so that its seizure, whenever hostilities should break out, seemed to be no very difficult matter. In the Sacramento Valley were already a few hundred American settlers. Our recently appointed consul at Monterey, Thomas O. Larkin, a shrewd Yankee trader, who had done business on the coast for a number of years, was in intimate personal relations with several prominent public men among the Californians. He wrote frequently and voluminously to the State Department, trying to convince his official chiefs that the Californians were distracted by their own petty provincial political quarrels, that they had little feeling for the central Mexican government but jealousy or dread; and that, with some care, the land could be won away from Mexico, on the breaking out of the war, by the consent of the Californians themselves, and without bloodshed. In consequence of these representations the Cabinet instructed Commodore Sloat, in command of the Pacific squadron, to hold himself in readiness for the first news of hostilities, and then, without delay, to proceed to California, to seize Monterey and San Francisco, and to invite the Californians to change their allegiance. Beyond the actual seizure of the defenseless ports, which his overwhelming force might be expected to accomplish without any collision of arms, he was instructed to show no violence, and to do everything in his power to conciliate the inhabitants, and to "encourage them to adopt a course of neutrality." "It is rumored," said Secretary Bancroft in one later communication, "that the province of California is well disposed to accede to friendly relations. . . . You will take such measures as will best promote the attachment of the people of California to the United States."

Meanwhile, with the same purpose in mind, the Government sent to Larkin, in October, 1845, a secret despatch, which was committed to memory by a special agent, Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie, and so carried by him across Mexico for oral delivery. A written duplicate of this despatch was sent around the Horn on one of the naval vessels bound for the Pacific. Both Gillespie's oral version of his secret instructions, as taken down from dictation at Monterey, and the duplicate afterwards received by Larkin, are now extant, and agree down to one or two very slight verbal differences. The despatch instructed Larkin and Gillespie to coöperate in an intrigue intended to win over the Californians, who, even in case the outbreak of the war should be delayed, were to be induced, if possible, to declare their independence of Mexico, and were to be assured of the support of our Government in any such action.

It is perfectly sure that the instructions of the Government in no wise contemplated or authorized any revolt of the American settlers in the Sacramento Valley against the Californians, or any employment of force beyond the already mentioned seizure of the wholly defenseless ports by Sloat upon the receipt of news of actual war. As is well known, however, Captain Frémont's exploring party was at the time of Gillespie's arrival still within the territory of California. Frémont had come during the winter, and had requested permission of the authorities at Monterey to rest his party "on the frontier of the department." A controversy which had grown up out of this request, and which had been in large measure provoked by mem-

bers of Fremont's party, had led Castro, a Prefect of Northern California, to order Frémont out of the department altogether. After considerable waiting and defiance Fremont had begun to obey the order, going northward through the Sacramento Valley. Gillespie arrived at Monterey on April 17, 1846, and after delivering his instructions to Larkin proceeded to follow up Fremont, in order to acquaint him with the Government plans, and to deliver to him private letters from the Benton family. Gillespie actually overtook Fremont in the Klamath region. This act of Gillespie's was indeed part of his official mission, but there can be no doubt that the only instructions which he had to convey to Fremont were the ones already made known to Larkin, namely, to coöperate in a peaceful intrigue for the purpose of inducing the Californians to leave the Mexican allegiance, and be ready for our formal seizure of the territory.

Frémont, however, who had his own personal interests to consider, and who had already quarreled with Castro, now unfortunately decided upon a course of action directly contrary to the instructions, trusting apparently to the nearness of the Mexican war itself to shield him against all the consequences of his disobedience. His trust was well placed; for he has ever since been popularly regarded as the chief servant of his country in the winning of California. He even induced Gillespie to coöperate with him. What they did was to return southward into the Sacramento Valley and stir up the American settlers to the well-known "Bear Flag" revolt, a movement which was brought about through flagrant misrepresentations of the purposes and hostile preparations of the Californian leaders, and which was a wholly unprovoked assault upon a peaceable people. That it led immediately to but little bloodshed was due to the fortunate fact that, before it had gone far, Sloat appeared at Monterey with news of the outbreak of war and seized the ports. Meanwhile it is certain that the whole Bear Flag affair was a distinct hindrance to the successful seizure of California, and to the later pacification of the province; and that the chief mover in this affair, in all his hostile acts up to July 7, when Sloat raised the American flag, is to be credited only with having wrought mischief, endangered American interests, and disobeyed his instructions.

Sloat, meanwhile, who had been waiting at Mazatlan for news of the outbreak of war on the Rio Grande, went through a series of experiences which have since led to numerous legends. Near him, on the Mexican coast, was the English flag-ship *Collingwood*, with Admiral Seymour on board. An understanding grew up among the American officers, either at that time or later, that Seymour was waiting, like Sloat, for news of hostilities on the Rio Grande, and that he no doubt had instructions "to take California under English protection," as the thing is usually stated, as soon as war should break out. When Seymour appeared in Monterey Bay, some two weeks later than the date of Sloat's arrival, and when after one week's stay, and after the interchange of the customary courtesies, the English flag-ship sailed away again, the tradition gained ground that there had been a "race," and that, in case Seymour had come in first, the territory of California would have passed into English possession. For this whole tradition no reasonable and truthful evidence has ever been advanced, except the fact that Admiral Seymour on the coast is described [illegible] Records are the mutually inconsistent and wholly credible tales that have been told about incident [illegible] before, during, and after the "race." Many of these tales are of hearsay family legends, narrated by relatives of this or that officer concerned. A decidedly careful examination of several of them has convinced me, as it would convince any impartial person, of their unhistoricity. They are usually in the most obvious conflict with known dates and with known events.

The facts themselves, so far as they are known, are as follows (compare the account given by one of H. H. Bancroft's ablest collaborators, Mr. Henry L. Oak, in Bancroft's "California," Vol. XVII. of the "History of the Pacific States," pp. 285 *sq.*): Sloat heard of hostilities on the Rio Grande as early as May 17. But the commodore showed himself throughout this whole affair a timid and irresolute man, so far as concerned the fulfilment of his very explicit instructions; for he waited in entire inactivity until May 31, when he heard further news, this time of General Taylor's battles of the 8th and 9th. He then decided that this must mean that "outbreak of war" which his instructions contemplated. He accordingly wrote to Secretary Bancroft, "I have received such intelligence as I think will justify my acting upon your order — and shall sail immediately to see what can be done." Hereupon, however, Sloat actually did nothing, and remained where he was until June 5, when the news came of the capture of Matamoras. Even such startling evidence of the reality of the war only led Sloat to write on June 6 to Bancroft, "I have upon mature reflection come to the conclusion that your instructions will not justify my taking possession of California, or any hostile measures against Mexico." And, to cap the climax of this irresolution, the log of Sloat's ship, the *Savannah*, contains as the entry of the next day, "June 7.— News received of the blockade of Vera Cruz by the American squadron; at 2 P. M. got under way for Monterey."

Nor was Sloat's mind much relieved when, on July 2, he reached Monterey. Here, of course, he learned how the Bear Flag had thrown everything into confusion in the north. Both Larkin, who was perplexed by Fremont's disregard of known instructions, and Sloat, who was now looking to Larkin for instructions for new light, were for some days in doubt as to what was to be done. At length, July 7, Sloat made his decision, landed his forces, and took possession of the port. The seizure of San Francisco Bay and the occupation of several points in the interior immediately followed. Commodore Stockton, arriving July 15, relieved Sloat of the [illegible] command, and after an interview with Fremont, who reached Monterey with the "Bears" on July 19, the new commander decided to seize the other towns and harbors as well, and to [illegible] as hostile a spirit as possible, [illegible] the country. The result of this new policy of official hostility to the very inhabitants who in all the American officers had been instructed to [illegible] was the arousing of such bitterness that in the following winter a revolt [illegible] the south, and unnecessary blood was spilled, and the seeds of permanent hatred between the Californians and their conquerors

were sown. But of the events later than July this note need not further treat.

We have now seen how speedily Sloat did his share of the "racing" with Seymour. It remains to examine Seymour's share in the same international contest. In favor of the supposed English scheme for the seizure of California in 1846 there is, as I have said above, no known evidence whatever, except the actual presence of Seymour on the coast. I say this after long and diligent search for such evidence, and I venture to defy any one to produce any other but legendary testimony for this favorite element in all the legends of the conquest of California. Seymour was probably on the Mexican coast to watch our fleet with special reference to the Oregon complications, whose settlement was not made known in these remote regions until a time later than this. The stories have placed the *Collingwood*, during the time of waiting for the "race," sometimes at San Blas, sometimes at Mazatlan, where she lay "alongside" Sloat's *Savannah*. Anxious to get what information I could about the *Collingwood's* actual movements, I sometime since asked Mr. Clements R. Markham, the well-known traveler and historian, to give me further advice. He courteously took considerable trouble to aid me. Why he could do so with particular success will appear from the following letter, which, with his inclosure, I now print as my additional piece of evidence. It has before been referred to by me in an article in the "Nation," but has not before been quoted in full.

21 Eccleston Square, S. W.
London, 20 May, 1887.

My Dear Mr. Royce: I have just finished reading your "California." . . . I was particularly interested in the pages devoted to a discussion of Admiral Seymour's proceedings at Monterey, because, as I think I told you, I was then serving as a very young midshipman on board the *Collingwood*. I believed your conclusions to be correct; but, to make certain, I referred the matter to the present Admiral Lord Alcester, who was then Lieutenant Beauchamp Seymour, and flag-lieutenant to his uncle on board the *Collingwood*. I inclose a copy of what he has written to me on the subject, and which he says you are at liberty to make any use of you see fit.

Ever yours, very truly,
Clements R. Markham.

[Inclosure.]

From Admiral Lord Alcester to Mr. Clements Markham.

19 May, 1887.

Mr. Royce . . . . is perfectly correct in his surmises. There is not one word of truth in the statement to which he alludes, for I know for certain that Sir George Seymour never had orders to hoist the English flag in California, or to assume the protectorate of that dependency of Mexico in 1846, or at any other time. Neither was there a race between him and Commodore Sloat as to who would reach Monterey first. If we had wanted to precede the *Savannah* there we should not have begun by going in an opposite direction for several days. For I see by my journal that we left Mazatlan (where the *Savannah* was) on the 24th of May, 1846, arrived at San Blas, which is to the southward, on the 27th, did not leave San Blas until June 13, and arrived at Monterey on July 16. Sir George Seymour treated me with confidence on public matters, and I was completely *au fait* of all questions with which he had to deal, and of the orders he received.

We went to California to protect English commerce and interests, having heard of the proceedings of the party which hoisted the so-called "Bear Flag." As to what Sir George Seymour is suggested to have said to American naval officers as a harmless jest after dinner, it is simply impossible. Fancy him, of all men in the world, a *preux chevalier* of the old school, and who was sobriety itself, taking American officers into his confidence and telling them what he never would have told to his own captains even.

As for what the foregoing letter proves, it must be remembered that when the *Collingwood* left Mazatlan to sail south, on May 24, news of the first hostilities had been in Sloat's hands for one week, and that when Seymour left San Blas, June 13, Sloat was already six days out of Mazatlan. It is impossible that Seymour should not have been advised of the hostilities on the Rio Grande before so late a date. Lord Alcester uses terms in his, not in our sense, when he calls the news that decided Seymour to go north news of the "Bear Flag" party. This news must have referred to the earlier quarrel of Frémont and Castro, which, of course, an English observer would not easily distinguish from the American settlers' revolt that followed.

I need hardly say in closing how much I feel indebted to Mr. Markham for this piece of information, which would have saved us many false reminiscences if it had been known to our own histories thirty or more years ago.

Cambridge, Mass. *Josiah Royce.*

The California Boundary Question in 1849.

Understanding me to have been personally connected with the organization of the State government of California, The Century has honored me by asking whether I could furnish any fresh matter "from the inside" relating to that important event.

My connection with it was simply as a delegate from San Francisco to the Constitutional Convention held at Monterey in July, 1849, under a proclamation issued by Brigadier-General Riley, U. S. A., the acting governor of California. Most of the important debates were in committee of the whole, in which I usually presided as chairman, and, in that capacity, I had the honor of putting the question on the clause prohibiting "slavery or involuntary servitude" in the new State, and of announcing a unanimous vote in its favor. Some of the delegates were from Southern States; but Dr. William M. Gwin, from Mississippi, under whose guidance they evidently acted, and who had openly proclaimed his intention of being elected a United States senator from the new State, was too shrewd a politician to risk, by a pro-slavery vote of himself or of his friends, a defeat in his senatorial campaign. A decided majority of the people on whose votes he depended had come from Northern States, and would presumably oppose the admission of slavery.

I regret to state that, owing to the constant pressure of professional business in San Francisco from 1848 to 1853, I had no time or opportunity to inform myself as to any of those "inside" facts and influences that go to make up *l'histoire inédite* of every important political event; but I recollect distinctly one incident which, though in some degree personal to myself, may be thought to be not devoid of interest.

It was in the last days of the Convention. Every clause of the constitution had been fully debated and agreed to in committee of the whole and reported to the Convention, where the entire constitution had been read twice and finally adopted on the third reading.

But a terrible blunder had been committed. California, as part of the territory of Mexico, extended to

the Rocky Mountains, and the last article of the constitution had made the Rocky Mountains, instead of the Sierra Nevada, the eastern boundary of the new State. This extravagant claim had not been started until a short time before the close of the debates, it being apparently taken for granted that the State would claim only to the Sierra Nevada. Before the final vote on the Rocky Mountains boundary line, the article had met with vigorous opposition on the part of some of the wiser heads in the Convention, but it had passed, nevertheless, by a decided majority. I was afterwards informed that this boundary line had been adopted at the instigation of the clique of members from the Southern States, with the view to a subsequent division of California by an east-and-west line into two large States, each having its share of the Pacific coast; and further, to the future organization of the southern of these two States as a slave State — an event that would be quite certain, inasmuch as most of the settlers in that part of California had come, and would continue to come, from the South or Southwest. Thus the new free State would be offset by a new slave State.

But the deed was done, and it was apparently irrevocable. The final vote on the boundary article had been taken and it had become a part of the constitution. No member that had voted with the majority had moved for a reconsideration, and no one of the minority had thought of changing his vote in order to enable him to move for such reconsideration. What was to be done?

For a considerable time I had been subject to periodical attacks of nervous sick headache caused by malarial exposure during the Mexican war. For three days I had been ill in bed with one of these attacks, which was of uncommon violence, when, to my surprise, I was visited by two members of the Convention, with a message that I must go there without a moment's delay, as another and decisive vote was about to be taken on the boundary question. I protested in vain my inability to do any speaking, or even to rise from my bed. They insisting, I swallowed a formidable dose of laudanum, and in a few minutes its quieting effect enabled me to rise and dress and accompany them to the Convention. On the way I was informed that the friends of the other boundary line had hit upon an ingenious device by which the battle might still be won, and which was this: the Rocky Mountains boundary article, it was true, had had its final passage on the third reading, *but the vote to engross it had yet to be taken.* In other words, substantially, the convention had not yet voted to *authenticate* the article as a part of the constitution, without which vote it would have no practical operation. It is true that when a bill has been passed on a third reading the vote to engross usually follows, of course, as a mere matter of form. But the ground was taken that it is not necessarily so, and in the present case there was some hope that were the motion to engross opposed, the sober second thought of some of the more intelligent members that had voted for the article would impel them to come to the rescue and help to defeat it. The Convention on our arrival was in the midst of a very excited debate, but I was soon able to obtain the floor. As to what I said I have not the slightest recollection, except that I dwelt earnestly on the improbability of the admission of a new free State covering such an immense territory as the Rocky Mountains boundary would give us, in view of the fierce and persistent opposition it would encounter from the Southern members in Congress. I was afterwards warmly complimented for my speech; but I have never taken any credit to myself for it, well knowing that whatever there may have been effective in it was due to the influence of the narcotic I had taken.

To conclude: the motion to engross was defeated, and Article XII. as it now stands, making the Sierra Nevada substantially the eastern boundary of the State, was afterwards introduced and adopted.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE read carefully, and with great interest, the article by Mr. G. H. Fitch entitled "How California came into the Union," and can vouch for its general accuracy. Of most of the facts stated I had personal knowledge. But in justice to the "Legislative Assembly of San Francisco" (*quorum sic fuit*) let me add a few words.

It is true, as stated, that General Riley issued a proclamation declaring it to have "usurped powers vested only in Congress."

Under Mexican law, the pueblo of San Francisco extended from San Francisco to San Jose, a distance of fifty miles, more or less, and its governing body was the "ayuntamiento." In the spring of 1849 there were two distinct ayuntamientos, each claiming to be the rightful one. The result of this state of things was, of course, virtual anarchy. There seemed to be no near prospect of any action by Congress to give us a legitimate government. Under these circumstances the people of that district, not recognizing any [illegible] authority as residing in General Riley, deemed themselves entitled to frame some sort of a government for the protection in the mean time of their lives and property. They accordingly established a provisional one, consisting of a legislative assembly, in which I had the honor to preside as speaker, three magistrates, a treasurer, and a sheriff. The leading and most able member of the assembly was Judge, afterwards Governor Peter H. Burnett, one of the purest of men, as well as a sound lawyer. The instant General Riley's proclamation was received, calling for a convention for the formation of a State constitution, the assembly issued an address to the people of California recommending them to obey it, and then, by [illegible] vote, the provisional government was dissolved.

On these facts I leave it for your readers to decide whether the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco "usurped powers vested only in Congress."

WASHINGTON, D.C. [illegible]

The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite.

[illegible]

IN an article written in Mariposa, California, for "Hutchings' California Magazine," at an early day, when the events to which the paper related were fresh in memory, I stated that the Yosemite Valley was discovered in March, 1851. I did not fix the day of the month, but remembered that the discovery occurred during a long continued rain and snow storm at about

the time of the vernal equinox. That statement was verified in writing at the time by James M. Roan and George H. Crenshaw, two comrades who with the writer were the first white men to enter the valley, and who were then members of the California legislature. The few members of the Mariposa Battalion who were on the first expedition to the mountains and the valley were not likely to forget the snow-storms encountered, nor the very deep snow through which they passed. Major Savage, our commander, had waited at our camp in the foothills, knowing that rain below indicated snow in the mountains, and that by marching in and through the storm we would be most likely to surprise and capture the hostile Indians. We made a night march to the south fork of the Merced River, and at the summit of the Chow-chilla Mountain pass found the snow at least four feet deep, but as we descended through the dense forest to the stream the snow lessened to a few inches in depth. At daylight the storm had ceased, but it was renewed at intervals for several days in succession. Fortunately we had provided barley for our animals, and they did not suffer for lack of forage.

We captured one Indian village on the left bank of the south fork, and crossing over to the right bank assembled on a river table now known as Bishop's Camp, named for Sergeant Samuel A. Bishop, of San Jose, California. This table has a southern exposure that does not allow the snow to remain long, but at that time, while in camp, the snow covered the ground to a depth of three or four inches.

By advice of Pon-wat-chee, chief of the village captured, Indian runners were despatched to bring into headquarters the Indians in hiding; but no response was made by the Yosemites. Upon a special envoy being sent, Ten-ei-ya, their chief, came alone, and stood in dignified silence before one of the guard until ordered into camp. Ten-ei-ya was immediately recognized and was kindly cared for, and after he had been well supplied with food Major Savage informed him of the orders of the Indian Commission, under which we were acting. The old sachem was very suspicious, but finally agreed to conduct an expedition into his beloved valley.

Only a few men were required for this service, though all volunteered, notwithstanding it had been represented that horses might not be able to pass along the rocky trail. Finally a foot race was ordered to determine the fleetness, and consequent fitness, of those most anxious to go; some, in their anxiety to win the race, ran barefoot in the snow.

Led by Ten-ei-ya and Major Savage, the expedition started next morning on a trail of lowest altitude, but we were compelled to pass through snow from three to five feet deep in places, and in a few instances, where the snow had drifted, even of greater depth. Only small detachments were finally taken by the commanders of Companies B and C, Boling's and Dill's, as the trip was looked upon as likely to be only an exploration of some mysterious cañon. The importance of recording the date of the discovery of the Yosemite did not impress itself upon my mind at the time, for I became completely absorbed in the sublimity of my surroundings. It seemed to me that I had entered God's holiest temple, where were assembled all that was most divine in material creation. For days afterward I could only think of the magnificence, beauty, and grace of the waterfalls, and of the mountain scenery; and an almost total lack of appreciation of the event on the part of Major Savage caused me to think him utterly void of sentiment.

Such experiences were not likely to have been soon forgotten, and hence my surprise when I saw in print the statement that the Yosemite Valley was first entered by the Mariposa Battalion on May 5 or 6, 1851, when the rainy season would have been past. This statement is said to have been officially made by our adjutant, and, if so, must refer to the date of our second entrance, as our adjutant was not with us on our first entrance, or discovery. I have never seen the report referred to, but will suggest that if made by our adjutant there should have been no doubt left as to whether it was the 5th or 6th of May when he first saw the Yosemite, for an adjutant's report, like a ship's log, should be accurate. I do not wish to call in question the motives of our officers, but our little squad who first entered the valley should have the credit of the discovery, let it be what it may.

The cliff now known as El Capitan had been seen by the writer from Mount Bullion as early as 1849, but nothing could be learned concerning it. After the discovery we were most positively assured by Ten-ei-ya and by other Yosemites that we were the very first white men who had ever entered this valley, and that it could not have been entered without their knowledge. Subsequent observations of Indian methods of placing sentinels and wafting signals by smoke confirmed the old chief's statements. Owing to a slight fall of snow during the second night of our encampment in the valley, we left in the morning, fearful of being cut off from our base of supplies.

After a campaign against the Chow-chillas, on the San Joaquin, of about six weeks duration, we returned to the Yosemite under command of Captain John Boling, with a part of Captain William Dill's Company C added to our own. Upon this occasion, about the 5th of May, 1851, we made the valley our headquarters until after the recapture of Ten-ei-ya's band at Lake Ten-ei-ya on or about June 5, 1851. After his surrender in March Ten-ei-ya had escaped. Upon our return to the Fresno I accompanied Captain Boling on his way with despatches to Colonel Frémont and the Indian Commission, who in the mean time had finished their work in the San Joaquin Valley and had gone to Los Angeles. Colonel McKee of the Commission asked the writer concerning the heights of cliffs and waterfalls, and when I gave the most moderate estimates my judgment would allow, his pitying look for my lack of judgment warned me not to invite the world's scorn. I had estimated the altitudes far below the reality.

The lapse of time intervening before the public would believe in the unique character of the Yosemite discouraged effort to inform the literary world, and the data preserved were for the most part withheld from publication.

Angivine Reynolds, of the Mariposa "Gazette," published in the county in which the Yosemite Valley is situated, once wrote me, asking concerning its discovery, saying, "Can you give me the date?" I of course could not. Hoping to obtain something definite, I wrote to S. M. Cunningham, then guardian of the Big Tree Grove, who had in early days been a business asso-

ciate of Major Savage, and his reply only serves to show the errors into which the old pioneers had been led. Mr. Cunningham said, "Boling's and Kukendall's company's first trip to Yosemite Valley, according to Mr. M. B. Lewis's adjutant's report, was early in April, 1851." The fact is, Kukendall's company was never in the Yosemite, but was on duty on King's River and in the Kah-we-ah, or Four Creeks country. I had, previous to this correspondence, been induced to take up the subject of the discovery by seeing numerous errors concerning it, and had written to Adjutant-General L. H. Foot of California for any records in his possession. The reply of General Foot was, "The records of this office, both written and printed, are so incomplete that I am not aware, from consulting them, that the organization to which you allude [the Mariposa Battalion] had existence." This reply decided me to record the events which led to the discovery of the valley, and my book, "The Discovery of the Yosemite," is the result.

In his valuable work, "In the Heart of the Sierras," Mr. J. M. Hutchings, after giving me full credit in the preface, says, "I have been able to supply the missing links needed for the completion of the historical chain of events so much desired and so unavailingly sought after by Dr. Bunnell concerning some of the valley's earlier history." Mr. Hutchings then introduces some valuable documents obtained from the journals of the California legislature, and quotes from Elliot's "History of Fresno County," with the idea of being accurate in *his* historical work. On page 56, referring to our first entrance into the valley, he says, "This was on May 5 or 6, 1851, although Dr. Bunnell incorrectly gives the latter part of March as the date."

An old California pioneer, as Mr. Hutchings is, should have remembered that the rainy season is over by May 5 or 6, and that with the exception of mountain storms no severe or long-continued ones occur so late. Our waiting on account of the rain at our camp in the foothills below Mariposa could scarcely have occurred in May, or have been forgotten by any of the expedition. Our major was talented, but unlettered, and was dependent on his adjutant for all written communications, and these were frequently made long after the events to which they related. At the date of the discovery of the Yosemite our adjutant was not with us. As we were broken into scouting squads, an adjutant would have been no more useful in hunting Indians than would have been a drum-major, and consequently he was left at headquarters. Viewing the valley under snow and through a clouded sky, disappointed in his search for Indians, the only one found being an old squaw, our major seemingly had no appreciation of the Yosemite. Adjutant Lewis was a most genial, kind-hearted gentleman, but I never knew of any duties he performed in the field. The character of Major Savage's reports may be judged by his official estimate of the number of Indians engaged in hostilities (23,000).

Mr. Hutchings says, "The Mariposa Battalion was mustered out of service July 1, 1851." I have, however, an official statement from the War Department, Washington, D. C., that it was mustered out of service on July 25, 1851.

On page 272 the Mariposa Indian war is represented as the war of 1851–52. The first attack upon James D. Savage was made in May, 1850, his men were killed at the Fresno, in December of that year, and hostilities ceased with the capture of Ten-ei-ya and his band in June, 1851. Lieutenant Treadwell Moore, U. S. A., caught and executed five Yosemite murderers in 1852, but no war followed.

Comrade Starkey, of our old battalion, was murdered in 1853. His murderers were pursued by Undersheriff James M. Roan, also a comrade, and when overtaken three of them were killed, and the others put to flight. Mr. Moore was compelled to notice the criticisms of the press, and in doing so, in 1854, became the first to draw attention to the wonderful character of the Yosemite scenery.

In 1855 Mr. Hutchings first visited it, and since that date has done more to bring the valley into public and appreciative notice than any other man.

HOMER, MINNESOTA. *Lafayette H. Bunnell.*

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Amateur Management of the Yosemite Scenery.

THE articles by Mr. John Muir in the present and preceding numbers of THE CENTURY on the Yosemite Valley and the proposed National Park will have failed of their natural effect if, in addition to exciting the wonder of the reader at the unique beauty of waterfall and cliff effectively portrayed in Mr. Muir's picturesque descriptions, they do not also stimulate the pride of Californians to an active interest in the better discharge of the trust assumed by the State in its acceptance of the Yosemite grant.

Mr. Muir shows abundantly how desirable it is to reserve for public use, under national supervision, contiguous lands, only less rich in natural wonders than the Yosemite. The reservation is not only desirable for its intrinsic value, but also because incidentally it will attract attention to the valley itself, and especially to the dangers to which it is exposed from the lack of skill and knowledge in the commission which should be its most intelligent guardian. On this point Mr. Muir, who in California is recognized as the best authority on matters relating to the Sierra, adds his testimony to that of many other unprejudiced observers and lovers of the valley. He says:

> Ax and plow, hogs and horses have long been [illegible] still busy in Yosemite's gardens and groves. [illegible] accessible and destructible is being rapidly destroyed more rapidly than in any other Yosemite in the S[illegible] though this is the only one that is under the [illegible] tection of the Government. And by far the g[illegible] of this destruction of the fineness of wildness [illegible] that can claim no right relationship with the [illegible] necessarily follows use.[1]

One might multiply testimony as to the injury already done to the floor of the valley were not the later [illegible]

[1] See p. 6[illegible] of the present number of [illegible] "Destructive Tendencies in the Yosemite Valley," THE CENTURY for January, 1[illegible].

lack of respect for the plainest principles of the treatment of landscape already notorious in California through testimony before an investigating committee of the California legislature — testimony abundantly supported by photographs of the injury done.

These later sins of commission might long ago have been avoided were it not for the sins of omission of earlier boards. Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, the distinguished landscape forester, and a member of the first Yosemite Commission, was once officially invited to suggest a plan for making the valley available to the public. Mr. Olmsted's suggestions contemplated as little alteration to the natural growth as would be consistent with a public use which would not impair the sentiment of wildness and grandeur characteristic of the valley. His suggestions, however, though formally presented, were not only not adopted, but were never even printed in full. Had these been followed, visitors to the Yosemite in the past few years would not annually have seen the spectacle of the most phenomenal of the national pleasure grounds ignorantly hewed and hacked, sordidly plowed and fenced, and otherwise treated on principles of forestry which would disgrace a picnic ground.

Following Mr. Olmsted, another distinguished member of the first board, Prof. J. D. Whitney of Harvard University, for several years State Geologist of California, made further efforts to place the valley under systematic and proper supervision. Of his success Professor Whitney has lately written:

> As chairman of the executive committee of the Yosemite Commission for several years, thwarted in every effort to carry out liberal, honest, and Christian ideas in regard to the management of the valley, finding my path blocked at all times by legislatures and courts, I have no confidence that anything could or would be gained by making any further conveyance of United States property to the State of California. If the Yosemite could be taken from the State and made a national reservation I should have some hope that some good might be accomplished. I have no idea that the State will ever manage the matter as it ought to be, and I should regret to see the limits of the grant extended.

A member of the present commission made very clear the issue between the friends and the enemies of reform when he said that he would rather have the advice of a Yosemite road-maker in the improvement of the valley than that of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted. Since the Yosemite is unique among pleasure grounds, it is at one time assumed by this commissioner that Mr. Olmsted would make the valley a marvel of potted plants, and at another time that his love of wildness would lead him to import decayed and picturesque tree trunks; the fact being that no member of the commission has shown any conception of the principles upon which the modern treatment of nature in making it available to man is professionally carried on. The protest of the friends of reform is clear enough, and is not capable of being mistaken. It is simply that the Yosemite Valley is too great a work of nature to be marred by the intrusion of farming operations or of artificial effects.

Judging from the published reports of the meeting of the Yosemite Commission in the valley in June of the present year, steps are now being taken to put into operation a scheme to uproot and destroy the undergrowth, brush, and trees of the last forty years — a policy which Mr. Olmsted has declared would result, if carried out, in "a calamity to the civilized world." It is difficult to believe the commission sincere in the exaggerated fear of a conflagration in Yosemite, which is given as the reason for this policy; for, as the reader will see by reference to the illustrations of Mr. Muir's article in THE CENTURY for August, there has been permitted a pernicious system of trimming up the young conifers to so considerable a height as to destroy the beauty of the trees, while the dry brush and the lopped limbs have been left lying upon the ground, where the writer of this article saw them in June, 1889. Assuming the danger from fire to be an actual one, it would seem to be better to spend one's energies in preventing the beginning of a conflagration than to destroy the beauty of the valley by cutting out what at most would be but a small part of the combustible material. But even if it were necessary to make extensive alterations by means of the ax, does this lessen to any degree the necessity for expert knowledge in the operation? Members of the commission have publicly discussed the matter as though the question to be considered were the stoutness of the axman, and not the effect of his work to the eye. After this, the qualifications of the "experienced foresters" whom they expect to consult in their avowed policy of slaughtering the young growth in the valley may easily be imagined; they are certainly not such as will commend themselves to the respect and confidence of the public.

So far THE CENTURY has confined its protest against Yosemite management in this matter solely to the lack of expert supervision of the scenery. As to the causes which lie behind, and have for years preceded, the lamentable condition of affairs in the valley, Californians have every reason to be intelligent. It is devoutly to be hoped for the good name of the State that it will not be necessary to transfer to the halls of Congress the scandals of California's capitol. If this shall not be necessary, it will probably be due to the fact that the next legislature of the State will be awakened to a sense of its responsibility in the matter. Meanwhile it is easy to see that the fire which endangers the Yosemite is not so much the unextinguished embers of the wandering camper as the all-consuming flame of politics, which nowhere burns with a fiercer or more withering heat than in the noble State of California.

Misgovernment of Cities.

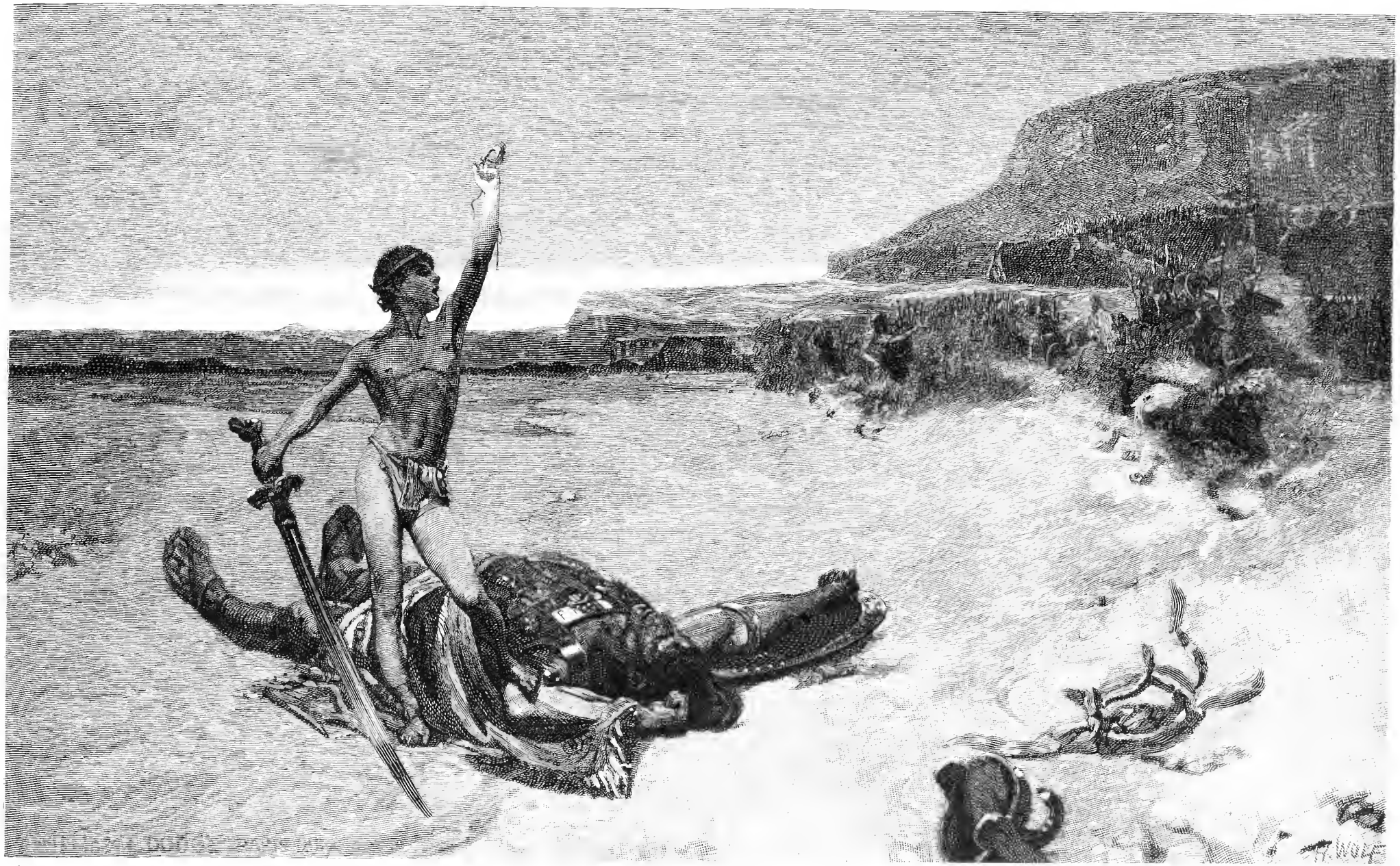
WHY are American cities so generally misgoverned, and what is the remedy? These are questions which have been discussed almost constantly for many years, and the discussion has produced many plans for reform, some of which have been tried, but none of which has resulted in the establishment of anything more than a temporary and limited improvement. One set of reformers has maintained that the only way by which approximately good government could be secured was by the concentration of power in the hands of one executive, or at most of an executive and a few heads of departments. Another set has maintained that such concentration would lead surely to an aggravation of all our worst evils, and that the only road to reform lay in division of responsibility and power among the executive and legislative and administrative branches. Others have maintained that local rule was bad under

TO CALIFORNIA IN 1849 THROUGH MEXICO.

To California with its mines of gold, and how soonest to get there was the ruling excitement of the hour, in the fall of 1848. The "gold fever" was at its height. Many desired to go gold-hunting that could not for want of money, and many that had the wherewithal could not abandon families, homes, and business with any degree of self-approval. So in many instances the matter was compromised, and he who could spare the cash (and sometimes he that could not) entered into agreement with the impecunious but enterprising adventurer who desired to go, to furnish him the means, the proceeds to be shared between them on his return. Had the gold-hunters kept faith with their bankers and shared all they obtained, it would have been another case of fisherman and gate-keeper. The fisherman, it will be remembered, was denied admittance to the castle with a splendid fish, of which he knew the lord of the castle was fond, until he agreed to give half he received to the obstinate gate-keeper. Once admitted, he refused to dispose of it to the master except for one hundred lashes. He was compelled to explain, and received one-half lightly laid on, while the gate-keeper received the other half laid on with vigor. Could the pioneer have given to his stay-at-home partner one-half of the hardships, dangers, diseases, shipwrecks, extreme hunger, and dire distresses he endured he would doubtless have been willing to share the gold also.

But these arrangements enabled thousands of energetic and fearless men to start on the pilgrimage for gold in many ways. One of these, which I am about to narrate, was the formation of a company of two hundred adventurous spirits fitted out in New-York. The plan was to go by sea to Vera Cruz, Mexico, thence overland to the Pacific coast at San Blas or Mazatlan, and in the absence of vessels at these ports to continue the journey of two thousand miles by land through Mexico, Lower and Upper California to the mines. A part of the company embarked from San Blas, a part from Mazatlan, and a part made the entire journey overland from Vera Cruz.

This company, mostly composed of picked young men, was organized under the comprehensive title of the "Manhattan-California Overland Association," and numbered about two hundred members. We were full of a sanguine spirit of adventure and eager to dig our fortunes from the mines in the shortest possible time. We were fitted out with very wide-brimmed soft hats, boots of rubber or leather reaching above the knee, woolen and rubber blankets, red flannel shirts, a liberal supply of tin pans for washing out the gold, shovels, picks, spades, crowbars, camp-kettles, frying-pans, tin plates, tin cups, daguerreotypes, locks of hair, Spanish books, a few patent gold-washers, musical instruments, etc., the most of which assortment was early scattered along the Mexican trails or in the chaparral, or perhaps sold to the natives for a few small coins. To these were added rifles, carbines, shot-guns, revolvers, and bowie-knives, to which we clung closely all the way. We chartered the bark *Mana*, Captain Parks, in ballast, of some two hundred tons, fitted her hold with a flooring and two tiers of double bunks all around her sides, placed a cook-stove amidship in the hold with the pipe projecting from the open hatchway, provisioned her at our own expense with vari-



PAINTED BY WILLIAM L. DODGE.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

ous sea-stores of the common sort, beans and pork, salt beef, hams, mackerel, sea-bread, coffee, and a supply of water, and were ready for the voyage.

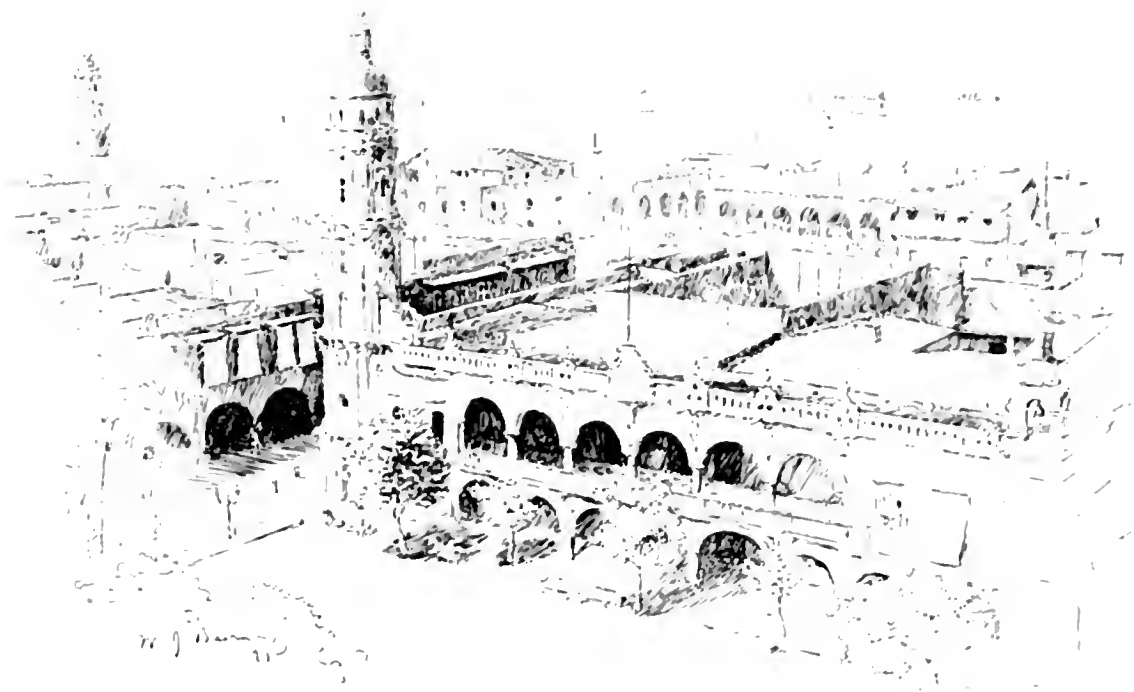
We provided no cook, as we were all earnest on the score of economy and self-denial, and our outlay thus far for the voyage to Vera Cruz was but twenty dollars each. We presented a remarkable appearance as we boarded the bark at the foot of Burling Slip on the last day of January, 1849, every man in full California costume, his armament in his belt—boots and buckskin gauntleted gloves, a roll of blankets strapped *à la militaire* on his shoulders, a carbine or rifle slung upon his back, and frying-pans, coffee-pots, camp-kettles, and assorted tinware in his hands. The bark had a poop-deck on her quarter in which were a few small rooms for which lots were drawn, and I was fortunate in drawing one, which freed me from the confinement of the packed and darkened bunks of the vessel's hold, with its foul atmosphere of bilge-water and heated humanity.

Captain Parks enlisted but a small crew, depending on volunteers, but he was wisely provided with his own cook and caboose. His cook had a remarkable personality: a light copper-colored negro over six feet in height, exceedingly slim, gaunt and gray, wrinkled and crippled, with but one eye, three fingers on one hand and none on the other, and with a vocabulary in English which consisted entirely of the most emphatic oath, which he freely bestowed upon us.

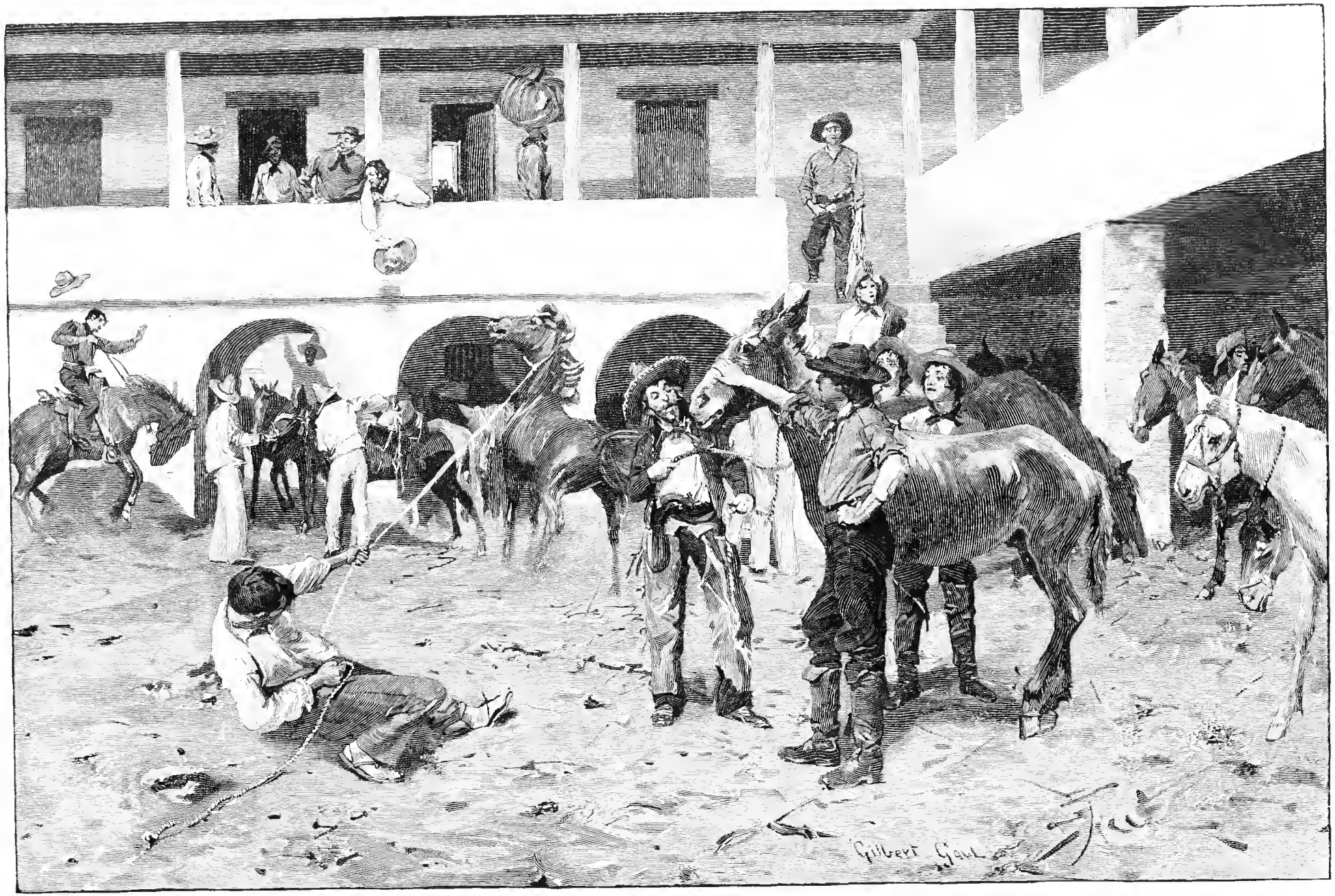
Among our number, gathered on the vessel's deck at the wharf, was one young man of striking physique, very tall, wearing a broad sombrero and boots reaching to his hips and already fitted with spurs for the Mexican mustang he expected to ride, and with buckskin gauntlets reaching to his elbows, and two revolvers and a bowie-knife in his broad belt. He was very conspicuous as he mounted the vessel's shrouds, crept through the "lubber-hole" and posed in the main-top, and then clambered down again to the deck. "All aboard!" was cried, "and all ashore that 's going," was the usual paradoxical warning. Many friends were on the wharf to say good-by and wish us pleasant things; kisses were being exchanged, while a jovial group on the quarter-deck was vociferously singing:

Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me;
I 'm bound for California with my tin pan on my knee,

when a pretty, fair-haired girl, her rosy cheeks wet with tears, put up her lips that our booted hero might impart his farewell kiss. His heart was tender if his boots were large, and, just as we were casting loose from the wharf, he sprang upon the deck, threw his baggage ashore, and followed it with agility, renouncing for love all his golden visions of California.



THE CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA OF VERA CRUZ.



THE COURTYARD OF A MEXICAN HOTEL.

Down the bay we sped, with the tug boat alongside and the chorus of "Susannah" ringing over the waters, to which was added the refrain:

> But the happy time is over;
> I've only grief and pain,
> For I shall never, never see
> Susannah dear again.

which was concluded with three ringing cheers and a hurrah for California as the tug left us on the broad Atlantic. A gale speedily sprang up, and all night long our lightly ballasted bark rolled hither and thither upon the heaving seas, and many penitential landsmen, under the influence of their first seasickness, wished they had never left their homes, and were freely urged by the more jolly ones to wade ashore.

By the next morning's light was revealed a dejected and motley group of seasick humanity taking its first sea lessons on old Neptune's dominions. And now came a culmination of our miseries. We had pork, beans, coffee, and hardtack, but where was the cook? How were two hundred men with stomachs now in a state of entire vacuum to be fed with hot coffee and cooked rations? In times of emergency the Yankee always calls a public meeting, and so a mass meeting was convened; and, after speeches had been made, it was decided to accept the proposal of two of our number, who for a valuable consideration volunteered to cook for the two hundred till we should reach Vera Cruz. Thenceforth, after a period of fasting, we had one lunch a day, when the sea was not too rough, till our voyage was ended, on the 24th day of February.

The writer must leave it to the imagination of the reader to divine what the 200, confined on that small vessel for twenty-four days, did in the way of mischief. Once only on the voyage did the boisterous spirits on board require discipline. This the good, but sorely tried, Captain Parks administered by ordering the bark "laid to." This was effective, as every one was in haste to reach California before the gold should all be "dug out," and dreaded delay.

We arrived off the coast of Mexico just as the evening sun was descending amid the golden clouds over the mountain peaks, flanked by dark and somber masses, the snow-crowned Orizaba, or star mountain, set high in the blue heavens, flashing as with a coronal of diamonds. Two snow white birds of flowing plumage came off from the yet distant land, and with an easy and graceful movement of their wings circled around our mastheads, and then flew straight landward again. They were the mariners' pilot-birds of the tropics come to guide us ashore. It was Sunday morning when we dropped anchor near St. Juan de Ulloa, with its quaint ancient tower, and the city of Vera Cruz just before us.

The uniformed customs officials speedily boarded us from a small boat, and while the clanging of some scores of musical Spanish bells from the cathedral towers filled the air, the officers were entertained by an encounter between two of our pugnacious gold hunters, who struck vigorously from the shoulder. We received a speedy permission to land, as the officials did not appear to enjoy our companionship. Sunday was passed in looking at the sights in the old Spanish city, battered and bombarded as it had been two years before by the artillery of General Scott. Walls and buildings constructed of coral rocks were shattered as he had left them, fragments of bombs and solid shot lay about the streets where his cannon had fired them, and along the beach were numerous dilapidated wrecks of surf-boats where he had abandoned them. Numerous army wagons, caissons, and artillery carriages were scattered about, and thousands of Yankee-made pack-saddles were offered us for our journey. These and much other paraphernalia, the production of army contractors, had only served the purpose intended — that of enriching the contractors. The only pack-saddle found useful was the Mexican one, consisting of two great pillows of leather connected and hung astride the mule, and weighing without the "cargo" some eighty pounds, on top of which or suspended from it would be a load of some two hundred pounds.

As Vera Cruz is in a section of sand, cactus, and lizards, surrounded by a large tract of chaparral, messengers were sent to the nearest ranches and haciendas to announce that an arrival of "Los Yankees" was in want of horses, mules, and "burros." We were constrained to remain for the night in the yellow-fever-producing city among its so-called "greasers" (as our soldiers had termed them). This we passed in a caravansary, the first floor of which was packed with two hundred head of pack-mules and "burros." We spread our blankets on the boards of the second floor, disturbing large colonies of fleas who held pre-emption rights, and who resisted our encroachment by furious onslaughts on every part of our bodies. There were openings in the wall of our room but no windows, and from below, the whole night through, there was one continual braying and uproar from the two hundred hungry mules. Nothing could parallel this first night in Mexico but a page of Dante's "Inferno."

As our war with Mexico had just closed, and the ignorant masses yet held us in the same enmity with which they had regarded

their conquerors, matters did not look favorable for a peaceful passage over the whole extent of Mexico, especially as we expected to follow the route taken by Scott's army, and to pass over battle-fields where, as we learned, bleached skeletons lay still unburied. The government, in fact, the whole country, was yet in a state of demoralization, and guerrillas and robbers infested almost every mile of the way. Besides this, merchants of intelligence in Vera Cruz warned us that we were almost sure to be robbed and murdered, that if we should escape this fate we could not find provisions on our journey for men or beasts, and that we would most surely break down our animals, and be glad to resort to horse or mule meat to sustain life. Impressed by these tales (which found fulfilment to some extent even as to mule meat, with rattlesnakes added), about fifty of the most pronounced and boastful among our company took a return passage on the vessel for New York.

On Monday Mexican horse-traders presented themselves, in comparison with whom the sharpest Yankee horse-jockey sunk into utter insignificance. They drove in before them, with a "whoop la "and a Comanche yell, caravans of horses and mules that included not only the halt and the maimed, the lame and the blind, but also some of the most vicious and worthless brutes that were ever collected together —galled and chafed, sore-backed, buckers, jumpers, and balky. Yet with wonderful skill the owners of these gothic animals covered up and disguised their defects and their vicious tricks, so that in most cases the deception and trickery were not discovered till the vendors were well on their way to their ranches again. From twenty-five to forty dollars, or *pesos*, each was paid by anxious buyers for animals which the owners would have been glad to sell for one-quarter the money. We found that these mustangs could with equal facility throw the rider over their heads, or kick him off to the rear, or shoot him upward, or lie down abruptly, or take out a liberal piece of his flesh, and yet under the manipulation of the ranch owner they had been as docile and gentle as could be desired.

However, our passports having been viséd and each man mounted, and some several times dismounted, by Monday night we reached as best we could a general rendezvous or camping-place at Santa Fé, a group of huts some ten miles from Vera Cruz, and passed our first night on our blankets with the ground for a bed and the heavens for a shelter tent. On the vessel we had organized into four divisions, each with a captain at its head, known as the New Jersey, Island City, Enterprise, and Pacific. The originator of the enterprise, who had professed to be a veteran Mexican traveler and who was to act as generalissimo of the whole, had failed to report on board the *Mara*, so a mass meeting was convened at Santa Fé, and with very brief speech-making the writer was chosen to take command of the expedition. On calling the roll it was found that one member had been left in Vera Cruz, having been thrown skyward from his horse and somewhat injured. Wishing to abandon none, I called for a volunteer and started back to the city (ten miles through deep sand lined with a growth of chaparral) to escort our comrade out to camp. The volunteer was a Mr. Pierce, who had been a member of a company of cavalry at home and had brought with him his long cavalry sword, which he secured in a dangling position from the horn of his saddle. His steed was not used to such an appendage, and soon the rider was rolling in the sand in one direction and the horse in another. As the way was beset with guerrillas, I gave my horse a free rein and spur; and with a ready revolver in one hand rode into the city and safely brought my comrade out to the camp.

At this first camp we divided into "messes," bought and distributed a Mexican beef, and cooked our first meals. We made our first start for a day's march on the morning of the 28th day of February. The first camp-fires, the cooking, the saddling-up, the loading of baggage and equipments on the vicious, kicking, biting mustangs and donkeys, and the final mount and start were altogether beyond description. Besides the rider, they had to carry two blankets, his mining tools, coffee-pot, camp-kettle, and frying-pan laid on or hanging from his saddle, and his bag of tin cups, spoons, and tin plates, and his gun, rifle, or carbine slung on his back, and a variety of other articles supposed to be essential. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza joined to Falstaff's regiment would not have presented half so motley a group. The rattle of tinware and the orders and the shouting in an unknown tongue excited the wild and half-broken mustangs to madness. I soon had to organize a rear-guard under Captain Pierce to pick up stragglers, help reload broken cargoes, and lift stubborn and refractory mules to their feet. It was also necessary constantly to halt the column, knowing well that a man who should be left out of sight in the rear would be speedily gobbled up by the watchful robbers trailing after us. Along the day's route, as all the way across the whole of Mexico, we found wooden crosses, indicating that a murder had been committed there. This first day's ride of ten miles brought us to a stream known as Murderer's Den. Here, before starting from camp in the morning, a detail

A MEXICAN HORSE-TRADER.

of organization was made, and by adopting a rigid military discipline, and discarding worthless incumbrances in the way of mining tools, gold-washers, etc., I was able to train my troop so that when the trail was not very rough or mountainous over twenty Mexican leagues a day was made between camps. As we left the low-lying, malarious sea-coast, our road and climate both improved, and on the first Saturday we camped for rest over Sunday in the suburbs of the beautiful city of Jalapa, a city of fruits and flowers, of which the Mexican proverb says: "See Jalapa and die."

Before starting again on Monday morning many exchanges for better animals took place, and a better outfit generally was provided, and a more cheerful spirit prevailed. Here our horses and riding mules were shod, a necessary preliminary to crossing the mountain ranges. If the mule was not too refractory, this was managed by tying one of his hind legs to his tail, well up from the ground, but if he was intractable he was left but two feet to stand upon, the opposite forefoot being tied close under the body.

On the plaza of Jalapa the hostile feeling against the Yankees had its first outbreak. A great crowd gathered about the red-shirted horsemen as we rode into the plaza on Sunday, and a rush was made by the mob to dismount us and drive us from our saddles. But a vigorous charge promptly made against the mob with threatening revolvers drove them back and gave safe escape to the hard-pressed horsemen. Through the villages of the country parts we were received by the *women* and *children* with kindness, but by the males with frowns and threats, and with the significant gesture of a finger drawn across the throat. In no place were we safe from attack except in groups which commanded safety and respect. To them in their ignorance we were still Yankees and *soldados*. One night, a little way beyond Jalapa, our entrance into one of their walled towns caused great excitement. A general alarm was rung on the cathedral bells,

A SAMPLE STEED.

messengers rode out in haste to alarm the surrounding haciendas, and natives flocked into the town, two or three mounted on the back of each mule, armed with *escopettes*. But we remained close inside the strong gates of our hacienda, and, the excitement subsiding, we were allowed to leave without an attack early the next day. Camp was aroused usually at three o'clock in the morning; fires were kindled, pots of coffee were boiled, and, when possible, eggs (*wavos*) also. Then came a march in military order of about twenty miles, when halt was ordered for dinner, provided water and corn were to be had for the horses. Supplies of whatever could be purchased were foraged for along the route, bananas and sweet potatoes being the staple; occasionally pork could be had, and in the larger places very poor beef, cut into long strips and sold always by the yard. This tough beef was eaten by the Mexicans cut first in small pieces and then stewed in a quantity of red peppers resembling stewed tomatoes (called *carne de Chili*). If our halt was made at a hacienda, the universal national dish of "tortillas" and "frijoles" was to be obtained, served with coffee, at three cents a meal. But our hungry and robust riders could dispose of many meals at a sitting, and when camping and with a sufficient supply of yards of meat to satisfy their hungry stomachs, the quantity they fed themselves from their frying-pans was not only an astonishment but almost a horror to the natives, who crowded our camp to see the show. Upon one occasion, after a hard day's ride of over forty miles along a route where supplies were not to be had, we camped by a clear stream, where but a few native huts of poles and branches sheltered the population. Two priests, with a large, mule-drawn carriage, were just in advance of us, and in receiving the monthly tithes for the church had carried away all the wealth of the place, and there was but one answer, to our calls for food, "*Nada, Señor, nada. No hai tortillas. No hai frijoles.*" Lieutenant Gray, a stray soldier, who had been left adrift in Mexico, volunteered to bring me some supper from among the villagers. In utter fatigue, I threw myself upon the ground in one of the huts, and was soon in a deep slumber. At about eleven o'clock Gray returned and awakened me. The hut was crowded full of men and women gazing at me with great interest, but they were careful to keep at a safe distance from me. Gray explained his stratagem thus: He had told them the *capitan* was a great warrior, and had

eaten the prisoners he took in battle; that I was very hungry and would also eat corn and hay, but liked eggs and onions better. He brought eggs, onions, and salt, leaving outside a supply of corn and hay for me to eat, an operation which the ignorant but curious natives had come to witness. So far as the boiled eggs and onions were concerned, being my first meal of the day, I was glad to be able to gratify them.

In camping for the night, sentries were stationed, and pickets were posted, and the animals were secured with lariats inside the picket line, but sometimes, when guerrillas abounded, in the center of the camp. Once only did these *ladrones* make an open demonstration. We were in a section of country covered with low bushes, in which jack-rabbits, wild turkeys, and other game were present. No towns were near, and, feeling secure, a large part of the company was scattered in pursuit of the game, hoping to secure enough to fill our camp-kettles on our next halt, for we had been some days on short rations. The Mexican women were always friendly, and presently some were met on the trail, calling out to us: "*Ladrones! ladrones!*" and pointing forward on our path. At this our stragglers were called in. The robbers were a large band of well mounted and well-armed men, and had filed across our road in the bed of an *arroya* or dry stream. To fight as a troop of cavalry with camp equipage and cooking-utensils dangling from our saddles, or to wait a charge from them, would have been sure defeat. So I dismounted a part of my troop, and in platoons at double quick charged towards the guerrillas. Evidently a fight with the hated Yankees in red shirts was not what they desired, for as we came within short range, their leader gave the word "*Lanza!*" and away they galloped down the ravine helter skelter, and we saw them no more. We certainly were not a handsome crowd at this time.

At National Bridge we saw the wreckage and the unburied bones of that battle-field, and looked with wonder upon the fortified height that guarded the entrance of the almost perpendicular heights up which Colonel Harney's dismounted dragoons worked their way with the help of bushes and props, and to which they

clung in the face of a sweeping fire from the Mexican batteries on its summit, which they captured with a rush, turning their own guns upon the artillerists as they ran down the opposite side of the hill. We feared having to force our way over this bridge, but were not molested.

Upon the heights of Cerro Gordo we camped for our noonday meal. Upon its central battle-field, where Santa Anna made his most stalwart fight, we kindled our camp fires, and, dipping water from its sunken pools covered with slimy green vegetation, we drank our coffee under the shade of the same trees where the desperately wounded lay to die, glad of the luxury of that stagnant pool to quench their thirst. It was the best those heights afforded amid that deathly struggle. All around us lay scattered uncoffined bones, and ghastly skulls looked down upon us where in mockery they

had been secured among the branches of the trees, and everywhere earth and trees and broken armament gave silent witness of the awful struggles of our little army. All the way up the heights for miles the pine trees from the roadside yet obstructed the national road as they had been felled to hinder the onward march of our soldiers, while from point to point the Mexican troops and batteries were rallied for another stand. We left the historic spot with a triumphant three times three and with uncovered heads in honor both of our dead and our living heroes.

SHOEING A MULE.

We were soon well up the Rio Frio mountains, and were received near the summit by a terrible war of the elements in the pine forest —thunder, lightning, rain, hail, snow, intense cold, and a howling hurricane. We were drenched through and through, and shook as with an ague, and our poor animals, used to the warm plains below, chilled with cold and in terror from fright, trembled in every limb and crouched helplessly upon the ground, dazed by the lightning and shocked by the thunder which seemed to discharge at our very sides; they seemed almost to cling to us for safety. It was Saturday afternoon, and we found welcome shelter in the hacienda Buena Vista near the mountain summit, a spot made historic afterward as a place of refuge for the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian.

We found the whole mountain-summit infested with guerrillas. We were on the highway of travel and not far from the City of Mexico, and in this section these lawless bands were accustomed to make the boldest and most successful raids either upon mounted travelers or upon the *diligencia*, which was periodically and helplessly plundered, often with the addition of wanton murder. I felt justified in taking possession of the hacienda; posted my own sentries, and picketed it for some distance outside, obliging its own proprietor and employees to come and go by my permission and only with the password. By Sunday morning, for the safety of my troop, I found it expedient to leave this stronghold (as I learned we were largely outnumbered) and make a hasty march to Mexico City, which we safely accomplished. Even under these circumstances it was a sub-

lume experience to ride down that mountain height — Mounts Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl both looking down upon us, the great valley and City of Mexico in full view below us, and a thunder shower with its dark nimbus clouds and forked lightning full in the sunshine under us. On the way down the mountain we saw three guerrillas hanging from a frame by the roadside by ropes passed under their arms.

We stopped for our lunch at noon, and were entertained by a company of Mexican rangers or lancers, handsomely uniformed and armed with a long spear with a red pennant and the indispensable lasso of raw-hide, and mounted on superior, hardy Mexican horses. They had captured, and, without the form of judge or jury, had riddled with bullets and afterward hanged the three robbers we had passed on the wayside. With their gay trappings of silver-ornamented riding outfit, their swarthy faces, black hair, fierce mustaches, and fiery eyes, the lancers were well calculated to affright the souls of fearful adversaries. Their favorite method of attack was to throw the lasso over their victim, then with their well-trained horses to jerk him from the saddle, drag him to death over the ground, or in mercy lance him. By their invitation I stood at a considerable distance from them to test their skill with the lasso. By the utmost agility I was utterly unable to escape its folds.

"LADRONES."

Across the valley of Mexico, picturesque with parallel rows of the century plant, which furnishes the national drink of *pulque*, we entered through open gates the ancient city of Montezuma, not long before conquered and evacuated by the small army of the United States. We found quarters in a comfortable hacienda, while the numerous *fondas* of the city furnished refreshment and pulque. Pulque is the lager beer of Mexico. It is everywhere transported on the backs of mules in skins of hogs stripped from them in some mysterious way by which legs and all are utilized for a great bottle.

On the following day the antipathy to Americans was shown on the public plaza near the great cathedral, during the passage of a religious procession of the Host preceded by the ringing of a bell. Every one within hearing indoors or on the street reverently knelt where he was, removed his hat, and made the sign of the cross. This was not regarded by the gold-hunters, who stood erect, curiously gazing at the scene. At once they were set upon by those nearest them, dragged to their knees, and their hats knocked off their heads. A mob quickly gathered. The men resisted with desperation, and had it not been for the prompt interference of others, lives would undoubtedly have been lost and our travels would have ended inside prison walls. This made our longer stay in the city both uncomfortable and hazardous, and once again we mounted our now rested steeds for the trip to the Pacific.

Dissatisfied with my purpose to halt on Sundays for rest and to recruit the horses, some thirty of the company now detached themselves from my command. They were in haste to reach California before the gold was all "dug out," and considered such halting a waste of time. So they bade us good by and started at a rapid gait in advance.

On this part of the journey we had an illustration of justice in an alcalde's court. Two of our men, who dittered about the ownership of a mule, agreed to arbitrate before the alcalde of the village where they chanced to be. One claimant slipped a $2.50 gold piece in the alcalde's hand, and a speedy decision was rendered in his favor. After leaving the town a short distance the other claimant rode back, put a $5 gold piece in the alcalde's hand, and speedily came back with a decision written out in his favor and reversing the other.

After a long day's march we reached Celaya, a walled town of some six thousand inhabitants. The people were decidedly hostile, and the alcalde sent me a summons to appear before him, and commanded that I should make no attempt to leave the town before sunset, and that I should at once send one half my number to another town, some ten miles beyond, a town of about the same size as Celaya,

adding that he would also send a messenger with us to insure our safety, as otherwise we were sure to be attacked. I replied that I would not do so, that we asked no protection, but if attacked would take care of ourselves. He then gave an order to the proprietor of the hacienda to hold us prisoners inside the fortress (for a hacienda is also a fortress) until sunrise the next morning. At three o'clock I called up and mounted my men, and then awakened the keeper, and with a revolver placed at his head persuaded him to unlock the barricade, and we rode triumphantly out. The alcalde's plan was to divide the troop, and with the aid of the other town, where were some troops, to get satisfaction for incidents of the war.

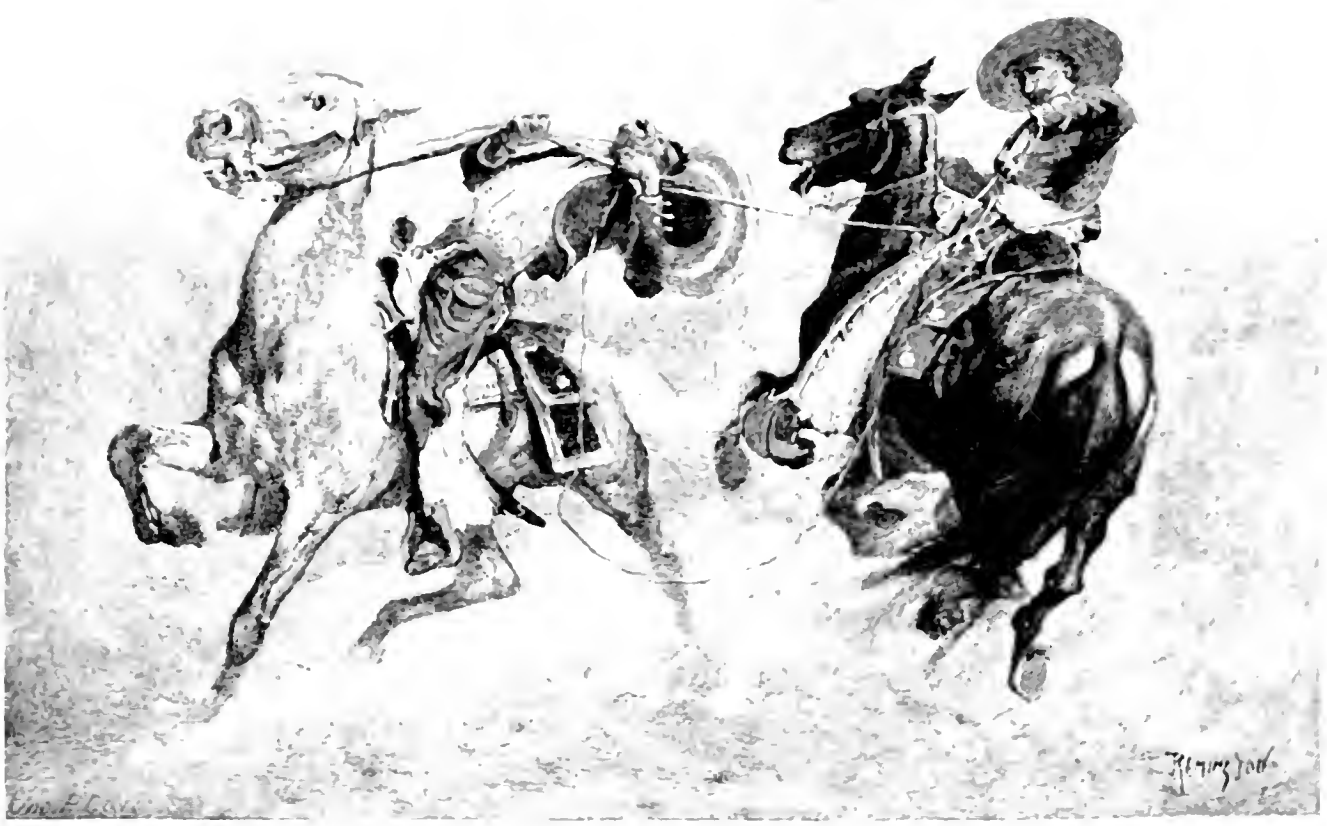
Our journeying led us, on Saturday night, to a small walled town not far from the large city of Guadalajara. It had abundant orange as well as banana groves, and a clear stream swept along part of the town. Three hundred miles, in part of rough mountainous travel, had been made during the week; and men and horses were alike worn and weary and glad of so enticing a place of rest. While sipping a cup of coffee in the fonda on Sunday morning I heard the report of a gun in our quarters and a messenger entered hurriedly to say that young W—— (from New Jersey) had shot himself dead. Our quarters were at once crowded by the excited natives, who desired to administer summary punishment on us for what they considered a murder. We held them off till nightfall. As best we could we extemporized a coffin from some rude boards, prepared his body for burial, and I read over him the burial service, and waiting till the town was silent, in midnight darkness, we silently stole out of the town and buried him in a secluded spot, placing at the head of his grave a rude wooden cross to preserve it from desecration.

We then made our escape in the early morning, and with sadness entered the great city of Guadalajara. We arrived at about eleven o'clock in the morning. A regiment of soldiers were there on the way to chastise some rebellious Indians. The presence of the soldiers joined to the entrance of my company of one hundred and fifty red-shirted, travel-worn, armed troopers brought the excitement at once to a demonstration. We had just reached a hacienda when the cry of "Revolution!—revolution!" was raised. Soldiers discharged their muskets in the streets, women screamed, men hurriedly closed their places of business for fear of robbery and joined in the excitement. We shut and barricaded our fortress doors, fearing that this was to be the end of our California journey, while we were yet more than an hundred miles from the seashore. With the population opposed to them, every one of that brave group of young men stood up to the issue; their faces paled a little, but weapons were coolly got ready for a fray out of which none expected to come alive. How the attack upon us was ever held in check I never learned, but a little after midnight we succeeded in getting away unmolested.

The remainder of our journey brought us to the commercial town of Tepic, whose trade was with the seaport of San Blas, and we found no further obstruction or enmity, as the intercourse and interests of commerce had made the people friendly to the American people. We arrived at San Blas in excellent health and condition, having lost but one of our number. In port we providentially found the brig *Cayuga*, Captain Savage, of some two hundred tons, belonging to the firm of Pacific traders, Howland & Aspinwall. Captain Savage, an Austrian, had sailed her down the coast in ballast, on the chance that some party of gold-hunters might cross Mexico and require a vessel to transport them to San Francisco. A contract was soon entered into similar to the one with Captain Parks, of the *Mara*. The hold of the *Cayuga* was floored, and double bunks were again provided with about three feet of space from floor to deck. In the absence of water-casks, red-wood or dug-out canoes filled with supplies of water were stowed below the floor. As before, we furnished our own sea-stores. They consisted of old whalers' sea-bread, condemned after one voyage of three years to the Arctic seas, well-filled with vermin, which, however, were rendered innocuous by being baked over in a well-heated oven; a supply of well-

A MEXICAN RANGER.

salted Mexican jerked beef as sold by the yard, sun-dried till it would have answered as well for harness leather as for food, with coffee and sugar for luxuries. These provisions were placed in sacks and stowed under the flooring, where they were always accessible through an open hatch. Upon the outer deck, just back of the foremast, was laid a temporary flooring of brick without covering or protection from the weather or the sun, and this constituted our cooks' galley, each mess having its own cook. We paid Captain Savage $80 each as



passage money, while the sea stores cost us $30 each. About 120 of our company took part in this arrangement, thus paying the sum of $9600 for the storage part of the brig and $3600 more for our supplies and rations. As water was an important factor for so large a number at sea, in addition to the supply in canoes in the hold, a very large canoe was secured on the brig's deck and filled with water, but for economy of stowage a deck of rough boards covered it. In addition to our party Captain Savage had taken on board a full complement of cabin passengers in the little rooms on the after part of the brig. As these few aristocrats of the voyage had paid fabulous prices the captain had contracted to supply them with fresh provisions, and for this purpose a number of goats were taken on board, which were duly served on the cabin table. Added to these Captain Savage, as a perquisite, had embarked a Mexican saddle-horse on deck, so that on this small brig we had about one hundred and fifty men including our gold diggers, besides the crew, the horse, and a dozen goats. We had no tables, but ate our hardtack and jerked beef and drank our tin mugs of coffee wherever and whenever we found it convenient.

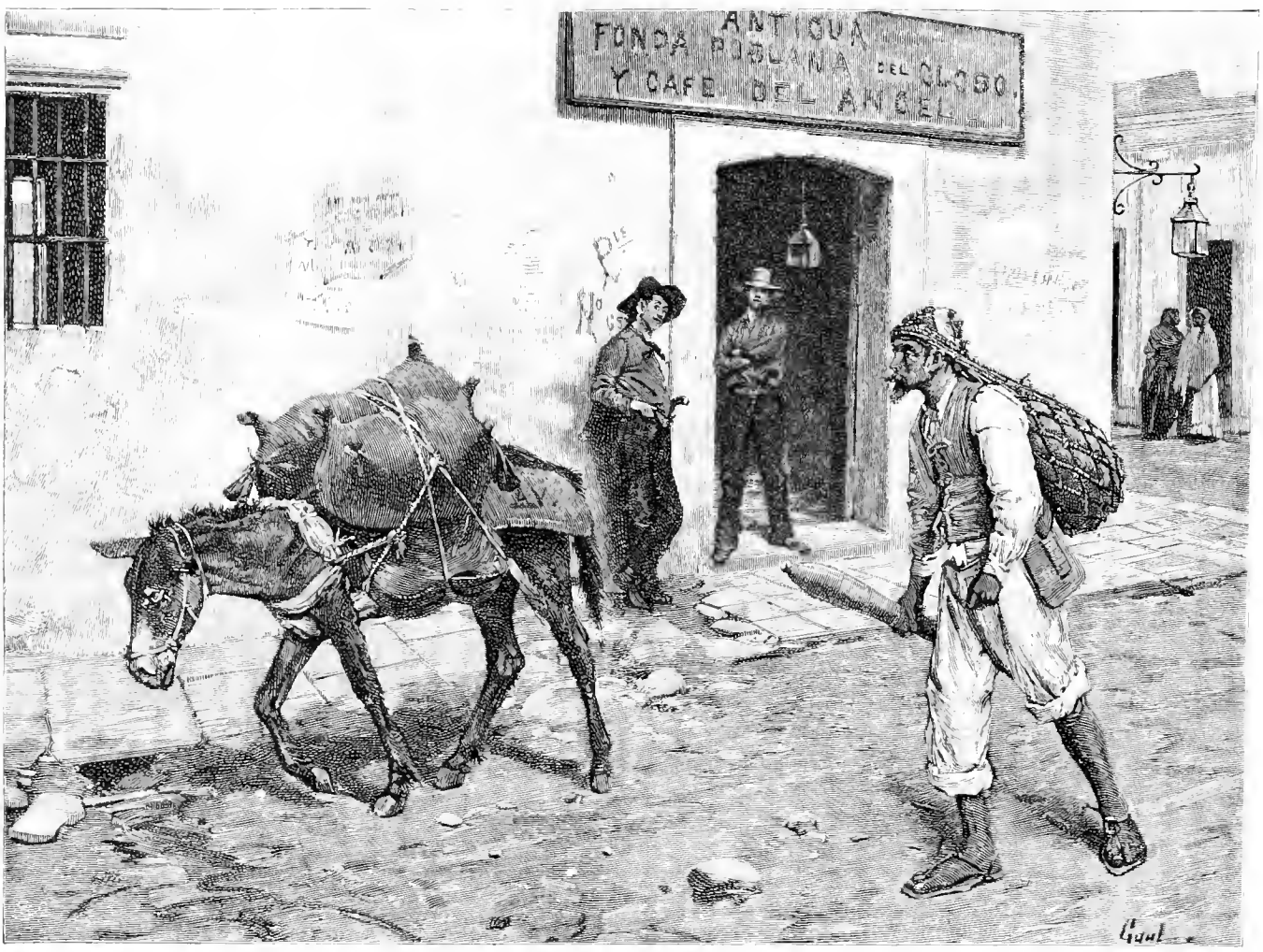
On the eighty fourth day from New York anchor was weighed and we set sail for San Francisco. By this time all hardships were accepted as a matter of course, and each man made himself especially jolly over every new danger or deprivation that was encountered. But the old whalers' bread had to be well soaked before it could be eaten, and the writer as well as others lost teeth in the effort to masticate it. On account of the saltness and toughness of the jerked beef, it was found necessary to attach it to ropes and tow it in the sea for forty-eight hours before any attempt could be made either to cook it or eat it without cooking. Sea-bathing may accomplish much good, but it never yet made tender Mexican jerked beef. Our supply certainly never tempted the most hungry shark in our course. The roll of the sea and the tacking of our ship so far emptied our canoes of water that all hands, except the horse and the goats, were put on short allowance. Our captain, who was an experienced navigator of those latitudes, and anxious to be rid of us as soon as possible, decided to take an indirect southwest course to fall in with the trade wind, and so sailing in a semi-circle to come into the Bay of San Fran-

cisco from the northwest. So we were promptly put on an allowance of something over a pint of water a day each, with which to make our coffee, dampen our whalers' bread, and gratify our thirst. Water of a red color and impregnated with the peculiar odor and taste of the canoes was served daily in this proportion to each mess. But there was no grumbling. Did we not already see the enticing glitter of the yellow gold in the mines of California?

The time of the journey of the main company was:

	Days.
From New York by bark *Mara* to Vera Cruz.	24
From Vera Cruz to embarkation on brig *Cayuga*.	60
Voyage on the Pacific to San Francisco.....	30
Total	114

The thirty seceders who left us at Mexico City arrived at San Blas two weeks after our



A PULQUE CARRIER.

On one occasion, however, the water after having been served to a mess was pilfered from the bottles. It was suggested by Doctor Brinkerhoff (afterward the physician and surgeon of Walker's Nicaragua Expedition), that the mess should endure another day of thirst while he should place a prescription in their water-bottles. This was done with success, and the ensuing day, although it was very calm, several men (not members of the association) were terribly afflicted with an awful seasickness. The remedy proved effective, and great respect was paid thereafter to bottles of canoe water.

After thirty days on the *Cayuga*, we entered the Golden Gate on the 14th day of May, 1849, and I claim that we were the first organized body to reach that port both by sea and land, although at that date a hundred sail of vessels were at anchor in the harbor.

party, most of them too late to be included in the benefits of the *Cayuga* charter. Both men and horses had broken down on the seven-days-a-week system. They straggled into San Blas, and continued their journey by land to Mazatlan, 200 miles north. A few of those who arrived first secured places on our brig, while some of the main body, not having sufficient funds, joined those who journeyed overland to Mazatlan. Here they chartered a small coasting schooner, provisioning her mostly with rice and water. After thirty days' coasting, with the alternation of land and sea breezes, their rice being almost entirely exhausted, they found themselves but 200 miles farther north on a journey of some 2000 miles. One of them, who was a Sabbath observer, sickened and died, and was buried on the shore. The small party then divided, a few continuing along the

coast on foot, while the rest remained on the vessel and, after untold suffering from want of food and water, six months afterward arrived at San Diego, where the schooner was condemned as unseaworthy, and the company scattered, making their way to San Francisco as best they could, poor in pocket and broken in health and ambition. Those who landed pressed onward on foot, mostly through a barren and desert country, devoid of food, water or game, with their faces resolutely set towards the magnet of the gold mines. When game was to be had, even were it hawk or buzzard, it was killed and greedily eaten, kind, quality, and cookery not being considered. Toads, lizards and crows were alike welcome, and any sunwarmed and stagnant pool of water was considered [illegible]. The horrors of the siege of Paris were [illegible] by the shifts to which the party were [illegible] and in one section of country venomous rattlesnakes were killed and, after being skinned and prepared, were cut in sections for food and boiled. In this way they subsisted and survived, and, with a determination sustained only by the hope of the fortunes that awaited them in the gold mines, they pressed forward through the blazing heat. For months they endured this, with no beds but their ragged blankets. The writer met the first one to arrive in San Francisco in the month of November, ten months after the departure of the buoyant party on the deck of the *Mara*.

[illegible] *A. C. Terry.*

ELDER MARSTON'S REVIVAL.

HORSES were tied to the small oak trees that fringed three sides of the playground. Young men stood around in groups and canvassed neighborhood affairs, not boisterously, but in modulated tones; for this was not a spelling-school. They had gathered to hear Elder Marston preach.

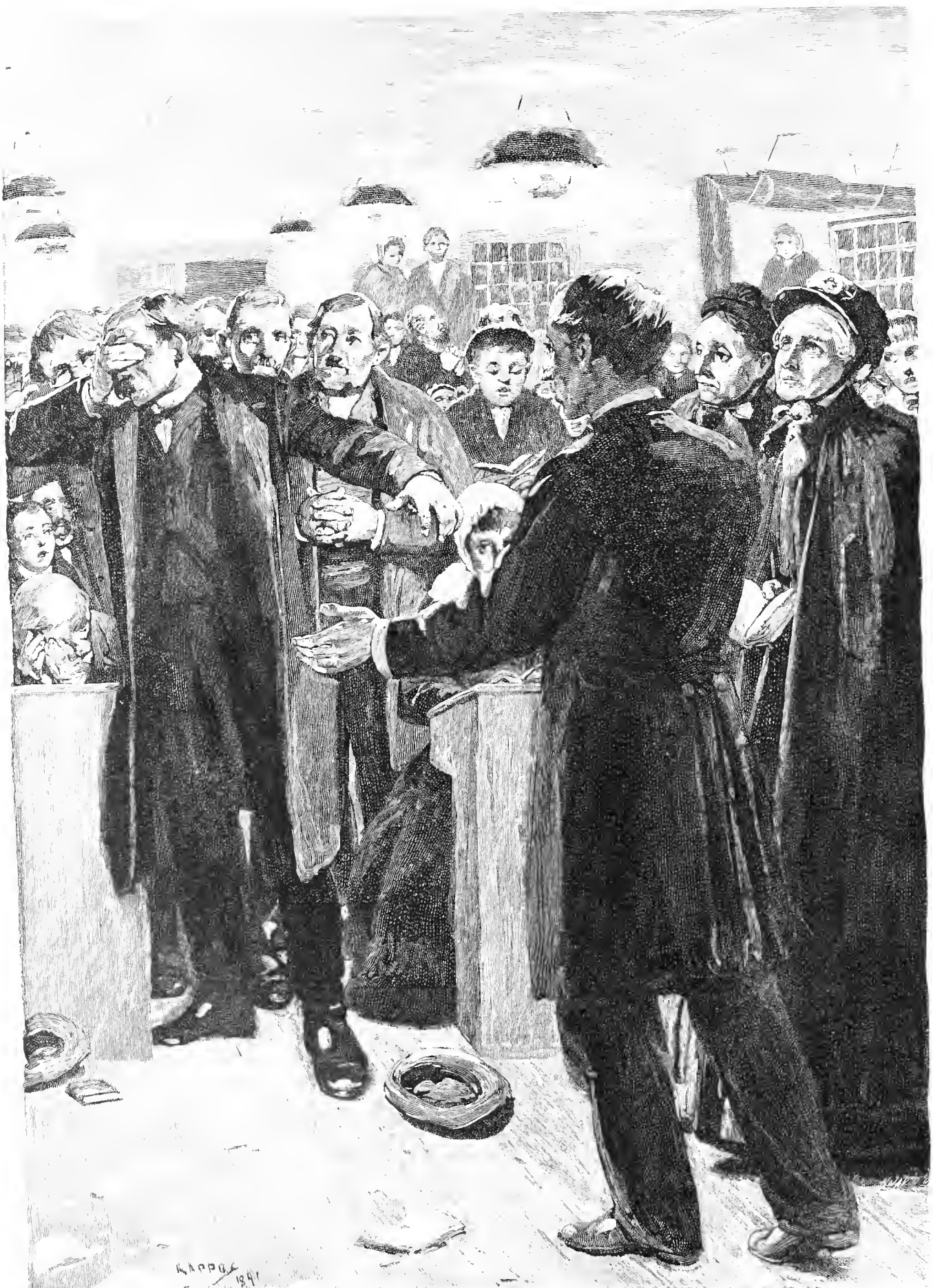
A party of youngsters at the door moved aside respectfully, giving way to Maxa Haven, the schoolmistress. She greeted them pleasantly and passed within, taking her place in the narrow seat, and waiting reverently; for what was school-room by day was sanctuary by night, and nothing common or trivial should profane it.

The house was rapidly filling. Men upon the left hand, women on the right, crowded the benches. They indulged a whispered comment on the presence of Charley Cook, a farmer, noted for his wild delight in all things sacrilegious. He had long been a terror to the weaker preachers, and his "gang" had caused the premature suspension of many a service. He stood in the neighborhood as an enemy incarnate of religion; yet he was honest in his dealing with men, given to industry and good rules of farming, and proud of his prosperity even when reminded that from of old his fellows had flourished "like a green bay tree."

Cook had often expressed a desire to meet Elder Marston, and all the love of order in the community trembled now that the "revivalist" stood face to face with this force of evil. For the preacher was himself a notable character. He had for years conducted revivals in the larger school-houses and rural churches, and had drawn to his meetings great numbers of people who seldom went to service elsewhere. He was middle-aged, smooth-faced, vigorous; with a knowledge of the Bible that impressed his hearers, and with a fund of incident, analogy, anathema, a faculty for painting the graces and the horrors, the blessings and the cursings of his gospel, which stood him well instead of doctrine.

Elder Marston led in singing, and brought with him from the fields of other successes a score of songs whose swift motion and easy melody quite won his audience. He was his own chorister, and would even pause in the midst of a measure to correct this part or that, dropping deftly from air to bass, or rising with the clearer tenor till his finer ear was satisfied. These interruptions were not resented by the homely throng that filled the house, and each acquired melody was a fresher bond of union between them and him.

He had been warned of the presence of Cook, the disturber, and seemed to gather from the threatened opposition a strength to make his work the more effective. He announced his text, then, turning from the Bible, stepped forward and began without further preparation one of the swiftly moving songs which seemed to form his chief equipment. Beating time with palm to palm, turning this way and that as he directed the twining of graceful music around the standards of old, familiar lines, Elder Marston laid down his gage of battle to all to whomsoever. Ending this song, he [illegible] started another [illegible] joined, urged them to swift [illegible] fires of latent [illegible] with his own [illegible].



DRAWN BY ALFRED KAPPES

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"I GIVE UP!"

TARRYING IN NICARAGUA.

PLEASURES AND PERILS OF THE CALIFORNIA TRIP IN 1849.

IN the last days of 1848 a number of young Yale graduates, bound together by almost brotherly friendship and the intimate association of long years of school and college life, were suddenly seized with a longing to join the throng that from all parts of our country was working its way by every known and unknown route to the newly discovered gold-fields of California.

They did not go primarily to dig for gold. With some of them that was but a remote contingency. But their professional studies were completed, their old companionship was broken up, and they were feeling the sense of isolation and discouragement inevitable to the early months of professional life, when all business worth having seems already captured by the older and more experienced. In this transition state, and with warnings for some that eyes or health were giving way, they were prepared, like tinder for the steel, to take fire at the enticing stories, then filling our papers and flying from mouth to mouth, of this new region of fabulous wealth, with its fruitful ranches and wonderful scenery, its free, adventurous life, its genial climate, and its golden opportunities for each in his own line, and to respond to its call to come in and possess the land, and to help in the founding of a great State.

There is no corner of the earth that seems now so remote as California then seemed. To go by the Howland and Aspinwall steamers, then sailing with tolerable regularity to Chagres once a month, would involve long delay, for they found that every passenger-ticket had been sold for many months ahead. Moreover, there was often great detention in crossing the Isthmus, and always fever there. But there were plenty of other ways to choose from. The daily papers were crowded with advertisements of new and much-lauded routes, for which enterprising men were getting up companies to be put through safely "in sixty days," the "rapid transit" of the time. Brigs and schooners from the smallest to the largest were withdrawn from other work and hastily cleaned and fitted up for "a limited number of passengers" to go round the Horn, or to some one of the many ports on the Atlantic from which a quick cut across to the Pacific, and to whatever sea chance might there bring them, was to be had.

At length the interesting character of the region to be crossed, together with the plausible address and beguiling promises of the projector of the enterprise, led the Yale men to decide on Gordon's Passenger Line via Nicaragua and Realejo.

The story of this trip is given in extracts from letters written home at the time chiefly by one who went to California only to find an early grave. We give below a copy of the receipt issued to him with a statement of Gordon's plan.

State Room Ticket.

GORDON'S PASSENGER LINE

TO

SAN FRANCISCO, via LAKE NICARAGUA AND REALEJO.

Received of ROGER S. BALDWIN, JR., *the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars* [illegible] *for the passage to* SAN FRANCISCO, [illegible].

On payment of Balance, One Hundred and Thirty Dollars, this Receipt secures to him passage on the *Mary*, Captain Hayes, from New York to San Juan de Nicaragua, from thence per Steam Boat [illegible] GRANADA, on Lake Nicaragua; or, if necessary, in sailing, to Managua, Matearo or Nagaro on the Lake, as may be most convenient for landing; and passage from Realejo, on the Pacific, to San Francisco, with Hammock, Bed, and Bedding for the voyage, and Camp accommodations during excursion on land [illegible].

The following provisions will be provided, viz:—

FOR BREAKFAST.—*Corned beef, pork and beans, Tea, Sugar, &c.—White Bread—Butter and pilot bread, soda crackers.*

FOR DINNER.—*One third of a pound of [illegible] per day from Kensett & Co's preserved Soups—Pork—Pilot Bread, Hams, Pork, &c.—Tea or Coffee.*

FOR SUPPER.—*Corned Beef, pork and Beans, Tea, Sugar, &c.—Bread, Butter and Pilot bread, Mince Meat [illegible].*

The above rations to be given by Passengers themselves on the Lake and Land transportation, and by the Company on board the Ship.

Saloon Passengers will be expected to [illegible] Messrs. and the Gordons [illegible] other baggage must be [illegible] Steerage Passengers will have a Stove [illegible] Seamen to attend to [illegible] Hay [illegible] Bedding [illegible] Hammock [illegible] Bedding [illegible] Passage [illegible] Steerage Passengers [illegible] Saloon Passengers [illegible] Steerage Passengers [illegible] Saloon Passengers [illegible] Steerage Passengers [illegible] Saloon Passengers

are expected to assist in packing, stowing and unloading Baggage and provisions if necessary.

Any extra charges for passports, or transit Duties to be borne by each passenger. The general Customs Business will be transacted by an agent of the Line at San Juan or San Carlos without charge.

Gentlemen Passengers, if required, will have to walk from Granada or Lake Léon to Realejo (1½ or 3 days' march).

The Line provides an agent to charter vessels at Panama, Acapulco, and other Pacific Ports, so as to avoid detention at Realejo.

In the *unexpected* event of Vessels not being procured, $75 of the passage money and 60 days' provisions will be refunded to each passenger at Realejo, which will procure passage in the Mail Steamers which touch there.

On the arrival of the passengers at San Francisco each passenger will have handed to him

1 Barrel White Biscuit.
½ Barrel Flour.
1½ lb. of Tea, in ½ lb. leaden packages.
6 lb. of Ground Coffee, in 1 lb. leaden packages.
15 lb. White Sugar.
1 Cheese (boxed up) about twenty pounds.

Which will furnish one person with all necessary provisions, except meat, for three months.

Every Gentleman passenger is required to provide himself with a Rifle or Musket. All Powder must positively be placed in the hands of the Agent of the line.

GEO. GORDON.

They were to leave New York the first week in February, and before the second week of April to be in San Francisco, ready, among the earliest, to seize the opportunity and to take the tide of fortune at its flood. Day after day they met the brig at an appointed hour, but nearly three weeks dragged on before she sailed.

SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA [GREYTOWN],
March 20, 1849.

DEAR M——:

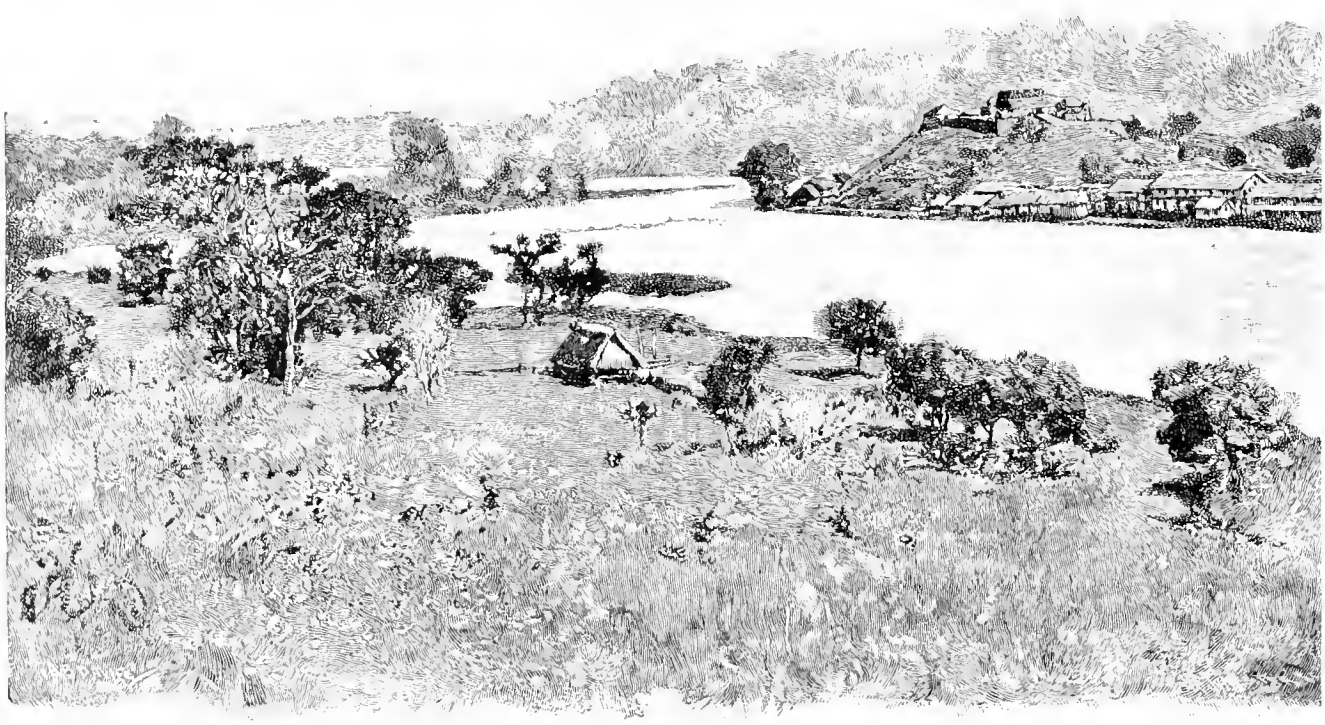
We left New York the morning of the 20th of February in a fine little brig with one hundred and thirty-six passengers, bound to California by the untried route of Nicaragua, and under contract to be put through in sixty days. After pitching about in a gale which caught us off Bermuda, one fine morning we awoke and saw Hayti lying on our right, and all day were sailing under its bold, beautiful shores.

From that time we scarcely moved a sail, but came across the Caribbean Sea direct to San Juan, with a wind always just aft, clear skies by day, and bright moonlight nights. More delicious weather I never experienced. On the morning of March 12 we made the land of the Mosquito Coast, and, running down twenty or thirty miles, came to anchor in the afternoon in a snug little harbor at the mouth of the river San Juan. I never was more surprised than at my first view of this place. I had expected it would be like Chagres, a collection of huts on some low, marshy point, and utterly destitute of everything like beauty or interest; but I found it one of the prettiest and most charming little places it was ever my happiness to fall into. As we came in it looked just like a picture. The little bay with its three or four islands, skirted by a fine beach, on the outside of which a heavy surf was rolling, while within all was calm and still; the steep, thatch-roofed cane houses clustered together at its head relieving the dense forest behind; and the dimly seen summits of the far-off mountains of Nicaragua, made to me one of the most beautiful landscapes that I ever beheld. My heart fairly bounded with delight, and in these forests I had many a fine ramble. How strange it seems to be walking under orange, and lemon, and tamarind, and palm trees; to be picking guavas and mangos; to be breakfasting on alligator steaks and dining on wild boar! You should have seen me this morning, sitting under a cocoanut tree, from which I had shot a nut of just the right size, cutting the end with my machete, and drinking the rich, pulpy milk, watching with one eye a couple of suspicious-looking lizards and with the other a troop of some fifty monkeys who were performing all kinds of antics for my sole amusement. I went some four or five miles into the forest, and everything about me was so strange, so different from our New England woodlands through which I have been accustomed to wander, that I felt really inclined to doubt my own identity On one hand would be a great cactus with leaves fifteen or twenty feet long and full of bright crimson flowers, on the other long trailers hanging sixty feet from great tamarind and dye-wood trees. Palms were about me the buds of which were five or six feet long. In the little swamps some beautiful varieties of calla were in bloom, and in the branches of the trees were some of the most brilliant birds you would ever see — macaws and paroquets. Now and then I would start a wild turkey, and about noon had a double shot into an immense drove of wild hogs, but both unsuccessful. I take great delight in these rambles. Every day, while some of our party are reclining in their hammocks and complaining of the heat of the sun, I am tramping through the woods with my rifle or fowling-piece on my shoulder, or paddling about the bay with fishing-rod, or exploring among the islands or up the river, getting as much enjoyment as I can out of our detention here. We have hired a little piragua by the week, and a number of pleasant days I have spent in it on the water. All kinds of fish abound here, both in the river and in the beautiful lagoon back of the village, and if I tire of catching them I can have a hunt after guavas or a shot at a pelican, or into a flock of ducks by way of variety. I doubt if I ever was in better health in my life. The mercury rang-

ing from seventy at night to eighty or eighty-five at noon, and the sea and land breezes blowing with refreshing regularity. Every morning we are down from our hammocks by sunrise and in for a bath, not regarding in the least the sharks and alligators, which may be floating within twenty feet of us.

CITY OF GRANADA, CENTRAL AMERICA,
May 24, 1849.

YOU will be surprised to receive this letter bearing this late date and written by me still so far from the end of our journey. But it is too true that although "sixty days" and thirty more have elapsed, I am no further advanced than to this old city. After a detention of three weeks at San Juan, the boiler and machinery of the steamboat which was brought with us, and had been put together, were condemned as worthless, and the company left to proceed up the river, half in bungos and canoes, the other half on the remains of the steamboat. B—— and I had the sole occupancy of a bungo. Our captain, or padron, proved to be the kindest and best on the river, our boat's crew the most efficient, and we were considered the most fortunate of the company. What to many of our party was a voyage full of hardships and danger to us was the pleasantest part of our journey. The San Juan is a fine, noble river, abounding in fish, dotted with islands, and lined on each side for its whole extent with forests the exceeding beauty of which no pencil could paint or pen describe. The deep verdure of the foliage, the many brilliant flowers, the long waving palm leaves, the graceful festoons of the vines and mosses intertwining themselves in a

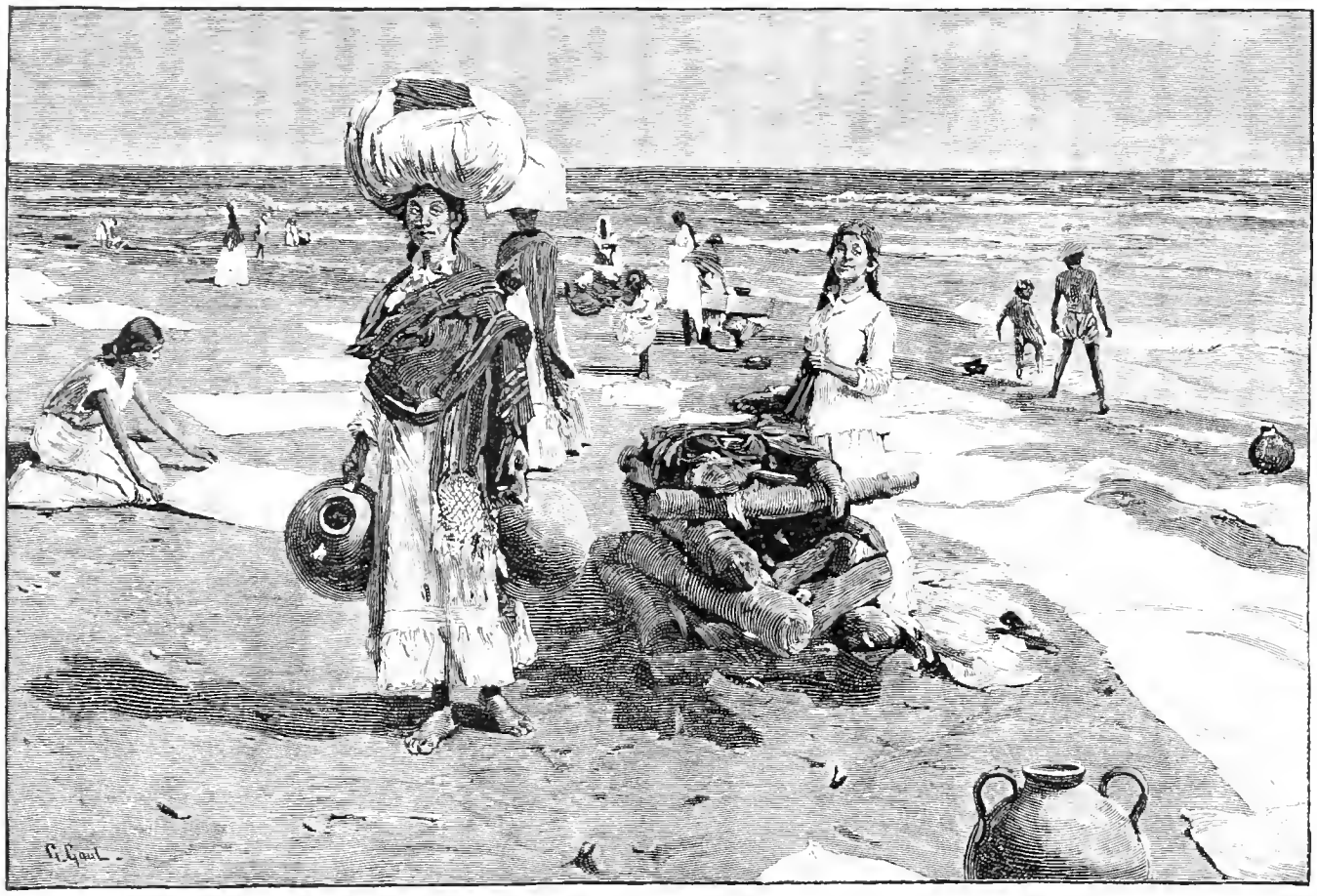


UPPER CASTILLO, LOOKING DOWN THE SAN JUAN RIVER, CASTILLO RAPIDS IN THE CENTER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O'NEIL.)

thousand different ways, we were never weary of admiring. At night our pragua would be drawn up by some sandy beach, and we would spend an hour hunting turtle or iguana eggs and catching fish, which with coffee made us excellent meals, and easily cooked. For two or three hours we would walk up and down in the moonlight; then rolling ourselves in our blankets and lying down among the boatmen, we would sleep as soundly amid the roaring of alligators and cougars, as ever I did in my bed at home. At dawn we would be wakened by the matin song of the boatmen, and during the day, when we were not gazing at and conversing about the strange sights and scenes through which we were passing, reading and study made the hours glide pleasantly away. So passed eight days, when we came to San Carlos, where the lake meets the river. Here we changed piraguas, and after two days' detention set sail for Granada. We were sorry enough to part from our captain, Mercedes, who had really quite endeared himself to us; and his crew were all a fine set of fellows. We soon found we had not bettered ourselves, for scarcely three hours out there had like to have been a pitched battle between the bungo men with their machetes and the passengers, now increased in number to eight, and all well armed. A few well-directed blows, however, settled the matter.

FORT — AS SEEN FROM LAKE NICARAGUA — CASTLE — SHOT-MARKS — SCENE

It was the 13th of April when we entered Granada — but I will give you an orderly, book-like description of the place where it has been my unexpected lot to tarry the last five or six weeks. The first object which indicates its vicinity to the traveler who may be navigating the clear waters of the lonely mountain-girt lake of Nicaragua is a high volcanic peak which rises five thousand or six thousand feet boldly from the shore, with, when we saw it, every rocky point sharply defined against the western sky, but which, at this season, night and morning veils its head in clouds. On a nearer approach he sees running northwardly from its base a long, wide beach of very fine sand with a ruined fortress standing midway upon it. This beach seems to him to be of a curiously variegated black and white color, and he gazes at it with wonder; but as he draws still nearer these appearances resolve themselves into piles of clothes and groups of tawny-skinned women vigorously engaged in washing the clothes to purity. Their process of cleaning this is somewhat peculiar. The women go out themselves in, about knee-deep water, and take the clothes as they are passed to them by little naked children, rub them over with a saponaceous herb, and then, after soaking, pound the clothes on flat stones with all their strength — and here they are by no means the weaker sex — until not only every vestige of impurity leaves them, but, if any fine or delicate fabric comes into their hands, until its substance often vanishes in passing through the ordeal. It needed only the loss of a few shirts and handkerchiefs to convince me of this. These washerwomen are the first sign of the city, for as yet no mark of habitation is visible. The pragua nears the shore, and an anchor is thrown out. A bold bungo man leaps into the water, the stranger places himself on his shoulders, and, if not a long-legged man, is borne dry-shod to the land. At this moment a dozen men on fine horses come rushing by at full speed in a torrent of dust and exclamations. The traveler is somewhat surprised, but, seeing at a distance twenty or thirty others likewise looking down upon him, begins to grow uneasy; but being told that they are passing only for amusement, his fears are quieted, and he admires the grace of the riders and the fire of the steeds. Upon leaving the lake carefully behind



WASHING ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE.

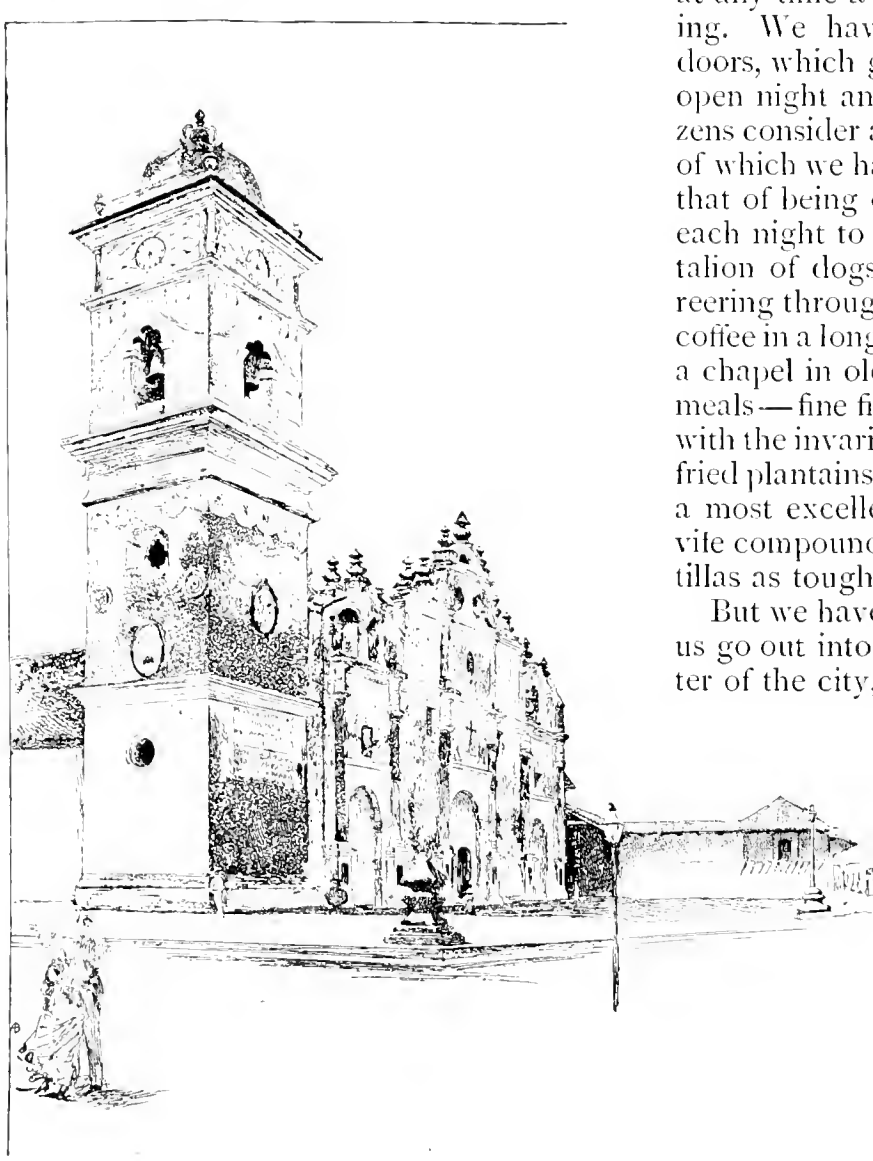
him, he passes up some one of half a dozen roads leading to the city, bordered on each side by hedges of prickly cactus inclosing fields of plantains and pines, and he smiles to think how precious in our northern conservatories would be the very weeds he is treading under his feet. As he ascends the gentle rise he meets long files of women walking along with a firm, erect step, balancing on their heads large earthen jars of the capacity of from two to four gallons, with which they wade into the lake, and, filling them, return to the city, oftentimes singing as they go, and forming in their singular costume a scene quite interesting. At the distance of half a mile from the lake the stranger enters the suburbs, and begins to see before him the broken towers of the old time-worn churches, from which, at any hour of the day, a dozen clear-toned bells are chiming. In the suburbs live the lower classes or laboring

A STREET IN GRANADA.

population, if they may be called so in a country where a man rarely works if he has a "peseta" in his pocket to buy him his dinner. The houses are mere huts of cane thatched with palm leaves, many of which a strong man might carry away on his shoulders. All colors may be seen, but most are of the Indian shade, and of children and dogs there appears to be an infinity. Most of the young ones have their hair cropped to within a sixteenth of an inch of the skin, with the exception of a few locks in front, and it makes them look like little fighting cocks. They roll about naked in the dust till they are eight or ten years of age, when their mother puts scanty garments upon them and sends them to school. Still farther on, adobe houses begin to be mixed with those of cane, but all are small and unconnected until the city proper is entered. Then the streets, which are regularly laid out at right angles, are entirely built up with blocks of heavy looking one-story adobe and stone houses, all stuccoed and painted white, with tiled roofs projecting six or eight feet over the street, forming an agreeable shelter for the person who is obliged to walk out under the rays of an almost vertical sun. The streets are about as wide as Nassau street, New York, sufficiently so for carts easily to pass one another; but the sidewalks are only about two feet wide, and are raised high up from the "road," which are inundated in the rainy season. Moreover, the windows of all the houses project a foot or two from the side of the walk, and an inexperienced passenger in the night is apt to return home with several depressions in his hat and corresponding elevations on his head. These houses, in consequence of their being built directly on the street, with walls three or four feet thick, large heavy gates, and iron barred windows without blinds or glass, give the streets a somber and

prisonlike appearance, which the white wash with which all are covered vainly strives to relieve. But within they are more comfortable for this warm climate than I should have supposed. The dwelling-apartments, kitchens, and stables form a hollow square inclosing a court, generally well planted with flowering and fruit trees. All the interior roofs project ten or twelve feet, forming a shady corridor, where it is very cool and delightful to lie swinging in one's hammock. Very little furniture is used, a few chairs and tables, beds and hammocks suffice. The city rejoices in two pianos, but, I believe, contains no carpet. The floors are generally of brick, kept clean and bright, and are much cooler than ours, and rarely wear out. I have

not seen a pane of glass in Central America, which is indeed almost useless, for, owing to the lowness of the long, projecting roofs, sun and rain can never enter, while the cool breeze is always invited. Our Venetian blinds, however, would be very agreeable. There are, only heavy-barred shutters, which in early evening, owing to the fear of revolutions, are shut and locked, and the whole city seems deserted. One of these houses, strongly built of stone and heavy wood, is at present our abiding place. It is a house larger than the ordinary size, on a corner two squares from the plaza, and was the old Convent de las Mercedes, from which the inmates were driven in a revolution some years ago. And now where formerly the nuns chanted, told their beads, and did penance, some fifteen or more "Norte-Americanos" eat, sleep, and make themselves as cool and comfortable as possible. A fine, wide corridor runs about the house, both inside and outside, where a regiment might sit at ease in the shade, and within is a large court planted with mango trees, for the rich fruit of which I have acquired a decided taste; altogether it is perhaps the best house for hotel purposes in the city, and we live in it with a good degree of comfort. It was here that we came when we first landed in the city, and it immediately went into operation with twenty boarders at a dollar a day each. We were satisfied with our fare, but, thinking it too high a price, they concluded after a few days to reduce it one-half, keeping us for three dollars and a half a week. So thus we live, sleeping in our hammocks or on hide beds, as the fancy takes us, in a large paved room, open to the roof, where at any time a dozen bats may be seen hanging. We have no windows, but have two doors, which give us a good draft, being kept open night and day, a measure which the citizens consider as the extreme of hardihood, but of which we have felt no inconvenience except that of being obliged to turn out once or twice each night to fire a volley of pistols at a battalion of dogs, who take great delight in careering through. Twice a day we are called to coffee in a long room which may have served for a chapel in olden times, and twice more to our meals — fine fish from the lake, flesh, and fowl, with the invariable accompaniments of tortillas, fried plantains, and frijoles. The plantains were a most excellent dish, but the frijoles were a vile compound of beans and lard, and the tortillas as tough and hard as sole leather.



CHURCH AND CONVENT DE LAS MERCEDES.

But we have stayed long enough inside; let us go out into the plaza. This is the main center of the city, a square about half the size of the New Haven Green, but without a tree or a blade of grass. Looking towards the east front, where our street enters, we have just before us the principal church, a fine-looking edifice which appears venerable more from decay than from years. On one side of it is a long, low town hall or court-house; on the left are dwelling-houses, and on the right the arsenal and quarters for the soldiery. The remaining side is mostly given up to stores and shops, but with one or two dwelling-houses, and one just where we are standing is where I have passed as pleasant hours as any in the country. If it is morning, and especially of a Sunday, the plaza is in the full bustle of a market. The Indians come in from all the country round, some on donkeys, some riding or driving mules, but more on foot, and these mostly women, walking many miles with loads of fruit and vegetables which it would seem must about break their backs, and returning perfectly satisfied with a silver real (12½ cents) for their load. Many seat themselves in

rows at the sides of the square, while others go about from one place to another with their wares, chattering and bargaining, and, as their costumes are often quite gay, it presents a very lively and animated scene. At noon not a soul is to be seen; everything is taking its "siesta." In the evening the scene is changed. A few market women who have their wares undisposed of still remain, and groups of men are at the corners talking over the news, but it by no means presents the animation of the morning. We cannot stay long, however, before from the belfries of the church chime out the bells, the doors open, and forth issues some baptismal or extreme unction procession, with music, torches, bells, and soldiers, the priest in a kind of sedan chair, borne by some half dozen stout men, and followed by a train of women and children, gesticulating and singing at the top of their voices. At this, all in the plaza and up all the streets within sight go on their knees, "los Norte-Americanos" excepted, who take off their hats and moralize on the procession as it sweeps along.

But the place to go for amusement in the evening is the lake. There come down, when the day grows cool, the young men of the city, and dash about over the fine beach on their spirited horses, oftentimes having with them their young lady companions, seated before them on the saddle, while hundreds—and, if it be Sunday or a feast-day, often thousands—of others are bathing, walking about, or seated in groups under the trees, enjoying the breeze, which is always blowing over the lake with the most refreshing coolness. Many very delightful hours have I passed there, often alone, seated on the ruins of the old fortress, gazing out over this most lovely lake, with its clear waters, its islands, and high mountain shores, and admiring the wonderfully perfect and symmetrical outlines of lofty Ometepe and its sister volcano, which rise up out of its very bosom; sometimes with my Granadian friends promenading the beach on foot or on horseback, or seated under the trees eating watermelons, which the country bungos bring in great abundance, and chatting in broken Spanish, to their no small amusement. If a violin happens to be near, it is a very easy matter to get up a dance under the shade of some of the large, wide-spreading trees which border the shore, or if a guitar is present, the girls are always ready to sing. The Nicaraguan ladies—at least those of Granada—are very fine-looking, and they seem inclined to do all in their power to make our stay agreeable. We are indeed a great novelty to them, for this is a country through which foreigners very rarely pass, and almost every house is open to us and at our service. Granada used to be, they tell us, a very gay place, with music and dancing every night in all the streets; but of late, owing to the dread which the numerous revolutions have inspired, the spirits of the place have departed, and after dark, when we first arrived, every house was closed and double-barred, and the whole city as silent as a church-yard. The presence of so large a number of Americans in the place seems to have given the inhabitants a greater sense of security. But we have decided to start to-morrow, and, as I have my farewell calls to make, for the present good-by.

LEON, June 1, 1849.

HERE we are now living as systematically as the oldest inhabitant, in Leon, the metropolis and now the capital of the sovereign state of Nicaragua, having reached the third station of our journey—*quién sabe* how many more there may be before we pass the golden gates of San Francisco Bay? Eight or ten of us are occupying a large and comfortable house two blocks from the plaza, and we live in peace and quietness, under the auspices of a fine old priest on one side, who sends us little gifts, and always makes it a point to be at his window to greet us with "gun morning," and of an equally fine old lady on the other, who gets up our meals in the approved style of the country at a real and medio (18¾ cents) a head. The main body of our company are in Chinandega, a large town twelve leagues nearer California; but they are in much discontent, and we prefer keeping quiet and cool by ourselves. We have a large court, with four rooms on one side of it, where from one wall to the other we sling our hammocks, which serve as seats, lounges, and beds. Here we receive with proper dignity our numerous visitors, and here, I think, we shall stay till a vessel can be chartered, or everything comes to a winding-up, which is equally probable. But I must tell you how we got here. Imagine me on a delightful morning, the 21st of May, bidding farewell to my kind friends in Granada, getting my pockets full of cigarritos and cakes for the journey made by their fair hands, and walking round to the hotel. Directly arrived our muleteer, with six animals in a row, each one with his head tied to the tail of the one before him. Then there was a rush for the choice. Destiny marked out as mine a little black mule, sleek, well trained, and with quite an intelligent, animated countenance. On the Alvarado I placed my alforjas and hammock behind, my spyglass, haversack, and rifle before, my blanket over all, and lastly myself. It seemed load enough to crush the little fellow, but he bore up nobly. Imagine the others performing the same operations, and finally, all being equipped, amid the acclamations of a street full of spectators, filing up the Castle Real, and singing at the top of our voices

DANCING ON THE SAND AT GRANADA.

to the tune of "Oh! Susannah" a little song made on our departure —

Me voy á California
A tierra muy lejana, etc.

It would have been a queer procession to move down Broadway, some on horses and some on mules, each with his pistols and knife belted around him and his rifle or gun slung to his saddle-bow, and the animals themselves half buried under a weight of blankets, alforjas, ponchos, water-calabashes, and the like. But we went on bravely for a league, when adventure the first greeted us. One of our party got off his horse to pick up his pouch, which had dropped, and, he being some time about it, the animal began to walk off; the walk was soon changed to a trot, and then to a gallop, and the horse disappeared in the bushes, having first relieved himself of the greater part of his cargo by a kick and a shake. Two of us, being behind and seeing the mishap, dashed into the woods in pursuit, but soon lost the track in a

maze of paths, and returned to the road to search out Andrés, our guide. We went on to join the rest of the party, who had dismounted, and were seated comfortably under the dense shade of a cotton tree, regaling themselves on wild plums. In half an hour Andrés came back, saying that the beast could not be found, and that he had probably gone back to Granada, whither he would go in pursuit. We then went up to a little hacienda near, and, ordering dinner, awaited his return, sending out also the men of the place under the inducement of a reward of three dollars for the gun and fishing-rod, which had been so securely fastened that they had not been thrown off. Meanwhile we lay under the shade, some sleeping, some chatting, and some eating different unknown fruits, which the little naked children delighted to bring us. In an hour our repast was brought to us on a large tray — six gourds containing a curious compound, mush, chopped onions, eggs, and a rather suspicious substance which from the spotted appearance of the skin we at first thought snake, but which the conformation of the bones proved to be lizard, and which was very sweet and delicate. We were all hungry, so the gourds soon went away empty. Late in the afternoon the guide returned without the horse, but with a note from a friend advising us to go back and take a fresh start in the morning. This, however, we were unwilling to do, not wishing to lose a day; and who likes to bid good-by twice? We therefore decided to take the guide's horse, while he, notwithstanding his earnest remonstrances, was to go afoot. But, fortunately, just as we were issuing into the road the hacienda man appeared with the runaway, though minus the gun. The change was made to the satisfaction of all, and onward was the word. Andres, however, was in a very ill humor, and his temper was by no means improved by the threatening appearance of the clouds, which had begun to gather around the mountains of Granada in a very ominous manner. He obstinately refused to let his horse take a faster gait than a walk, and we, being inexperienced on the road, kept the same pace. In about two hours — long enough to have brought us to our first stopping-place, though we were not more than half way — on came the rain. It grew dark as suddenly as shutting your eyes, and amid the most vivid flashes of lightning and terrific crashes of thunder a deluge of water descended that seemed as though it would beat us off our saddles. By this time we had left the main road for a shorter mule-path, which led through a series of ravines in which our mules so pitched, slipped, and jumped about that it appeared certain that in some of them we must all roll over together to the bottom. We kept close together, singing and whistling to indicate our whereabouts, for we could not see a foot before us except during the flashes of lightning. Once we had a regular stampede. One of the party attempting to open his umbrella, every animal started with a jump. Mine leaped on a high bank and plunged headlong into a jungle, where I really thought he had stuck fast. Altogether it was a hard ride, and as we were obliged to go slowly it was nine o'clock before we reached Masaya. For once I listened with satisfaction to the distant barking of the dogs, and soon we were riding through a long street of Indian huts. At one of these our guide stopped, and, after some conversation with its inmates, informed us there was no *posada* in the place, and that all the houses were shut up through fear of a revolution; nevertheless we were obliged to stop there. He himself was in mortal fear, and kept telling us to talk loudly in English, that we might not be mistaken for a party of revolutionists, and be shot in the dark. We held a consultation, and were more than half inclined to start again in search of some place which might promise better accommodations. But then we considered that we were wet and weary, in a strange place, and understanding little of the language, and any shelter seemed agreeable. A fresh shower coming down just then decided the question at once, and in a moment every one was off his saddle. A glance into the house showed us that little was to be hoped for there. It was only a little cane hut about twelve feet square, and already contained at least a dozen men, women, and children, with the usual complement of an ill-looking dog apiece. One look was sufficient, and we left for the kitchen. This was a similar structure, but smaller, and, finding it unoccupied, we took immediate possession. There was room, by close squeezing, for four of us to sling our hammocks from the poles of the roof; the other three made their couches on bundles of reeds. I must say, however, that the people of the house could not have treated us more kindly. They did everything in their power: took care of our beasts, and would freely have given up their own poor beds; but suspecting fleas, we thanked them, which is here equivalent to a polite refusal. They also got us a much better supper than we could have expected, charging us only the prices of the articles; and for half the night a crowd of naked boys and girls were at our door, waiting to attend to anything we might require. Imagine us, four in a row, suspended over the three others beneath, hanging in nets of grass, midway between the ground and the roof of the little hut, half afraid to move for fear of bringing the whole down on our heads, and with the smoke of the fire gracefully curling around

us, which, though it offended our eyes, answered the excellent purpose of keeping off the mosquitos. We slept well and soundly, and the next morning rose early, and saddled our animals, and set out for the plaza. Our guide suddenly changed to be one of the best-tempered men in the world, and for the rest of the journey he continued so. Nothing could put him out of temper, and there was nothing he thought would please us, or be of service to us, that he would not do. But we did not thank him much this morning when he led us to the door of a fine posada fronting the plaza where we might have stayed the night before. We ordered as good a breakfast as they could give us, and while it was being prepared went out for a little walk about the town. Masaya is a place of more inhabitants than Granada, but of a very different appearance. Granada is more compact than any city I have ever seen, while Masaya is scattered about, all the houses disconnected and standing among a profusion of palm, cocoa, and fruit trees. We had hardly gone four squares before we were obliged to return, being loaded down with presents of fruit. The plaza of Masaya is very large, and presented a very lively scene as we rode through it. The market was in full operation, and I should think at least a thousand men and women, in costumes gayer than any I have seen in any other place, were busily engaged in exchanging their wares. . . . Two miles [from Masaya] we came to a little village the remembrance of which is like that of a beautiful poem. Said B——, "I could live here forever," and we all felt saddened as a turn in the road cut off our parting glances.

A little farther on a magnificent scene awaited us. We came to where the road crossed a vast stream of black lava, which had rolled down from Masaya mountain overwhelming and destroying everything in its course, and had passed down as far as we could see towards Lake Nicaragua, which, with its sister lake of Managua and their connecting river, lay in the distance, the high range of mountains which separate them from the Atlantic bounding the view. About two leagues on we came to an open plain on which many cattle were feeding, and stopped for half an hour to let our mules and horses graze, while we ourselves dined on pines and oranges which we had brought with us.

From this point the road led through the forest four leagues to Managua, and here we were called upon to admire a new kind of beauty — large trees of the size of our elms, with not a leaf upon them, but covered in their place with flowers, some of a bright yellow and others clear red and white. When I say covered, I mean all covered, like the stem of a hyacinth, a hundred on a twig. Where they overhung the road, our horses often would be fetlock deep in the blossoms which had dropped, and yet there was apparently no diminution on the branches above. They were not coarse and ugly, but delicate and fragrant, the kind which the ladies of this country most delight to entwine in their hair. One sight I saw which I could only stand and gaze upon with delight — one of the largest of these trees, and one of the richest in this new kind of foliage, with an immense vine covered with blue and purple flowers winding up to its topmost boughs, and hanging thence in long and rich festoons, forming a most complete bower. As if to make perfection more perfect, among the branches were perched two macaws, the most beautiful birds of the country, with the richest red and blue plumage, and drooping tails a yard long. About sundown we reached Managua, a large town and the true capital of the State. It is situated on Lake Managua, where we had a delightful bath, and then returned to the posada, the best in the State, and kept by a man who owns a plantation some leagues square on the Pacific, from the products of which he set us out a most excellent supper. We slept here between sheets, and on pretty fringed pillows, which were so soft we were loath to leave them in the morning. But in this country the time to travel is the early morning or the cool of the evening, the middle of the day being very hot. Our forenoon's ride was to Matiares, six leagues. The road crossed a mountain from which there was a superb view of Managua Lake with its numerous bays, promontories, and islands, with Momotombo and Momotombito rising in full view, the loftiest volcanoes in the country, visible fifty leagues away on the Pacific. To-day we met numerous travelers and long trains of freight-mules. Troops of monkeys and apes and flocks of parrots enlivened the way, and now and then a deer would start up and bound away through the bushes. We took our siesta on the plaza of Matiares, the town itself, which has been pretty much destroyed in a late revolution, offering no accommodations for us. In the afternoon we went four leagues farther to Nagarote, a large place, where we passed a comfortable night in the house of the schoolmaster. Much of our way was along the borders of the lake, heavy traveling for our animals, but from the change of scenery pleasing to us. The next day twelve leagues brought us to León. You see I am running on, for if I should describe minutely all the incidents of the way, both you and I would be well tired. . . .

June 26. Twenty-five days later from Central America: as many more, and we may

call ourselves old citizens, and, for aught I know, be entitled to vote at the next election. We are still living at León, nine of us, enough to keep one another in countenance in this strange city. A week since I rode over to Chinandega to look after our baggage, and spent a day there to see what was going on and to watch the course of things; and I returned very well satisfied to remain where I was. Though we have been detained in this country more than three and a half months,—it may be a month longer before a vessel will arrive at Realejo to take us up the Pacific,—still we have passed through a land full of interest, at least to a young traveler. The natural features of the country mingle beauty and sublimity to the highest degree, and the climate must be one of the most delightfully salubrious and healthful in the world. Much of my stay has been made exceedingly pleasant by the hospitality of the people, particularly in Granada, where I became really quite attached to many kind friends.

A STREET IN LEÓN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O'NEIL.)

León is a city of much more pretension than Granada, but of not half the stamina and respectability. Granada is sound and whole; León is decayed, prostrate, its people overridden by priests and in fear of a vagabond soldiery. But here reside the British and the American consuls, the bishop, the general, the director, and all the dignitaries of state. Two gentlemen from New York are also here, engaged about the canal treaty. We are on somewhat intimate terms with a number of families residing here, going in and out when we please, as the custom of the country is. The posada has been a favorite place of resort for us. The landlord and the landlady are a perfect study for a seeker of "characters." But they are very kind to us, and are exceedingly anxious to have their daughters learn English. One of their sons, a little fellow of fourteen, is an ensign in the army, and a daughter is married to General Muñoz; so they are all very patriotic, and heartily hate the "Colandrakes," as the opposition party are called. We have called once or twice on the General, and have been received very courteously. He is a gentlemanly man, and looks just like the lithographs of Santa Ana, La Vega, or any other of the Mexican chieftains, mustachios and all. But whatever may be his military qualifications, he must test them now, for he is required to go down with his army and to face Samosa, an assassin and leader of

the opposition, who has just taken and burned the city of Nicaragua, committing there the most terrible atrocities. We went up into the plaza this afternoon to see them off, and, notwithstanding the uniformless and ragged appearance of the troops, it was really a solemn spectacle when the bishop with his retinue of priests, after preaching them a sermon, gave them his blessing, and bade them go and fight for their country. Meanwhile Samosa was being excommunicated in the cathedral, the bells were clanging, cannon were firing, and all León was in commotion.

After they had filed up the street the General and his staff came out from his quarters in the posada, and there was another scene, his wife and sisters in tears, bidding him goodby, and lamenting that they should never see him again. Soon all galloped off, and we followed to the river, and in the distance it was quite a striking sight to see the troops marching up the long, broken hill, the horsemen bringing up the rear with a blood-red pennon streaming from the point of each lance. Nothing will give you a better idea of the political condition of this country than to tell you that since we have been here there have begun and ended in the different parts of the country seven or eight revolutions. Each city has one on its own responsibility, and the authorities are in nightly fear that one will break out here. These revolutions have kept us in an interesting state of excitement. The city is under martial law, police orders are read daily at the different corners, sentries are doubled, and it is half what a native's life is worth to go wandering about after dark. But we Yankees are privileged. We have dropped the regular passwords, and answer to the challenges, "Americanos del Norte"; and the response always is, "*Muy bien*," and we pass where we please.

About a week ago a messenger came up from the Sovereign Director of the State, asking us to change houses with him, as he wished to fortify ours. We answered, "With pleasure," and at evening a cart and an escort came for our baggage. We loaded it and, taking our guns and rifles, marched down with it to the plaza, singing as we went, for it is a custom with us when we find ourselves in queer situations, which is often the case, to sing certain songs at the top of our voices. As soon as we reached the plaza up came a file of soldiers and a full band of music with torches and lanterns, and escorted us down in the most triumphal way. At the door they gave us a serenade ending with the "American March," the little boys cheered, and we entered. The President set out a table for us, and we were waited on as quite a distinguished party. What to make of it all we hardly knew, but the next day we were informed that we were considered as a guard of honor to defend the President's house in case of a rising. We laughed heartily, but congratulated ourselves on the exchange, as we had, rent free, a fine, spacious house on the best street in the city. Nine rooms, one for each of us, surround the principal court, and in the rear are two others, where are the stables and the kitchens, all well planted with lime, orange, mumbro, and fig trees, and the main one possessing a splendid jasmine bush, fully twelve feet in diameter, and geraniums and heliotropes all in full flower. We have each selected a room and hung our hammocks, and I feel quite as if I had a home.

THE CANOE OF LEATHER.

July 13. Chinandega. There is really now some prospect of our getting off. Two vessels are lying in the harbor of Realejo, and when

A NICARAGUAN EXECUTION.

you receive this you may think of me as far up the Pacific, if not already within the promised land. We have spent more than four months in this strange country. So far as regards myself, I have enjoyed it highly; the constant novelty, the singularity of our position, our manner of life, and the continual succession of strange scenes through which we have passed, have prevented anything like stagnation. We are now in Chinandega — but I must tell you of a little trip we made before we came here. On the day after my last page was written letters came from our chargé d' affaires, Mr. Squier, who had arrived at Granada, informing us that, on account of the turbulent state of the country and the interruption of communication on the highways, fears had been entertained, if not of the personal safety of himself and suite, at least of a long detention, and requesting us to form a party and be in readiness to march peaceably down and escort him from Granada to León. Soon after came other letters to our consul giving him the information that Masaya was occupied by Samosa's troops. On this he thought that, although he had sent to Chinandega for others to come and join us, it would be best, on the whole, for us who were in León to go down at once. We therefore repacked our movables and went up to the consul's house, leaving the President's mansion with the fig trees and lime trees as a guard of honor. The next day we spent in procuring horses. Four or five very fine ones were brought in from a hacienda a few leagues out, and the complement was made up from the *cuartel*, where we had the liberty of choosing from a hundred or more. Behold us then in the service of our own Government, and going down to the wars to escort our chargé d' affaires. The next morning we started, ten of us, all capitally mounted, and in an extemporized though better uniform than had yet been seen in Nicaragua — red shirts and white trousers, with pistols and knives belted around us, and short carbines obtained from the President's private armory at the pommels of our saddles. As the government had been trying in every way to procure our services, it seemed the universal opinion, as we dashed through the streets, that we were the advance guard of a party going down to assist the General, and great was the sensation it excited. Our consul intended to be of the party, but the night before was taken down with fever. We crossed the river, and entered upon the Camino Real. This was a very different way from that in which we traversed the country before. Then we were going slowly from one town to another, loaded down with baggage and obliged to assume an easy traveling gait. Now we were free and unencumbered, our spirits high, and our horses fresh, and we could gallop and race along as we liked. In three hours we made Pue-

blo Nuevo, eight leagues away, but not without an accident on the way. One of our party had a sunstroke. At Pueblo we stopped two or three hours in the heat of the day to dine and give our horses "zacate." It was St. Peter's day, and all the young men of the place were on horses racing through the streets like madmen. Two days in the year they have this custom, which is amusing to see. We proceeded thence to Nagarote, where one of our party who was taken with the country fever on the road had to be left. We were detained till after dark, but decided on pushing on to Matiares that night. It was a lovely moonlight evening, and you may believe that our ride by the side of the lake shadowed by old Momotombo was enchanting enough. It was late when we reached Matiares, a miserably poor town, where the best house could show us no better accommodation than one hammock, one table, a bench, and the floor. On the latter I laid myself, wrapped in my blanket, and, in spite of the opposition of a legion of fleas and biting ants, gained a few hours of good sound sleep after my ride of fifty-one miles. At sunrise our horses were saddled, and after a bowl of coffee we went on to Managua to breakfast. During the time we stopped here I went with a Granadian friend to visit some of his relatives, as beautiful girls as one would see in any country. Managua is famous for them all through Central America. Evening brought us to Masaya, where, as we had made fourteen leagues, and it looked like rain, we concluded to stop for the night. We found here the General and his troops, but aside from them a more deserted looking town I never beheld. It was in Masaya that the last revolution was plotted, and the richer portion of the inhabitants had in alarm retired to their haciendas or had gone to Granada, the stronghold of the "Limbucos," who are the aristocracy, while, on the approach of Munoz, the lower classes — the "Colandrakes" — had gone off to join Samosa, or had scattered themselves through the country. We had met numbers of them on the way. All the houses about the plaza were closed, the posada included. But on applying to the General, he quartered us without any ceremony in a house near the quartel,

THE JOURNEY IN THE MARKET CART.

and gave orders in another direction to have supper prepared for us. The next difficulty was the impossibility of buying forage for our horses, but on further application a file of soldiers were sent who came with a supply, probably taken from the nearest corn-field. Riding [illegible] the plaza the next morning at sunrise, we saw the troops drawn up in long lines, and a few people standing about in groups as if awaiting some event. Stopping on [illegible] few moments, there came out from the quartel [illegible]

A POOR SUBSTITUTE FOR BEEF. (SEE PAGE 931.)

ancholy procession headed by a man dressed in coarse white shirt and drawers, and with ropes around his ankles and wrists. He was carrying a large black crucifix, and was flanked by two priests reading aloud out of large books; behind came a file of soldiers with loaded muskets. Just then the bells began to chime a funeral dirge, and we knew that a military execution was about to take place. I will not describe it to you, for it was barbarously done; but the prisoner met his death like a brave man. He was one of the plotters of the revolution, and a bad character generally. General Muñoz had caught him here, and gave him but a short time to prepare for his fate. . . .

It was very delightful to walk once more through the streets of the old city, for we all felt a kind of affection for Granada, the place where we had experienced so much kindness and hospitality. And it was very pleasant also to bathe once more in the bright waters of the lake. Cool and refreshed, we returned in time

to see the grand entrance of Muñoz into the city, which brought out all the people and set all the bells to ringing. He brought in five more prisoners, all of whom, I presume, have before this shared the fate of the poor man at Masaya.

The two days that we passed in Granada flew away very agreeably. In the early morning of our departure the General held a review of his troops, about a thousand in number, preparatory to marching down towards Managua, where we have since heard that he has beaten Samosa in one battle, and now has him penned up in a little town by the lakeside. About ten in the morning we collected at the house where Mr. Squier was stopping, and, our party being increased to over twenty in number by the addition of Mr. Squier and his suite, and some others, we rode into the plaza. There an officer met us and invited us to the residence of the General, who with his staff was anxious to escort us out of the city. Meanwhile merchants and other citizens were continually riding up, and soon we were more than fifty in number. We had a beautiful United States flag of silk, and with that streaming ahead we made a gallant show as we passed up the street leading to the highroad.

Night brought us to Managua, and we galloped through its principal streets, four abreast and flag waving, to the posada. We had scarcely disposed of our animals and seated ourselves to a quiet supper when we heard musket-shots and exploding rockets, and saw many people running by with arms in their hands. We hardly knew what to make of it, but soon a great company with soldiers and music came to our door, and then we learned that on our entrance, our numbers being magnified by the darkness, we had been mistaken for an army from Granada come to attack the place. The inhabitants had rushed together in alarm, but on finding out the true state of the case they had come to invite us to march about the town in procession. So out we went, unfurling our banner, and with that and the music in advance, Mr. Squier and his escort following, and with a train of three or four hundred Managuans behind, kept in good order by the soldiers, we passed through all the principal streets. We were greeted at every turn by loud cheers of "Vivan los Norte-Americanos!" "Vivan los Estados Unidos!" "Vivan el ministro de los Estados Unidos!" "Vivan las Banderas!" etc., to which we responded in our best Spanish, "Vivan the brave Managuans!" "Viva the fine ladies of Managua!" and fifty other vivas, always giving the real Yankee "hurrah," which greatly pleased them. Rockets were going up, guns were firing along the whole line, and all the señoritas of Managua seemed to be out in the moonlight. The crowd would not release us till very late, and then not until we should give them "a patriotic song," with which they seemed perfectly delighted.

The next day was the glorious Fourth of July. We had intended to have some little celebration of it among ourselves, but, circumstances requiring the early presence of Mr. Squier in Leon, we passed the whole day upon the road. Often, however, a shout or a snatch of "Hail Columbia" attested that we were not unmindful of its presence. The night we spent in Pueblo Nuevo, where we found the friend we had left ill recovering, and so on up on his return route. At eight the next morning we continued, and in less than three hours were at the "Old Convent," a league from Leon, where a large escort was awaiting us — all the military and civil officers, the President and his cabinet, the bishop and his retinue of clergy, and a large number of the most respectable citizens, more than a hundred in all. Here we stopped a few moments, while Mr. Squier changed his traveling dress for his official uniform, and we washed and brushed ourselves a little; then our banner was unfurled, and the whole cavalcade started. We went on at full gallop across the plain of Leon, down the hill, across the little river, and up into the city. My little horse, notwithstanding the long journey, was fairly dancing with excitement. Entering the city we found the streets crowded with people, who all kneeled as the bishop passed, and then rose and shouted "Viva! Viva!" to the Minister. The bells of all the churches that we passed rang their gayest peals, cannon thundered in the plaza, and all the soldiers were drawn up to receive us with presented arms. And thus we concluded our second trip across the country.

We stopped for a day at our consul's, and then with two others I came on to Chinandega. For the sake of variety, and in order to be with our baggage, we made the journey in a market cart, and it beat all kinds of traveling that I ever saw yet, bungos not excepted. I will not attempt to describe it, except to say that beside us three the cart contained two women, two babies, one man, and three boys; that we upset one upon us in a thunder-shower down a steep bank, and those who were not rolled out into the mud were nearly suffocated in the cart; and that we were all night on the road, during the whole of which the women amused themselves with singing the queerest, tragic songs that I ever yet listened to.

The English consul, who has always shown us great civility, offered to our immediate party the use of his house in Chinandega, altogether the finest in the place, and we have been here a week or two very comfortably situated. The consul's proper residence being at Leon, we

have the whole house, with two or three attendants to wait upon us.

San Francisco, Alta California,
October 4, 1849.

The main part of our company finally left Realejo in the brigantine *Laura Ann* on the 20th of July. At different times several small parties branched off from us, and more than once I was strongly urged to try my fortunes with them; but for reasons which satisfied me I steadily declined, notwithstanding one long and most vexatious and outrageous detention, and the result showed that I was right in my determination, as you shall shortly learn.

First, however, for our voyage. For the first month we met with the usual succession (in those seas) of calms and heavy squalls, for days together rocking in the long swell and not making a mile, the surface of the ocean without a ripple, and the sails flapping idly against the masts. Then suddenly in the night would come up a squall which would make the ocean seem a sea of fire and, perhaps with the loss of a sail, drive us many miles on our course, for all came from the eastward. All of that time I slept on deck, for you may believe that with 120 men on a vessel of only a little over 100 tons burden, the accommodations below were very limited.

We had not long left port before it was discovered that much of our water had leaked from the tank in which, in lieu of casks, it had been placed, and, in addition, that a large share of the provisions had actually spoiled, and the best were hardly eatable. Indeed, so long as the meat lasted, not a piece was put upon our table the smell of which would not have sickened any but a California immigrant. On this part of our voyage a strange sickness appeared among us, which in one night attacked nearly every person on board, and afterward not a person escaped. It was akin to the influenza, but with peculiar symptoms, and though, as it seemed, not dangerous, yet an exceedingly troublesome complaint. For some days not a sailor was fit for duty, and the passengers worked the ship. I had it somewhat severely, and for more than ten days. It was determined to put in at Mazatlan or San Blás for water, after we had been three weeks on an allowance, and had found that it would not be possible to make San Francisco with the stock that we had; but off Cape Corrientes a southeaster came up which bore us before it to Cape St. Lucas. . . . As day after day and week after week passed by, and we were making almost no progress against the constant northwester which blew down the coast, pint after pint was knocked off our allowance, and our provisions became exhausted, one kind after another, until finally they had become reduced to bread, rice, and beans, with one quart of water a day for each man, for cooking as well as for drinking. The bread was full of worms and defiled with cockroaches; the rice was of a quality that would not bring one cent a pound in the States, half hulls, and with as many weevils as kernels; the beans were of a peculiar kind, and the more they were boiled the harder they became. There was no water to be wasted on them. So that my fare was half a pint of water's worth of boiled rice morning and evening. That left a pint for drinking during the twenty-four hours, and little enough we found it too. On this diet I lived for about two weeks, and like the prodigal son would have been thankful enough for the mush with which grandfather's hogs are fed, and many nights would have been glad to get my mouth into the dirtiest puddle that Chapel street ever saw. At length, finding it impossible to make San Diego, the port we were aiming at, we ran into shore at a venture one evening in September, and, coming on soundings in a thick fog, anchored, having then but eighty gallons on board. This time we were truly favored. The second boat sent on shore quickly returned, bringing the news that directly opposite was a basin of pure fresh water not ten steps from the beach, and that the surf was not so high but the casks could be floated off. What rejoicing there was! If it had been broad daylight, and if the captain had known of this water, he could not have placed the ship in a better situation than he did, running in to an unknown shore in the night, with imperfect charts and in a thick fog.

But now read the most remarkable thing! We had not lain thirty-six hours in this out-of-the-way spot when a vessel which was also out of water, passing by, saw us, stood in, and anchored alongside; and this vessel proved to be a Peruvian brig loaded with provisions for the California market, and with the owner of the cargo on board, who, having become dispirited by the length of his voyage, which had already exceeded four months, and having heard at the ports below that prices in California had gone down, was disposed to sell us all we wanted on very reasonable terms. So we bought of him flour, cheese, sugar, and lard of most excellent quality — a providential supply indeed, for, after getting our water, we should soon have been put to great straits for food, having in fact nothing eatable on board. The place where we were, a bight in Lower California, abounded also in fish, and several barrels of fine mackerel were caught and salted down, a fine bed of rock salt having been discovered on shore. Some cattle were driven down from a farm twenty or thirty miles back, three of which were bought and killed, so that from a state of absolute want

we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of plenty. . . .

At night we could camp on the shore, the wreck of a whaleboat which was found near supplying the wood for our fires. While here the supercargo, both mates, and all the sailors but two ran off and went up the country. The supercargo was a knave; he took with him all the charter money, and probably never intends to show his face in San Francisco. The first mate was a villain, had been a pirate, a wrecker, and a murderer, and had made any amount of trouble on board. We were glad to get rid of him. The others were good men, and were seduced by the mates and the supercargo. But the places of all were well supplied by members of our company who had been sailors before, and with a new crew we again set sail. Still the northwest winds continued, and it was not until more than three weeks, and when we were threatened with still another deficiency, that of fire-wood, that the hills which encompass the magnificent bay of San Francisco appeared in sight.

We thought all this bad enough, but what was it compared to what the parties who left us have undergone? The little sloop which I mentioned to you in a former letter as having left Realejo about the beginning of May, with nine of our company and some fifteen of the shipwrecked party, arrived here but the day before yesterday, having been 144 days on the route, 32 days becalmed in one spot under an almost vertical sun. They had only a pint of water apiece a day, much of the time almost perishing for want of food. Once they ran on the coast at a venture, as we did, but found no water. They dug for it, and searched the interior for thirty or forty miles, but in vain, and at length were obliged to put to sea with only a bottle of water apiece, their only chance being to fall in with a vessel, or to make some port within five days, at the end of which time they expected to perish. But the lucky thought of distilling entered their minds. A rude still was made out of a tin boiler and a gun-barrel, salt water was put in, and, to their great joy, it trickled down fresh. For twenty-two days they lived on what they could thus manufacture, averaging half a pint a day to each man, their only food three mussels a day. Some endeavored to walk up the coast, and found themselves in lonely deserts, obliged for days together to live on cactus, and were almost beside themselves for joy when they found a poor, broken-down mule that [illegible] by the wayside. Others of our company [illegible] which came up from [illegible] For months they suffered every [illegible] speaking a steamer, one leaped [illegible] crying that he was perishing. A rope was [illegible] to him, and he was dragged on board the steamer; the others have never yet [illegible] from.

A bungo was also fitted out from [illegible] many weeks before we left. The fate of that too, is unknown, and probably none live to reveal it.

Here the most thrilling tales of [illegible] hourly meet the ear. But, so far as we [illegible] with certainty, not a death nor even a dangerous attack of illness has occurred in all our company which left New York. [illegible] however, and peril and hunger and [illegible] have been common.

October 7. I will not attempt to convey to you any idea of this most indescribable place, nor to give you my impressions of it. I have not the time, being too busy in arranging and landing my baggage. You already know more of it than I myself do. Such another city never was and never will be. Sharpers, swindlers, speculators, gamblers, and rogues of every nation, clime, color, language, and costume under the sun are here gathered together, and no words can convey a true idea of the result. I do not meet many of my friends on shore; they are mostly in other parts of the country.

SACRAMENTO CITY, October 22, 1849.

I THANK you often from the depths of my soul for the many letters your kind hearts prompted you to write. They were better than all the gold of the mines. By and by I will [illegible] my part, but if you knew the whirl my brain has been in ever since I landed in this strange country you would excuse me now. I am like one who is looking on an ever-shifting panorama, and cannot find time to say even a word to the one who sits beside him. Never expect to see me come back rich. I shall not make much money here, except by [illegible] luck. I am here so late, and every [illegible] now filled up; but I do hope to get together enough to carry me back richer in experience, to be with you all again. You can conceive nothing of this country. No [illegible] have ever read can give you half an idea. Double everything, and [illegible] that then you know not the half.

Roger S. Baldwin, Jr.

LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

PARTLY as a blind inference from his humble origin, but more from the misrepresentations made, sometimes in jest, sometimes in malice, during political campaigns, there grew up in the minds of many the strong impression that Mr. Lincoln was ugly, gawky, and ill-mannered; and even in recently written reminiscences the point is sometimes insisted on. In one of the little bits of autobiography which he wrote in the campaign of 1860 at the request of a friend, he thus describes himself: "If any personal description of me is thought desirable, I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes."

To these points we may add the other well-known peculiarities of Lincoln's form and features: Large head, with high crown of skull; thick, bushy hair; large and deep eye-caverns; heavy eyebrows; a large nose; large ears; large mouth; thin upper and somewhat thick under lip; very high and prominent cheek-bones; cheeks thin and sunken; strongly developed jawbones; chin slightly upturned; a thin but sinewy neck, rather long; long arms; large hands; chest thin and narrow as compared with his great height; legs of more than proportionate length, and large feet.

The reader's first impression will naturally be that a man with such long limbs and large and prominent features could not possibly be handsome; and this would be true of a man of ordinary height. But it must be borne in mind that Lincoln's height was extraordinary. A six-footer is a tall man; put four inches on top of that and you have a figure by no means common. Long limbs and large and strong features were fitted to this unusual stature, and harmonized perfectly with it; there was no effect of disproportion or grotesqueness. The beholder felt that here was a strong man, a person of character and power. As an evidence of this I cite two opinions concerning his personal appearance, made by impressions upon observers who noted not only the general effect, but somewhat minute details. The first is from a Philadelphian who visited him at Springfield, soon after his election to the presidency, and wrote this description, which was printed in the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin," under date of November 14, 1860:

He is about six feet four inches high, and about fifty-one years old. Unfortunately for his personal appearance his great height makes his lankness appear to be excessive, and he has by no means been studious of the graces; his bearing is not attractive, and he does not appear to advantage when standing or walking. Seated, and viewed from the chest up, he is fine looking. His forehead is high and full, and swells out grandly. His eyes are deeply set, and, when his face is reposing, are not remarkable for brightness, but kindle with his thoughts and beam with great expression. His eyebrows are heavy, and move almost incessantly as he becomes animated. The lower part of his face is strongly marked by long angular jaws; but, unlike such a formation generally, his chin is broad and massive. His prominent cheek-bones, angular jaws, heavy chin, and large, full, but closely compressed mouth, with the deep lines about it, impress one with vivid ideas of his sternness, determination, and will. The hollowness of his cheeks gives him a somewhat haggard look, but as he is now cultivating whiskers and a beard, his appearance in that respect will soon be improved. His hair is very dark, almost black; is luxuriant, and falls carelessly but not ungracefully around his well-formed head. No facial muscles show more mobility than his, and consequently his face is an ever-varying mirror in which various expressions are continually flashing. Unlike most very tall men, he is lithe and agile and quick in all his movements and gestures. He talks fluently, uses good strong Saxon, avoids all attempts at display and affectations of any kind. His voice is strong and clear, and his articulation is singularly perfect.

My second citation is from a personal description of him written by Thomas D. Jones, the Cincinnati sculptor, who went to Springfield in December, 1860, and made a bust of Mr. Lincoln. This description was printed in the Cincinnati "Commercial" of October 18, 1871. Doubtless the lapse of years had somewhat dimmed the writer's first impressions; yet as the sculptor's profession had trained him in the art and habit of critical examination of lines and proportions, we may trust his statement both in whole and in detail as that of an accomplished expert.

Soon after reaching Springfield I attended one of Mr. Lincoln's evening receptions: it was there I really saw him for the first time to please me. He was surrounded by his nearest and dearest friends, his face illuminated, or, in common parlance, lighted up. He was physically an athlete of the first order. He could lift with ease a thousand pounds, five hundred in each hand. In

SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEES OF 1851, 1856, AND 1877.

ON the 14th of August, 1850, my brother and I rode from the Sierra foothills into the Sacramento Valley, intending to reach Sutter's Fort that night. Early in the forenoon we were overtaken by a horseman, a finely mounted, handsome fellow, who asked if we were immigrants. We answered, Yes. He welcomed us into the new country, and said he had arrived some months earlier. I told him that my brother, who was near by, and I were just arriving overland; that we had come from Salt Lake alone in about twenty days, for being well equipped we had made quick time; that he was the first Californian we had met, and, indeed, the first person we had seen in several days. I asked him if gold in California was a reality or a romance. He said it was an assured reality, and, as a ready proof, loosened his waistcoat and revealed a large, long, leathern bag strapped securely to his person, in which he said was about three thousand dollars in gold-dust, the result of his labor for a short time. He stopped his horse, opened his purse, and showed us the glittering metal. Enjoying my surprise and interest, he gave me several handsome specimens as a souvenir. I asked him if it was not hazardous to make such a display of his wealth. He answered, No, it was perfectly safe; that people were honest, or made to be honest; that there was no room in this country for thieves, and there was no such thing as highway robbery; there had been troubles in the country, but the worst men had been summarily punished, the others had learned better, and there was plenty for all who would work. He gave me many particulars about the country, the new population, the gold product; described the new towns, especially Sacramento, which had grown up on the river near Sutter's Fort, and whither he was then going; gave me the distances, and advised me of the best camping-grounds, and, his animal being fresher than ours, bade us good-by, and galloped on.

A few miles farther on, turning the point of a hill, a panorama of the grand, beautiful valley of Sacramento, the land of promise, opened its broad expanse before us, apparently limitless on the south and west, albeit revealing fringes of trees skirting the streams below. Near us we met wagons, horsemen, foot-men [illegible] Americans, Mexicans, Chinese [illegible] ever seen of these, all going to the mines, men pushing on eagerly. It was a stirring scene, sharply contrasting [illegible] of the one thousand miles of mountain and desert we had just traversed. About [illegible] we reached Sutter's Fort, and, as directed, passed around it, forded the American River, which was low, and found excellent grass and good camping-place where several groups of new-comers were already comfortably located. Having selected our ground and picketed our animals, our new neighbors came with friendly greetings and inquiries, to which we responded in kind, and I reverted to the horsemen we had met in the morning, and to what he had told us of the condition of the country, abundance of gold and provisions, and of the security of life and property. They said it was all true; that no one thought at the present time of stealing anything that did not belong to him because of the fear of prompt punishment by the people. I said, "Then is life as safe as property?" They said property was perfectly safe, and life as safe as in any country where people behave themselves. Accustomed as I was to frontier life and to the value of swift and severe punishment, this ideal security for life and property surpassed anything I had ever seen, and made me fancy that Utopia had come a reality in this new western land, and I said, "Here you have, then, a truly golden [illegible] with halcyon days."

The second day, after having rested, I went to the new city of Sacramento, a busy, bustling scene of activity and vitality. It was a town of tents, with a few frame buildings, [illegible] strongly resembling a huge rat nest, [illegible] many people camping in the open air. The streets were filled with men coming and going, wagons and pack-animals loading from the well-filled stores; many vessels were discharging on the river banks cargoes of mining supplies and provisions of all kinds, and there was everywhere a full display of prosperous business and earnest life. New immigrants were daily arriving overland and by sea; surveyors laying out building lots, auction sales of lands, cattle, and merchandise loudly proclaimed

cheerful activity everywhere. Sales were for cash, the currency of the country being placer gold-dust at $16 per ounce if clean and pure, and $15 or less for that which was not so good, supplemented by Mexican dollars and Mexican gold doubloons at $16 each; there was very little European or American coin. I noticed large piles of goods outside the stores and tents, unprotected, and I asked if they were left out at night and were safe. The answers were all affirmative. The doors of houses had no locks, or they were unused; the tents had no fastenings, yet there were no losses of property, as every trespasser knew that in theft he would hazard his life.

This I afterward found was the condition all over the country. The miner without fear or hesitation would leave his bag of gold-dust under his pillow and go to his camp for a day's work. He would leave his gold-diggings and rocker with hundreds of dollars exposed without fear of loss: all, or chiefly, the result of very summary punishment inflicted upon lawless men in San Francisco the year before, and of the trial and quick execution of a few throughout the country when found appropriating to their own use what did not belong to them. This was the common law of the country.

This condition of affairs continued through the winter of 1849 and the spring and early summer of 1850, during which time a large additional immigration came in, embracing numbers of our best people, and including many families of early pioneers, all bringing a sense of home-life and sanguine anticipation of future comfort and happiness. But unfortunately this tide was met by a flow of the worst element in the world, chiefly from Sydney and other Pacific Ocean ports, and, as a little foul matter will taint a large stream, so this matter seriously changed and endangered current affairs in California. Reports of robberies and assaults soon became common; again the public mind began to be excited over the general lawlessness. Wealth was increasing, business prospering, solid improvements progressing throughout the city and State; people were hopeful on the one hand, and fearful on the other, for while our golden era was bright, we had many sad proofs that our halcyon days had departed. This was no longer Arcadia.

The rapid and continued increase of crime in San Francisco impressed on every thinking man the conviction that some more vigorous action of the legal authorities was imperative, and must be stimulated and insisted upon, or self-preservation would make it necessary for the people to take the matter into their own hands, and assert the law and establish order in their own way. The police were notoriously inadequate and inefficient; the courts had been accused of corruption; the prisons were small and insecure, and it was boldly proclaimed through the streets that with packed juries and venal judges, false witnesses and dishonest officials, our criminal courts had become a failure and a reproach.

On Wednesday night, February 19, 1851, the city was thrown into intense excitement by the report that a bold attack had been made early in the evening upon the store of Jansen & Co., merchants, Mr. Jansen having been brutally assaulted and left on the floor insensible, it was supposed dead, and the house having been robbed. Arrests were soon made, and the person supposed to be guilty, one Burdue, was lodged in prison. A large crowd gathered around that building and made threats to destroy the premises and hang the offender. The officials made conciliatory appeals and the crowd finally dispersed, though dissatisfied, and it was soon reported that on Sunday morning, the 23d, the people would assemble *en masse*. In the early forenoon, I walked quietly toward the premises, and was surprised to find a great crowd of people already on the spot, while others were pushing in from all directions, many bearing side-arms. The eyes of the people I met showed that they were thoroughly aroused, and the clenched hands and quick gestures of many gave evidences of irritation and rage.

The mayor and a few leading citizens were vainly trying to calm the excitement by guaranteeing to hold the prisoner securely, promising a speedy and vigorous trial, and asking the people to disperse; but there was no faith in these promises. All seemed impatient of delay; no one would leave. On the contrary, all moved forward in a solid, sullen mass, surrounded the building, and pressed against every entrance. Though there seemed to be no concerted plan of action, no leadership, yet there was plainly a common thought and a common object. It was evident that unless the people were quickly diverted, and in some way satisfied, they would soon take possession of the building, seize the prisoner, and execute him without a hearing or form of trial. No available power could stop them. I always had had a horror of a mob, and its wild and hasty excesses, and it occurred to me that a middle course might be adopted, and a fair and speedy trial be secured by a court of the people, organized on the spot. So I pushed my way to the front balcony, which overlooked the people below, and catching the ear of the mass, I proposed that those present should immediately form themselves into a court within the building; that the prisoner should be brought before them, counsel on each side allowed, and testimony be taken, and that the

trial should proceed fairly, calmly, and resolutely, and, if the prisoner should be found innocent, that he should be discharged and this intense excitement allayed; but if he should be found guilty, that he should be hanged before the sun went down.

Never in my life had I heard a more instantaneous and tumultuous shout of applause. It was light breaking through the dark over-hanging cloud. It solved the problem and satisfied the longings of the people. This note had struck the chord and every nerve seemed to vibrate in harmony. All citizens who could find room were invited to come into the building, while others formed a guard without. Mr. Spence, a prominent merchant, was selected as judge, and twelve well-known citizens formed the jury. Three prominent lawyers, McAllister, Benham, and Shattuck, volunteered to defend the prisoner. I asked for counsel for the prosecution, when the house insisted upon my taking that position. The trial consumed about six hours. The hall was packed to repletion, and the streets surrounding the building were filled with a compact mass of people, about ten thousand in all. There was great impatience and fear of a failure in the trial, and that the prisoner would escape. Several times the people became so clamorous that I was compelled to leave the court-room and make a short speech to satisfy them that everything was going well. Happily, I always succeeded in restoring quiet. Whatever I said and did was satisfactory. So dense was the crowd that, on making my way to the front of the building, I was literally forced to walk over the heads and shoulders of the thickly packed mass of people.

Witnesses were thoroughly examined; the facts of assault and robbery were clearly proved; the evidence was so plainly detailed as not to admit of doubt. Counsel were heard on both sides, the trial continuing until about dark, when the jury retired.

After waiting patiently several hours, toward the middle of the night I was amazed to hear that Judge Shattuck had secretly secured admittance to the jury-room, had made an *ex parte* appeal, and secured a disagreement.

When it was found that the jury had disagreed, the consideration came as to what next should be done. It was within our power to have yet dealt with the accused as we chose, and there were earnest advocates for prompt and summary action, who declared that justice was being tricked and cheated, and it was our duty to prove ourselves more than a match for such villainy, and that it would be but right to put the chief actor in this attempt alongside the criminal. But I said, "No, a thousand times no. Better by far that it should be so, than that we should make a fatal error. We had done our duty, our whole duty, honestly, loyally. Many before us had thought their prisoner the guilty party, and he had proved not to be; and as our action had been unusually prompt, our time for examination and comparison unusually short, it did not become us to act except on the most unquestioned proof. We could not afford to make a mistake, and surely we could not afford to have innocent blood on our hands. With all my earnestness, I preferred that this prisoner should go his way, or that he be left to those who had promised a full, fair, and impartial trial. We knew the man now too well for him ever to become dangerous."

These views were adopted, and the court and the remaining part of the assemblage adjourned, and the prisoner was left in charge of the county officers. Thus ended the famous "Bardue trial."

The result of this trial was not as fortunate for the safety of life and property as were similar proceedings in 1849. Soon the announcement of outrages in different parts of the State became numerous. In San Francisco the matter grew serious, and there was much discussion as to the remedy. The best people were wholly absorbed in their personal affairs; the worst were following their criminal instincts without fear and without obstruction.

On the 3d of May, 1851, a great fire occurred that destroyed almost the entire city and in which a hundred lives were lost. There were good reasons for believing that the fire was the work of incendiaries who had sacrificed these valuable lives and millions of dollars' worth of property for the sake of plunder, and a very strong and bitter feeling grew up against the newly arrived population of criminal classes. The conviction grew stronger every day that something should be done by the people themselves to rid the city of incendiaries and robbers. With the view of immediate protection, a number of mechanics, merchants, and other respectable citizens agreed to form a private patrol, each member of this volunteer police to take his particular beat, and to be on duty a certain number of hours every night. In case of emergency, the entire force was to rally at a point and be prepared for duty. The effect was good, but the result was not adequate: the criminal classes continued their outrages.

A second great fire occurred on the 3d of June following, and arrests were made of persons believed to be the incendiaries. So violent was the feeling of the people that attempts were made to hang the prisoners, but the mayor and officials promised that they should be severely dealt with. The grand jury was then in session, and found a true bill against

some of the accused, but by technicalities the indictments were quashed and the persons disappeared.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF 1851.

THE want of a strong organization among those who wished to preserve peace and enforce the laws was severely felt. Those who had the largest interests at stake felt that unless there could be united action and control, there might be introduced a system of mob law, which would ultimately be more dangerous than the existing state of affairs. It was for this reason that, on the 10th of June, 1851, an organization of prominent business men was effected, and about two hundred names were enrolled under what was styled "The Committee of Vigilance of San Francisco." The objects of the committee were "to watch, pursue, and bring to justice the outlaws infesting the city, through the regularly constituted courts, if possible, through more summary process, if necessary." Each member pledged his word of honor, his life, and his fortune for the protection of his fellow-members, and for purging the city of its bad characters. After arranging for a concert of action, watchwords, and a signal to call the members to the rendezvous, which was three taps of a fire-bell, the committee adjourned for the evening.

Scarcely half an hour had passed before the bell was tapped. On reaching headquarters I found a number of gentlemen, and soon after there was brought in a very large, rough, vicious-looking man called Jenkins, an ex-convict from Sydney, who had been caught in the theft of a safe from a store. He was well known as a desperate character who had frequently evaded justice. The committee was organized immediately into a court, and Jenkins was tried for the offense within an hour. The evidence was overwhelming; he was promptly convicted and sentenced to be hanged that night. Jenkins's bearing throughout the trial was defiant and insulting, and he intimated that his rescue by his friends might be expected at any moment. We were notified by our officers that already the roughest and worst characters throughout the city were mustering in force to resist the committee. At the same time scores of our best citizens came forward and enrolled themselves as members, while others pledged their support in anything we might do.

I strenuously resisted the proposition to execute Jenkins that night, as I held it cowardly to hang him in the dark in such hot haste. I proposed he should be held till next morning and then hanged in broad daylight as the sun rose. Only a few agreed with me; there was much nervousness; the very circumstances of his crime having been committed at the moment of our organization and in defiance of it, and the threatened attack on us by abandoned criminals, all tended to impress the committee with the necessity of prompt action. Seeing that he must be hanged, I moved that the prisoner have the benefit of clergy. This was granted, but when the minister was left with him, the hardened criminal heaped the vilest insults on his venerable head. This hastened his doom, and his career was quickly closed.

The next morning the work of the Vigilance Committee was heralded throughout the State, and hundreds of citizens came forward and tendered their approval of our acts and asked to be enrolled in our ranks. The unexpected arrest and quick execution of Jenkins spread consternation among all his class. The Governor of the State, McDougal, issued a proclamation and maintained a nominal opposition to the committee, but took no active measures against it. Many arrests were made of desperate characters, and where clear proof of murder within the State was lacking, it was decided that banishment or corporal punishment should be the penalty. During the active operations of the committee, four men were hanged, and about thirty were banished. Nearly all were from Sydney or other British colonies, and as far as possible they were returned to the places from which they had come.

After a session of about thirty days the committee, finding that the country had been purged of a goodly number of the worst people, determined to adjourn quietly. It was decided not to disband, but to preserve the organization ready for any emergency. Happily there was no call for its services for some time; in fact, it was four years before the necessity of such a committee was again felt by the people of California, and brought forth finally the famous Vigilance Committee of 1856.

As contemporary testimony to the value of the work of the first Vigilance Committee, and its significance as an example of self-government, I quote the following editorial from the New York "Daily Tribune" of July 19, 1851:

> . . . The summary proceedings of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance, in the trial, condemnation, and execution of the thief Jenkins, are not to be regarded in the light of an ordinary riot, much less as an example of hostility to the established laws, heralding disorganization and anarchy. Seen from the proper point of view, it is a manifestation, violent, it is true, of that spirit of order which created the State of California. . . . San Francisco presents, therefore, the singular spectacle of a community governed by two powers, each of which is separate and distinct from the

EXECUTION OF JOHN JENKINS. (AFTER A LITHOGRAPH OF THE TIME, [illegible])

other. They cannot come in conflict, since there is no aggressive movement against the law on the part of the committee, and no attempt on the part of the regular authorities to interfere with the action of the latter. Public opinion universally upholds the course pursued by the committee. This course, under the circumstances, cannot be called mob law or lynch law, in the common acceptation of the term. It more nearly resembles the martial law which prevails during a state of siege.

At this distance we will not venture to judge whether the circumstances demand so merciless a code. But we are sufficiently familiar with the characters of the men composing the Committee of Vigilance, to acquit them of any other motive than *that of maintaining public order and individual security*. We believe they will exercise the power they have assumed no longer than is absolutely necessary to subserve these ends, and that their willing submission to the authority of the law, when the law shall be competent to protect them, will add another chapter to the marvelous history of their State. In spite of these violent exhibitions of popular sentiment, the instinct of order, *the capacity for self-government, is manifested more strongly in California, at this moment, than in any other part of the world.*

THE GREAT VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF 1856.

WHEN I returned to San Francisco in January, 1856, after an absence in New York of about two years, I found a great change and much public excitement in social, political, and financial affairs. There had been a severe financial crisis in 1855, and affairs were still very unsettled. The "Bulletin" newspaper, edited by James King of William,[1] had undertaken local reform, and was boldly assailing all evil-doers who had again become aggressive. Very recently United States Marshal Richardson had been killed by an Italian gambler named Cora. The murderer had been imprisoned and tried, but all efforts to convict him had failed. The excitement over the general lawlessness and the impotence of the courts increased [illegible] the months went by, but a crisis was reached only by the assassination of Editor King in the street, on the evening of the 14th of May. He was shot down by an ex-convict named Casey, whose infamous New York record the editor had exposed. The community was immediately thrown into intense excitement, and the engine bell on the Plaza was rung — the familiar signal of the old Vigilance Committee.

After a hasty dinner I went to the [illegible], which I found crowded with [illegible] Members of the old committee [illegible]

[1] The [illegible] M[illegible] K[illegible] [illegible] a San Fran[illegible]

numbers and urged me to organize a new committee. I declined these importunities; several meetings were held in different places, and urgent appeals made not to allow a repetition of the failure of organization as was done a few months previously when Cora killed Richardson. The result of all was that I finally consented to take charge and organize the committee, provided I should have absolute control — authority supreme. We organized, and within twenty-four hours we had fifteen hundred members, all well-known leading men of the city. They took a strong oath pledging their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor to the cause, and promising to stand by one another under all circumstances, and not to divulge any transactions of the committee. The organization was to be entirely impersonal, and each man was to be known only by his number. An organization in military companies, well officered, was perfected the first evening. Within two days after the first meeting 2500 men were enrolled and equipped with arms, while drilling was carried on constantly day and night. Such was the zeal and intelligence of all, that soldiers were formed of men who but a few days before hardly knew how to handle a gun.

While this work of organization and preparation was progressing we were informed of numerous counter movements by the opponents of the committee. Word was brought that the roughs were organizing in large numbers, arming, and threatening with determined energy to defend Casey, Cora, and their friends, at all hazards, and to lay the city waste if need be to accomplish that end. The next day it was developed that a strong effort was being made by the mayor and others to organize and bring into action all the militia of the State that were available. The larger and better part of the militia in the city had, however, already joined the committee. Renewed and specific threats were made on the life and property of all who were members of the committee, and a determination was announced to crush the new movement at any cost of life, money, or property.

It thus became too evident that the committee had to prepare for more serious work than was anticipated, or by rights should have been forced upon them. James King of William was honest, brave, and terribly in earnest, but often rash. Unhappily, he had arrayed against him several classes of people. He had severely, though in the main justly, castigated that portion of the press that upheld or apologized for excesses or irregularities in political affairs. He had aroused a Roman Catholic influence hostile to himself by ill-advised strictures on one of their clergy. He had invited the bitter animosity of a large portion of the Southern element by the stinging severity of his criticisms on them in their official capacity, and his denunciation of them as the Chivalry, and the unworthy Chivalry, who had captured and held, or virtually controlled, for their own benefit the offices of the city and State. All of these elements, separately and combined, were inimical to King, who by his impetuous methods and reckless personalities had unfortunately and needlessly made himself many bitter personal enemies. Thus, the committee was assailed as his champion by all these parties, when in fact it was not such, but was merely the champion of justice and of right — the child of the necessi-

THE HANGING OF STUART BY THE FIRST VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

tes of the hour. The committees scarcely thought of or had in view King's personal relations with his former antagonists. It merely looked at the state of affairs in the city and country, and the evils that threatened, and went forward in the direction of the work attempted a few months before, when Cora killed Richardson. Indeed, such was the condition of the public mind at this time that if, instead of King, any other prominent man had been assassinated, a similar demonstration would have ensued, though it would not probably have so clearly divided the community or brought such bitter opposition.

While on previous occasions the city and State authorities had been conservatively passive, they were now unexpectedly active and aggressive, the moral of which we knew might have weight with weak, doubtful, and negative people, and even with many of the best. This warned us to prepare for changes which a piece of opinion, the turn of fortune, or the course of time might bring forth against us. We felt strong in our resources, numbers, cause, and courage. We had about seven-eighths of the people with us.

With the opposition were some of the best people of the country. Their party and friends had all the city and State offices; they had with them the law and most of the lawyers, and all the law-breakers. Their chief hope was in legal, State, and Government aid. We asked nothing but to be understood and judged rightly.

Our aims and position were soon made plain and satisfactory to the leading army and navy officers on this coast and to the Government at Washington. They soon understood us and always left us to complete our work in our own way. On May 16 I was waited upon by some gentlemen who said that Governor J. Neely Johnson had just arrived,

and was very anxious to see me. He was at the Continental Hotel, and would come to any point that I might indicate; he did not know where I was, or he would have waited upon me at once. I replied that I would do myself the honor to call upon the Governor at his hotel. I did so, and the question of the work of the committee was broached immediately. He asked what we wanted. I answered that we wanted peace. We would like to have it without a struggle, but if it must be at the cost of war, then we must have war. He asked what we wanted to accomplish. I told him, very much what the Vigilance Committee of 1851 accomplished — to see that the laws were executed upon a few prominent criminals whom the officers of the law had allowed to go unpunished; to drive away from the State some notoriously bad characters; to purify the atmosphere morally and politically, and then to disband. I told him the names of the people in this organization were a guarantee to him that there were no personal aims, or ambitions, nothing in view except the work of the public good; that as an officer of the law, and an observer, he must be aware of the frightful condition of affairs throughout the State, especially in San Francisco; that it had been apparent to all that this could not be much longer endured, and that the climax had now arrived in the striking down of King; that the people had resolved that they would correct the mischief if possible, and that they believed they could do it; that done, they would retire from all participation in such matters, and leave the regularly constituted authorities to do their work, if they would. "Now, Governor," said I, "you are called upon by the mayor and a class of people here to bring out the militia and try to put down this movement. I assure you it cannot be done, and if you attempt it, it will give you and us a great deal of trouble. It is not the way to treat the question. Do as McDougal did; see, as he did, that this is a mere local reform, intended to correct local abuses. Allow us to take up the work and get through with it, as he did, without anything more than a formal opposition by the State. Do your duty in issuing your proclamation and manifestos, and maintaining formally the dignity of the law, but leave to us the work, and we shall get through with it in a short time and quit, and quit gladly." He slapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Go it, old boy! but get through as quickly as you can. Don't prolong it, because there is a terrible opposition and a terrible pressure."

I told him I had just realized the position that King had stood in, and that all of King's opponents, or most of them, would become the opponents of the committee, but we could not retire from the position we had taken; that we did not want to be in opposition to the State; that we were as law-abiding people as any in the world, as long as there was any law; that our real object was to see the laws carried out and executed, and if the officers of the law would not carry them out and execute them, then it devolved on us to do it; we did not want to quit our business, our vocations, and our homes to do all this, but we were compelled to do it, and if he could see his way clear to maintain his status as Governor on the record, to do it by all means. We did not want a single court to adjourn, a single officer to vacate his position, nor to surrender his rights nor fail in his duties. He said he appreciated the situation, that he knew me very well (we had always been close friends), and he knew those associated with me; he had been called down from the State capital; he was now satisfied, and he would leave the field to us in confidence.

About two hours afterward, I was busily engaged at our headquarters when a messenger brought word that several gentlemen, Governor Johnson, Mr. Garrison, and others, were in the anteroom and wanted to see me particularly. Johnson's manner was much changed; he had evidently come under the influence of the opposing party. He asked what we were going to do, and if this trouble could not be settled, addressing me as if he had not asked the same question a few hours before in our former interview. I answered, and naturally addressed the whole party through him, that the people of the city and State were tired of having citizens shot down and other outrages committed as they had been, and were no longer inclined to endure them. He agreed with me, and was of my opinion as fully as any one could be, but he thought the courts could remedy all that; we had good judges and good men, and the people need not rise up in a mob and obstruct the execution of the laws. I told the Governor that ours was not a mob, that it was a deliberative body regularly organized, the officers and men pledged to their duty,— it was a government within a government, if he liked,— and that he must not regard it as a mob, because it was clean and clearly out of the sphere and atmosphere of mobocracy; that we had not seen any laws executed in San Francisco for a long while, and it was because of this failure that we felt called upon by the most imperative sense of duty and of safety to undertake it ourselves; that if it were done by the officers of the law, there was no portion of the citizenship of the State more prompt to aid and support them than the Vigilance Committee would be. He then proposed that we should hold ourselves together if we wished, but leave the trial of Casey and Cora to the regular courts, and of-

tered to pledge himself that they should have a speedy and fair trial, and if the evidence adduced was sufficient, that they would be executed. I replied that the people no longer had confidence in the officers, that too many of them were unfortunately friends and intimate associates of these very prisoners. I repeated my suggestion that he allow the committee to do

This interview was the next day reported in different forms, and brought forth from the other parties many disingenuous statements. Johnson's dorsal vertebrae proved too weak to stand by his word, and he never recovered; yet the status remained unchanged until Sunday morning, the 18th of May, when the Executive Committee determined on further and

SURRENDER OF [illegible] TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE [illegible] COMMITTEE, 1856.

its work and then disband. Now they had no patience to wait, they were thoroughly aroused and were determined to go through with the undertaking, and there was not power enough in the State to stop them.

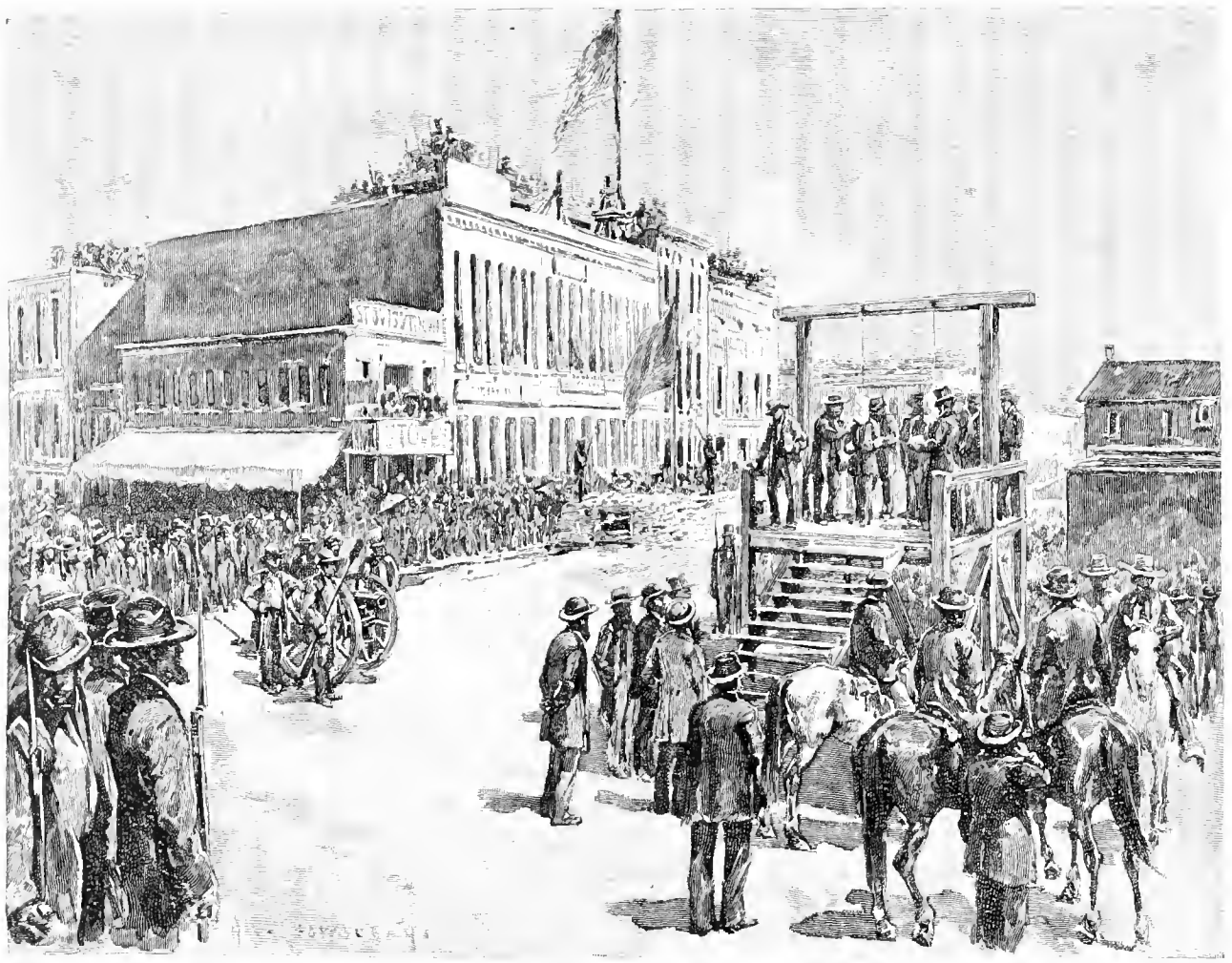
I then asked three members of the executive to join me, and reviewed and repeated what had been said, all of which was clearly understood. It was then asked of us if nothing could be done. And the answer was, Yes. We were solicitous about the safety of the prisoners, feared they would be spirited away, and with a view to their safety we proposed that a small force of our men be placed in the prison as an additional guard, and we pledged ourselves not to take the prison or make any movement against it without giving the Governor notice, all of which was agreed to and complied with.

prompt action, and sent the Governor this communication:

We beg to advise you that we have withdrawn our guard from the County Jail.

The guard was soon after withdrawn from the building. This was a formal and necessary step to conclude our truce with the Governor. Soon thereafter the prisoners were demanded at the hands of the sheriff, and supplementing the demand the troops of the committee, numbering about 3500, marching by different routes, arrived at and surrounded the jail, demanded the prisoners, who were taken for their trial, which became an all-absorbing question and topic, and paralyzed the opposition.

The trial of Casey and Cora was soon begun and carried on with all the attention to legal forms that marked the trials of the first



EXECUTION OF HETHERINGTON AND BRACE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMITTEE, CALLED "FORT VIGILANCE."

[This building was also called "Fort Gunnybags," from the material of the breastworks in front of it. On the roof were cannon and sentinels, and the alarm-bell of the committee.]

committee. No outside counsel were permitted, but all witnesses desired by the prisoners were summoned and gave their testimony in full. Both were convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place on the morning of Mr. King's funeral. The committee's entire military force occupied the streets near the headquarters. As King's funeral train moved, all the bells in the city chimed a solemn requiem. The military force was brought to present arms, and then poor Cora and Casey were swung into eternity from the scaffold in front of the building. That great and solemn act, due to self-defense and the safety of the community, was fulfilled, and these turbulent spirits who had defied the laws of God and man paid the last and severest of penalties. No one more than the chief actors in this drama felt the gravity and solemnity of the occasion. No one would more gladly have been acquitted of these duties than they. But there was not a scintilla of hesitation, doubt, or fear. The work was done under solemn dictates of duty, even with pure Christian spirit, and while technically outside the law, with due and solemn reverence for the law as it should be executed.

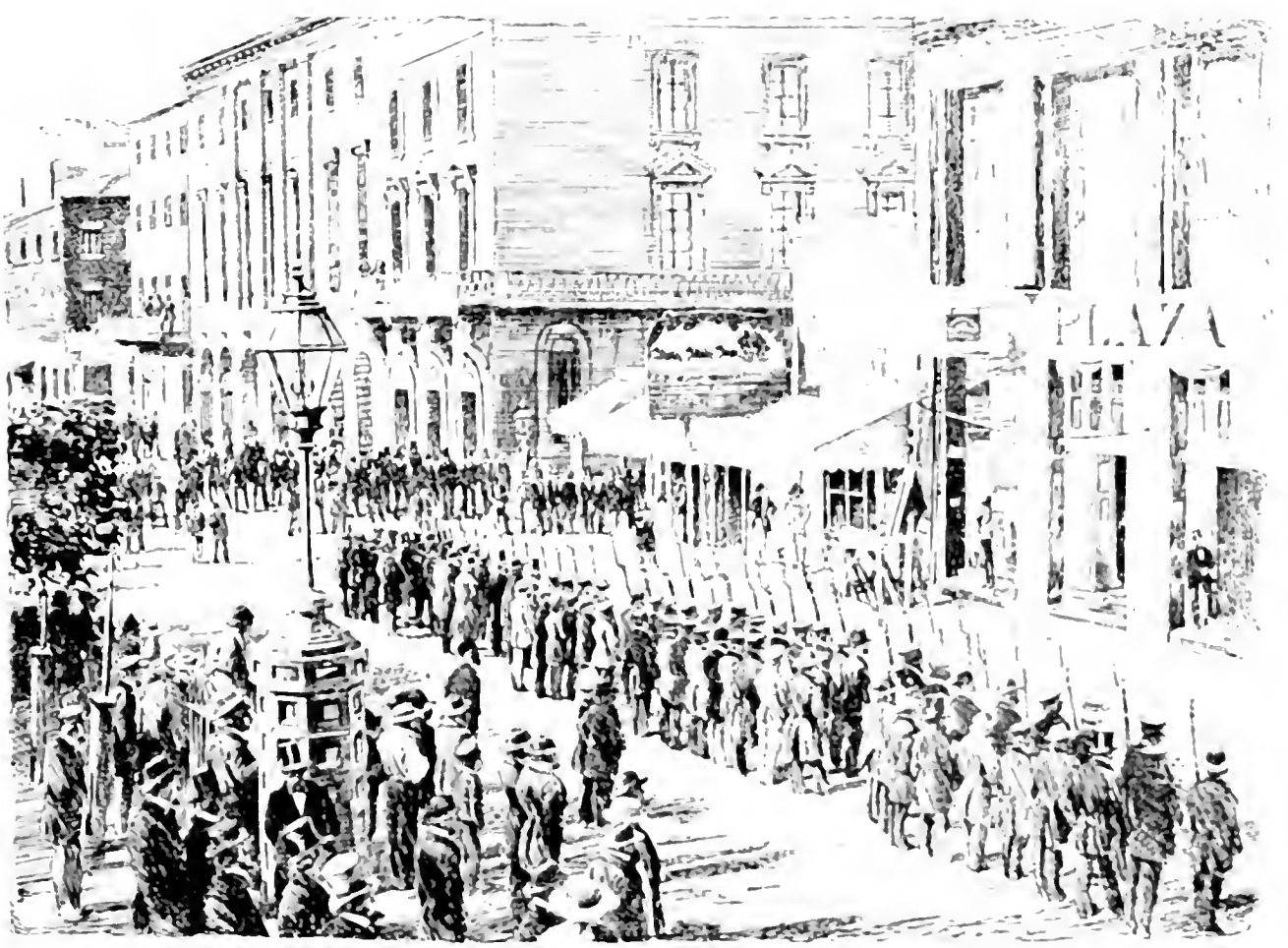
At a meeting of the committee on May 20, three members were delegated to wait on the Governor and on the mayor, and assure them that the committee had no desire or thought of interfering with the regular discharge of their duties, and only desired to take cognizance of outrageous cases of crime and rowdyism which the laws had been tardy in executing or could not reach; that we did not encroach on the regular execution of law or the maintenance of order, and would not, provided the laws were enforced or carried out; but we desired peace and order, and it was that consummation we were aiming at, and we would be pleased to see all legally constituted authorities proceed in civil and criminal cases as though this committee were not in existence. We had not desired and did not desire to encroach on the civil authorities whenever they were properly discharging their duties. Such was the message.

The next important work was the action to be taken with regard to notorious ballot-box stuffers and other desperate characters. They were a curse to the country. Every one admitted it, but no effective action had been taken against them. In many cases they held the polls at election and attacked, maimed, and terrified those voters who were opposed to their friends. If arrested, such was the dread they had inspired, and so great their influence with the courts, that conviction was almost impossible. This immunity from punishment increased

their insolence and violence, and it was evident that no reform could be made while they remained in the State. What was to be done with them? They could not be hanged; they would be a source of expense and trouble; safe and satisfactory imprisonment was plainly impracticable. It was therefore suggested that if, after fair trial, the charges against them were proved, no course would be so satisfactory and safe as banishment, with a warning never again to return under pain of death. This was adopted, and a black-list was made of all these notorious characters. Evidence was collected, and orders were soon given for the arrest of these men wherever they could be found in the State. They were tried, convicted, sentenced, and deported, many of them as first-class passengers, by sailing ships and steamships, at the sole expense of the committee, and in a style far above their deserts; this was not appreciated, but flattered and exalted them to the belief that they were important personages and had suffered great damages, and they brought suits against the committee. Singularly, or perhaps naturally, these suits were only brought by those who were best treated. Those who were shipped in the steerage never brought suits, and were never afterward troublesome.

So rapidly were the remnants of the work before the committee cleared away, that on June 18 a special committee decided that on the 4th of July the General Committee would adjourn, the executive only continuing to meet for needful business. We believed we were far enough along to finish our work speedily; but we were disappointed, for on June 21 there was precipitated upon us the most unexpected and the severest task of the year. Judge Terry of the Supreme Bench of California, a violent, hot-headed man, and an open denouncer of the committee and its efforts, quitted his bench and neglected his duties at Sacramento to come to San Francisco to join in the contest against us. In a quarrel over the possession of arms, Terry plunged his bowie knife into the neck of an officer of the committee named Hopkins, inflicting a wound which at the time was thought to be mortal. This news came like the bursting of a bomb-shell. We saw instantly the magnitude of the new labor and the new responsibility thrown upon us. It was not only to vindicate the committee law, but to punish the presiding judge of the Supreme Court for violence to one of our own people. Orders were at once given and promptly executed for his arrest, and the arrest of all others who were with him.

Our police and military systems were now equal, if not superior, to any on the continent. Within an hour's time we could put in line 5700 men, well armed, equipped, and officered, ready for any service. And let it be noted that all were volunteers, without pay, direct or



A MEETING OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE ON THE PLAZA [illegible]

ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER.

WILLIAM T. COLEMAN.

indirect, for their services, the committee providing only material — arms, munitions, transportation, and commissary. In these ranks were bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, miners, ministers, sailors, soldiers, salaried men, day laborers, and nearly all the men of property. All cheerfully sacrificed every interest for the cause.

Judge Terry was regarded and treated as a high State prisoner. His trial was delayed by the uncertainty of the recovery of Hopkins, and by the efforts of Terry's friends to make a compromise. All these efforts failed, and on June 25 the trial began. It lasted nearly a month —a long, wearisome, unsatisfactory piece of work. Terry was convicted of resistance to and assault upon the officers of the committee, but as the wound inflicted did not prove fatal, and the officer recovered, the usual punishment in the committee's power to inflict not being applicable, it was finally decided to discharge him. And it was resolved that the interests of the State imperatively demanded that he resign his position as judge of the Supreme Court.

While Terry's trial was going on, the committee had handed over to the authorities a number of men arrested for crimes and misdemeanors, and only two prisoners were held— Philander Brace for the murder of Captain West, and Joseph Hetherington for killing Dr. Randall. Both were cold-blooded crimes committed in open daylight, within the city, and demanded the full penalty. The men were tried fairly, sentenced to death, and executed. Thus ended the capital punishment of the Vigilance Committee of 1856.

On August 8, 1856, the Executive Committee decided to close their labors, and on the 18th a great parade of all the members was held, and the active work of the General Committee ended *sine die*, the Executive Committee, however, continuing in session to close up financial and other affairs.

The personnel of the committee were men above the average. They were selected for their worth, integrity, and good standing in the community, and no man was admitted whose record was not clear in these particulars, and if he failed in them he was quietly retired. Politics, creed, nationality, or profession were not considered, not thought of. The largest element of the committee was of northern and western men, chiefly representing the mercantile, manufacturing, and vested interests, but embracing every profession and pursuit. It is estimated that about eighty-five per cent. of the population of the city and State were of the committee, or with it as friends, adherents, and

supporters. The little minority, however, were ever active, persistent, and plucky, and made their numbers count as often as possible. The church, as in all such commotions, advised moderation and good order, and maintained a dignified conservatism.

A comparison shows the coincidences of the work of the Vigilance Committee of 1851, and that of the great committee of 1856. In 1851 four men were hanged for high crimes, all clearly and unmistakably proved. Two of these were taken by surprise parties from the city prison on Sunday morning during church hours, and immediately taken to the committee's headquarters and hanged, their trials and the proofs against them having been previously completed. The other two were held at headquarters, and were more deliberately executed. This committee also banished about thirty bad characters, with notice never to return under penalty of death.

The great committee of 1856 also hanged four men, all clearly guilty, and all convicted of murder in the first degree. Two of these, Casey and Cora, were taken from the same county jail which confined the two taken in 1851. We also banished about thirty.

The chief difference between the work of the two committees arose from the fact that the expatriated of 1851 were mainly ex-convicts from Sydney, while in 1856 more Americans by birth and adoption were sent away, and these were more tainted by political corruption than the others. Another marked difference was that Governor McDougal in 1851 bowed to what he thought was the public will and its demands, and kept faith in his promises not to interfere with the committee, except in form, if he could possibly avoid it; while Governor Johnson in 1856, after making the same promises, was swerved from his purpose and joined in opposing the committee, which greatly increased their labors and their influence, and prolonged their existence. Another point of difference was that in the later organization the reforms needed in the community were far more radical and complete than were those carried into effect by the first committee.

The committee of 1851 completed its work and adjourned within thirty days, and never again convened. The committee of 1856 required three months' service for the entire force, and the executive continued its sessions for a long while thereafter. The committee of 1851 had about 800 members all told; that of 1856 had about 8000 enrolled, with an equal number of active adherents, and earnest friends and supporters.

[1] For further discussion of the San Francisco Vigilance Committees, see H. H. Bancroft's "Chronicles

The conclusion of the Vigilance Committee of 1856 brought a complete revolution, politically, and municipally. At the general election occurring soon after, the old political machine with its retainers was routed; the officials were turned out and put to flight, and most of them ever saw the service again.

A new era followed; the "people" politics swept everything before them, and for a city the delightful novelty of a non-partisan, and economic administration, was continued for about three years. It was a taxation, yet introduced economies and time so radically reduced municipal extravagance, that the total of the city debt outstanding has since then rarely exceeded the amount of a single year's tax levy. No other state nor city debts have since more than doubled in fact practically nominal. The city's total debt on June 30, 1891, was $6,015,000, while the tax valuation for the year is $111,000,000, and the tax to be collected about $3,000,000. No other city in the United States can make such a showing as this.

While a perfectly honest and pure administration was not attained, yet so superior was it to the old, so relatively pure, as to make it seem well-nigh perfect. The reforms of 1856 took deep root, and in their vigor have remained unimpaired to the present day.

The judiciary from that period have done their duty. The people of the country have enjoyed general security of life and property. The political parties are closely balanced, and in San Francisco and the cities generally, since the committee of 1856, partizanship has been largely disregarded.

The credit of the city, State, and people, which before was all uncertain, soon after took a foremost rank, which has since been truly held and maintained.

THE SAFETY COMMITTEE OF 1877.

For twenty-one years the good influence of the great Vigilance Committee endured. Then came a movement in July, 1877, the importance of which has never been appreciated, either in California or elsewhere. It was the direct outgrowth of the railway strikes and socialistic agitation in New York, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and other Eastern cities. At first it was thought to originate in and work out in San Francisco, even though its chief question was treated elsewhere, but on Dennis Mayor Bryant and Chief of Police Kelly, having unmistakable evidences of very serious trouble, called on General McComb, Commander of the State forces, to [illegible] of the Ball's Bluff Company, N. G. C., [illegible] 339-379

to hold his entire force in readiness to support the peace officers. General McComb, fearing that the militia would not be able to cope with a large riotous element, called a public meeting of leading citizens, and asked their organized aid in protecting the city. I was called to the chair, and on motion of Mr. D. O. Mills and by unanimous vote was given charge of the entire movement, with absolute control. I at once appointed Committees on Finance, Arms, and Enrolment, and in a few hours the organization showed a strong force. The work in many respects was a repetition of that of the earlier Vigilance Committees, unhampered by any opposition from within or without. It was found that the larger part of the guns and ammunition in the city had been bought up during the previous week by unknown persons. Governor Irwin came promptly to the city, approved my plans, and supported my movements. Urgent despatches were sent to President Hayes and to the Secretary of War, asking for arms and ammunition from the Benicia Arsenal, and for the presence in San Francisco harbor of the United States vessels at Mare Island Navy Yard. Both requests were promptly complied with, and within twenty-four hours we had 1760 rifles and 500 carbines with ample ammunition, and the next day three war vessels were ready to furnish aid.

The object and intent of our assembly being to reinforce the civil authorities, and in no way to assume any other power than that of a citizen posse under their formal control, it was my duty to provide men at once, and fit them for the service. Rolls of membership were prepared and opened for signature, a pass-word was given, badges marked "Committee of Safety" were ordered to be distributed to the men, and, under a general authority given by the mayor and the chief of police, our members sent on duty were sworn in as special police. It was my specific aim, and I made it my duty, to confine the powers of each member to aiding the police; and in the whole action of the force and patrol I allowed no step to be taken except by direction and request of the peace officers, conveyed through me.

The membership increased rapidly. On the morning of the 24th we established our general headquarters at the large Horticultural Hall, Stockton street, arranged complete telegraphic communications, ordered all forces to rendezvous there, and began the work of military and semi-military organization and discipline. Although it had been my object first to provide arms to cover every necessity, I at the same time determined to dispense with their use as far as possible. I appreciated the difficulties often arising by having military forces in the presence of mobs, and believed they should be employed only as a last resort, when they are needed for actual and *effective* service. This was in harmony, too, with the nature of our call and organization, to act in support of the police and not of the military. I accordingly gave orders for the purchase of six thousand hickory pick-handles, to be shortened, and converted into large police clubs, and to arm every man as a special policeman with clubs and side-arms. I then ordered the entire force into company organizations of one hundred, to select their own officers, and report to me for confirmation. As soon as these were approved, all were ordered under drill, and instructions and general discipline, and kept busily at work within the hall when there was sufficient room, and in the streets adjoining, if room were needed. Before night we had a large and effective force rationed by the Commissary Committee, and we sent out details for active duty, under orders of the chief of police.

An intense feeling existed throughout the city on the night of the 25th, and as the criminal and lawless elements were gathered in crowds and squads in every part of the city, causing much annoyance and fear, I consulted with the chief of police as to the propriety of arresting these people, and keeping them in confinement during the course of the trouble, but we found that the prisons and jails would accommodate only a few, and that there was danger to those already confined there for various offenses. I consulted with the commanders of the vessels of war lying off the city front, and they offered to care for and confine on board their vessels such as might be sent to them, to the number of 1500, and if more, to place them on Goat Island and patrol the island with their small boats. The idle and lawless element, hearing of this movement, and fearing to be gathered in by the police and naval forces, left the city in large numbers, and for days the authorities were in receipt of telegrams calling their attention to the great number of strangers, evidently rough and lawless men, that were reaching the villages and suburbs near San Francisco. Meantime I learned that if these arrests were made, immediate legal action would be taken in behalf of the arrested parties; the *habeas corpus* and jury trials would be brought into play; complications would arise that would give us greater trouble than to meet these forces face to face and treat them effectually on the spot, which would greatly simplify and shorten the work, and render it much more effective than to have this class thus pose as martyrs of deportation.

Hearing that there were more arms in the city than had been reported to me, I caused a careful and reliable survey to be made of the gun-shops, so as to secure control of the arms and munitions against capture by the roughs, and I shipped load after load of material to the men-

of-war in the harbor, together with the guns that were lying in various foundries and chandlers-shops along the city front. In the establishment of Tittle & Keadings I found such a large quantity on storage that I deemed it best not to attempt to move this supply, and therefore, with their consent and approval, I left a heavy guard in and around the building, with several tried and considerate officers in charge, with imperative instructions, in case of attempt to blow up the building.

Tuesday night passed in these general labors of organization and supply, and on Wednesday, the news from the East still continuing alarming, it was decided to effect ward organizations, to divide the forces now enrolling into detachments and squads, well officered, with orders to patrol the city, and to furnish such assistance as the chief of police might from time to time require. Following a general plan of ward organization adopted at a meeting of the Executive Committee, the city was divided into twelve ward districts, company organizations were effected, halls and rendezvous were selected and opened, clubs and arms were supplied under proper requisitions, and telegraphic communication was established and maintained with the ward headquarters and the chief's office; wagons, couriers, and rations were supplied, and on Wednesday night, as shown by our records and despatches, an average active force of 1500 members was on duty in outside patrol, or awaiting, as reserves, the call of the chief of police at the headquarters, while under this effective organization a total available force of 5438 members could have been rallied in an hour by general alarm.

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights a feeling of fear was general in the city. Much of the information was received through the chief of police, and as such reports of disorder were communicated to me or my adjutant, we either sent telegraphic orders to ward commanders to act, or despatched strong bodies of men from the main hall to the scene of action.

The first danger feared was fire; and the second, the gathering of excited crowds which might be arrayed against the police at any moment. It was clear that general excitement pervaded all classes, and the most careful officials and prominent citizens made frequent reports to me of alarming occurrences or suspicious matters during these three days. From the fact that the criminal classes were in motion, that secret meetings were held, that political agitation was attempted, and that many alarms of fire were sounded, together with the continual calls of the chief of police for detachments — from all these I am assured that the good work of the committee checked the violent elements and allowed them [illegible] ... large force ready to quell ... In our probationary quarters the police ... matter prevented lawless ... patrol, especially in the more ... of the town. The city force ... number, numbering nearly three hundred men, patrolled on Thursday and Friday nights the principal portion of the city ... streets. The main ... police ... upon ports along the ... suggested protection against ... many thefts had been ... the Pacific Mail Steamship ... generously offered to cruise ... with his steam yacht ... and two other craft. Crews of ... men on board these vessels rendered valuable service.

On Friday night we supported the police in the largest and severest engagement of the campaign. We were informed of the enemy's movements, including a proposed attack on our headquarters and barracks. The main attack was designed against the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's properties, because of its connection with the Chinese immigration. It began by firing the large lumber yards and surrounding combustible material. The attacking force was large. The firemen and [illegible] were soon in action with all the available police; our forces numbering seven hundred men, arrived soon after, on a double ... in good order. The engagement became general and was stubbornly contested for about two hours, at the end of which time the united forces had routed the rioters in every quarter. Our men displayed coolness, discipline, and courage throughout. Our success was complete, and by midnight the city was quiet and safe. The next day showed the general demoralization and discouragement of the lawless element; they were subdued, and the backbone of their movement was broken.

On Saturday, the 28th, we withdrew our forces from active duty, and by mutual arrangement General McComb took charge of the city and policed the city with the National Guard. Only slight disturbances occurred during the day, and the night passed quietly. Sunday proved peaceful and restful, a great boon to our citizens. The storm had passed and the calm was reassuring. The chief of police advised me that he was ... and could ... take care of the city.

Within two days from the first call we had organized, armed, gone through successful action, completed our undertaking, established peace, order, and security; and, as the signs of the dangers which had called us out were now passed, we resolved that the returning quiet

should see us relinquish our extraordinary powers and public position. The committee determined to adjourn, but not to disband. The executive commander issued a general order.

The retirement of this large force was accomplished as speedily and as quietly as its organization. The headquarters only were retained, and all members advised to be ready to respond to call by messenger or tap of bell. As to our membership the result proved that the Executive Committee, their officers, and the great mass of men enrolled were moved by an unselfish devotion to public duty, and faithfully and intelligently wrought out the problem we had to solve. Their services were entirely voluntary, a generous offering, without a penny's pay or other moneyed compensation. They deemed it their high privilege and their imperative duty as Americans to give promptly their physical, moral, and financial aid as tributes for the maintenance of peace and good order; and all this being assured, they returned quietly to their families and their business.

In the history of California since it became American territory, the Vigilance Committees of 1851 and 1856 and the Safety Committee of 1877 are very important moral movements.

The Vigilance Committee was a new departure in the jurisprudence of the world. It may be called a compromise between the regular course of law, and the action of the people without regard to officers of the law. It was seizing upon the forces of a mob, arresting them in their mad course, harnessing them quietly, and utilizing their powers in regular form, systematically, coolly, and deliberately. It was a demonstration that had never before been made, and it was left to California to make it — while the law was lying dormant on the one hand, and trampled down and disgraced on the other, the people — the power of all government in our system — determined to execute in legal form what their servants had neglected or ignored. While they loved and revered the law, respected, upheld, and applauded its faithful servants, they contemned the faltering, and scorned the false and faithless administrators. In 1851 it cleared the country of Sydney ex-convicts and all the worst elements of the criminal classes. In 1856 it saved San Francisco from the rule of a mob of political outcasts, ballot-box stuffers, and a recent immigration of other criminals. In 1877, in the same place, the same people under different conditions, and yet in some regards similar, finding danger from much the same elements, but on a more formidable scale, determined to act under the law. The State government was in better hands than in 1851 and 1856; the city government was in better hands; the country generally was in better condition. The influence of the Vigilance Committee of 1856 had continued and prevailed all the time. The ethics of the State were of a higher order than at the earlier date. The early experiences were valuable to individuals as well as to the masses, and when called up for self-government the people again demonstrated a capacity that has few parallels.

The men acting in 1877 believed and still believe, and acted with confidence on the proposition, that of all people in the world Americans are best fitted for self-government; that of all portions of the United States, California was the best fitted: first, because of the general character of the people that constituted the State from 1848; next, because of the value of the experiences of those people, coming from every State of the Union and from every foreign country, and developing here independence of action and thought. Moved always, as much as people can be in ordinary conditions of life, by a spirit of patriotism, unselfishness, and general intelligence, they harmonized and formed a composition of character and citizenship remarkable for breadth and strength. Unhampered by old local influences and free to act on their own judgment, they had the courage to carry out whatever they conceived to be right. This action has been appreciated, not only in California, but in other parts of the world where it has gradually worked its way from doubt and dislike to cheerful acceptance.

The agitation and disturbances of 1877, beginning outside of the State and afterward reaching San Francisco, begot the Safety Committee, the younger sister of the Vigilance Committees, in whose name and under whose banner the people of California sprang at once to the support of the government in the maintenance of peace and the punishment of crime with a promptness, decision, intelligence, and cool determination rarely equaled and never excelled. The citizens gladly accepted the opportunities to avoid independent action, such as had been previously forced upon them, and enrolled themselves as State troops and as city forces in the regular way; that is, they would be volunteers for a short campaign, sub-militia, or special police, under the regular authorities.

The people of the world know little of this movement, and even in California many have not held this matter in the esteem to which it is entitled. The late difficulties in New Orleans exemplified and illustrated, however, the estimation in which these works of the Vigilance Committees and the Safety Committee are really held by the country at large, because these organizations held the power of peace in their hands: the first without the continuous ap-

proval and in opposition to the State and city government, the second entirely in harmony with them. All showed to the world that the same people have done much the same work — stepped forward and restored a disturbed order, and then retired without claiming anything and without wanting anything, except peace and its good results. It was seen that these efforts left no political hook, no mortal damage, and practically no legal difficulties; that they did not demoralize communities, that so far from fostering a spirit of mobocracy they have in California obliterated mobocracy and mobocratic feeling. The mob spirit in San Francisco has not been known in thirty years, except the effort in 1877, which was stifled in the beginning. The people of California are ready and prepared to organize and form military forces, if necessary, to meet a mob and crush it, and if the civil authorities are not sufficiently active, they will furnish the power to supply their place.

Referring to the recent lynching at New Orleans, there surely was ample excuse for prompt and severe action, but the mode adopted was frightfully at fault. Californians must forgive it, tacitly pass it by, but it is with regret and not with approval. Under the same influences and circumstances, the people in California would have met as they did in New Orleans, under the impulse that moved them; but they would have organized in full force, and in military form if necessary; they would have taken quarters, formed a court, appointed a judge, and selected a jury of good men; called for evidence in the case that had been before the regular tribunals, analyzed it carefully, put on trial the people who had been discharged by the perjured jury, given the accused good counsel, the benefit of all doubts that occurred; and finally, with deliberation and in regular form, would have executed those whom they found guilty. Those entitled to the least doubt would have been discharged. Had it required 500 men in this organization, or 2,000, they would have been found ready for the work. For execution, California forms would have been carried out. The criminal would have been allowed time to arrange their worldly affairs, and the benefit of clergy. The execution would have been carried out with gravity, deliberation, and firmness, securing thereby a moral as well as a legal triumph, which is all lost by the wild, stormy, heedless action of a mob. The rule of the leaders of the California Vigilance Committees was that it was better for a thousand guilty men to escape than that one innocent man should suffer.

It is to be feared that even the qualified approval of the New Orleans affair may encourage hasty people in other quarters and in other cases to adopt the mode of the New Orleans incident; whereas the Californians insisted on the great duty and virtue of giving time for reflection and examination. A moment of deliberation does many things that in cooler moments of the next day be wonderfully changed. Not one of the Committee executed [illegible] of Jenkins, who was [illegible] by a [illegible] hammer. Every one who [illegible] anything was given an opportunity to [illegible] time was given to [illegible] as to all pleas of justification [illegible] The New Orleans [illegible] was [illegible] tion that could be made [illegible] but the work of the California Vigilance Committees could not, because they were men who could govern themselves as well as others — men determined to do right and to submit to nothing but the right.

God forbid we should have another vigilance or safety committee. The people of California do not want them. Those who organized and conducted the events here set forth as fully appreciate the undesirability of all such proceedings as any one else can. Certainly they would never appeal to them nor encourage or appeal to them except as a last resort in dire necessity. If the delegated officers of law do their duty, neither will be needed, and mob will be known in history only. But so long as our systems, as now, cursed with the harassing delays of law, new trials, endless technical appeals, hung juries and unprovoked perjury, and delay defeat justice, hope is liable to lapse into despair, and serious danger to follow. The extent of the dangers no one can measure. The agencies employed, the people brought into action, the circumstances surrounding them, may produce results far less satisfactory than those that took to the law of the people of California.

The safety of person and property in California, young as the State is, covering a large area of territory, and sparsely populated, [illegible] a record that is hardly to be found elsewhere. The greatest satisfaction, however, given to Californians was that they in fact disproved the assertion often made that the Vigilance Committee was mobocratic [illegible] Californians necessarily acted in an extraordinary manner. The State authorities by their course in 1877 really adopted and approved the work of 1856. They gladly embraced the opportunity to bring the same people and the same influences to work under the laws of the State. This shows to other communities that with proper regulation and precaution the management the citizens of New Orleans entrusted to committees may be relied upon to maintain peace and good order, if the State authorities have the breadth and good judgment to incorporate the people as active aids in great crises instead of

doubting them and trying to do without them. The grand result of such a policy is that every good citizen may consider himself a part of the practical workings of the machinery of the State; he may be at his bench, his plow, or his desk, ready to stop and turn his hand to the service of the State, if only for a day. I regard this as one of the great strongholds of self-government, a source of incalculable strength to Americans.

William T. Coleman.

[In an early number of THE CENTURY will appear a series of letters by General W. T. Sherman, written from San Francisco in 1856, and setting forth his relations to the committee of that year and his reasons for opposing its work.— EDITOR.]

SEAL OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Lowell's Legacy to his Country.

IT is Man who is sacred, it is his duties and opportunities, not his rights, that nowadays need reinforcement. It is honor, justice, culture, that make liberty invaluable, else worse than worthless, if it mean only freedom to be base and brutal.

THESE golden words, taken from the letter of Lowell now first printed in another column of THE CENTURY, are as level to the needs and the duty of this very hour as they were to those of the moment when they left the poet's pen. This whole letter was written in pain and indignation — the pain of the true patriot, the indignation of the just and far-seeing citizen. It is written with the same fire that inspired the "Biglow Papers" on the one hand and the "Commemoration Ode" on the other. Looking back through all the praise that fills the air above the grave of the poet, it seems amazing that he could have been once so misunderstood and maligned for actions consistent with his entire career,— actions which only proved anew the wise and unfailing patriotism of the man,— a patriotism which is one of the principal causes of his fame, as it is the chief reason for the love in which he is held by his countrymen.

Lowell's legacy as a poet is great, but not greater than his legacy as a patriot. The true patriot does not love his country, labor and suffer for it, simply because he happened to be born in it,— that would be the infatuation of the egotist; but because, *being* born in it, his duty and pleasure are to help on all human progress by helping on first the progress of the land to which he belongs. This is Lowell's legacy as a patriot,— not the sentiment "My country, right or wrong," but "My country — it shall never be wrong if I can help it!" The true patriot is not the one who says it is *my* country, and *its* institutions, that are sacred; but who says, with Lowell, "It is Man who is sacred." The citizen who holds to this sacredness of humanity will be the most useful in securing institutions and a country whose services to humanity will make *them* also sacred in his own heart, and in the hearts of all good men.

Michigan's "Wild-cat" Banks.

THE history of Michigan's "wild-cat" banking experience, while not so applicable to present financial discussion as other cheap-money experiments which we have cited in previous numbers of THE CENTURY, is nevertheless instructive for two reasons: first, because it was an attempt to make "hard times" easier by unlimited issues of irredeemable paper money, and second, because the money so issued was based largely on land as security. For these reasons it has seemed to us worth while to recall it at the present time.

Michigan became a State in January, 1837. Almost the first act of her State legislature was the passage of a general banking law under which any ten or more freeholders of any county might organize themselves into a corporation for the transaction of banking business. Of the nominal capital of a bank only ten per cent. in specie was required to be paid when subscriptions to the stock were made, and twenty per cent. additional in specie when the bank began business. For the further security of the notes which were to be issued as currency, the stockholders were to give first mortgages upon real estate, to be estimated at its cash value by at least three county officers, the mortgages to be filed with the auditor-general of the State. A bank commissioner was appointed to superintend the organization of the banks, and to attest the legality of their proceedings to the auditor-general, who, upon receiving such attestation, was to deliver to the banks circulating notes amounting to two and a half times the capital certified to as having been paid in.

This law was passed in obedience to a popular cry that the banking business had become an "odious monopoly" that ought to be broken up. Its design was to "introduce free competition into what was considered a profitable branch of business heretofore monopolized by a few favored corporations." Anybody was to be given fair opportunities for entering the business on equal terms with everybody else. The act

RÉSUMÉ OF FRÉMONT'S EXPEDITIONS.

A FULL account of the five exploring expeditions of John C. Frémont would form almost a complete history of the great West during that time—from June, 1842, to February, 1854. The three earlier expeditions were made at the expense and under the direction of the Government. The two later ones were private ventures—principally at the expense of Frémont's father-in-law, Thomas H. Benton, and himself.[1]

The first expedition left Choteau's Landing, near the site of Kansas City, on June 10, 1842. The party consisted of twenty-eight members, with Frémont in command, Charles Preuss, topographical engineer, Lucien Maxwell, hunter, and Kit Carson, guide. It was accompanied by Henry Brant, a son of Colonel J. H. Brant, of St. Louis, and Randolph Benton, Frémont's brother-in-law, a boy of twelve. The remainder of the party, twenty-two in number, were principally Creole or Canadian *voyageurs*.[2] The party was well armed and mounted, with the exception of the eight cart-drivers. For some distance the expedition followed very nearly the route taken by the first emigrant train, of which General Bidwell was a member, and, like them, met vast herds of buffaloes and other game.

This route followed the general line of the Kansas and Platte rivers, and for forty miles beyond the junction of the North and South forks of the Platte it kept close to the latter. At this point the party separated, Frémont with five men continuing along the South Fork, while the others struck across country to the North Fork, and, resuming the emigrant route, passed by Scott's Bluff, Chimney Rock, and other landmarks. At Fort Laramie they were reunited early in July. Every obstruction was thrown in the way of their advance. The trappers, under the well-known mountaineer, Jim Bridger, warned them against the danger of proceeding; and the Indians at Fort Laramie threatened them with destruction if they insisted upon advancing. But warnings and threats alike failed. In a council held at Fort Laramie Frémont announced his intention of pressing on in pursuance of his original plans.

On the 28th of July it was decided that the party should conceal its *impedimenta* and push forward in light marching order.

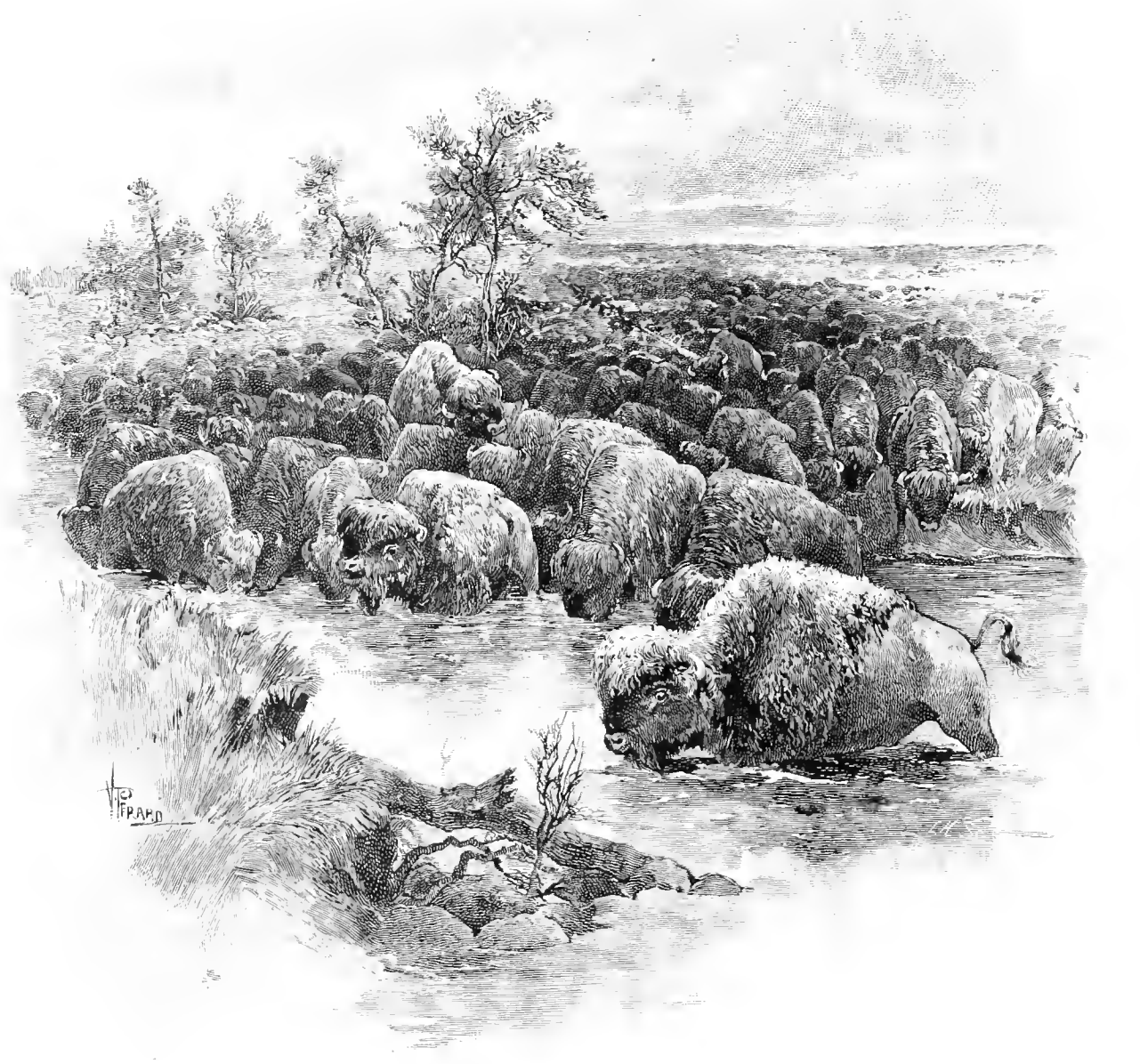
The Rocky Mountains were crossed at South Pass on the 8th of August, and the party then struck northward, now for the first time traveling over untrodden ground. After many adventures and much hardship they reached the Wind River Mountains; the highest peak, named, after the first man to make the ascent, Frémont's Peak, was scaled, and the American flag planted upon its summit. This mountain, perhaps the loftiest in the Rocky Mountain system, is 13,570 feet in height. From this point the party returned by way of the Nebraska River, reaching St. Louis on the 17th of October.

The second expedition started in the spring of 1843. Frémont received instructions to con-

[1] For map of routes see "The First Emigrant Train to California," THE CENTURY for November, 1890.

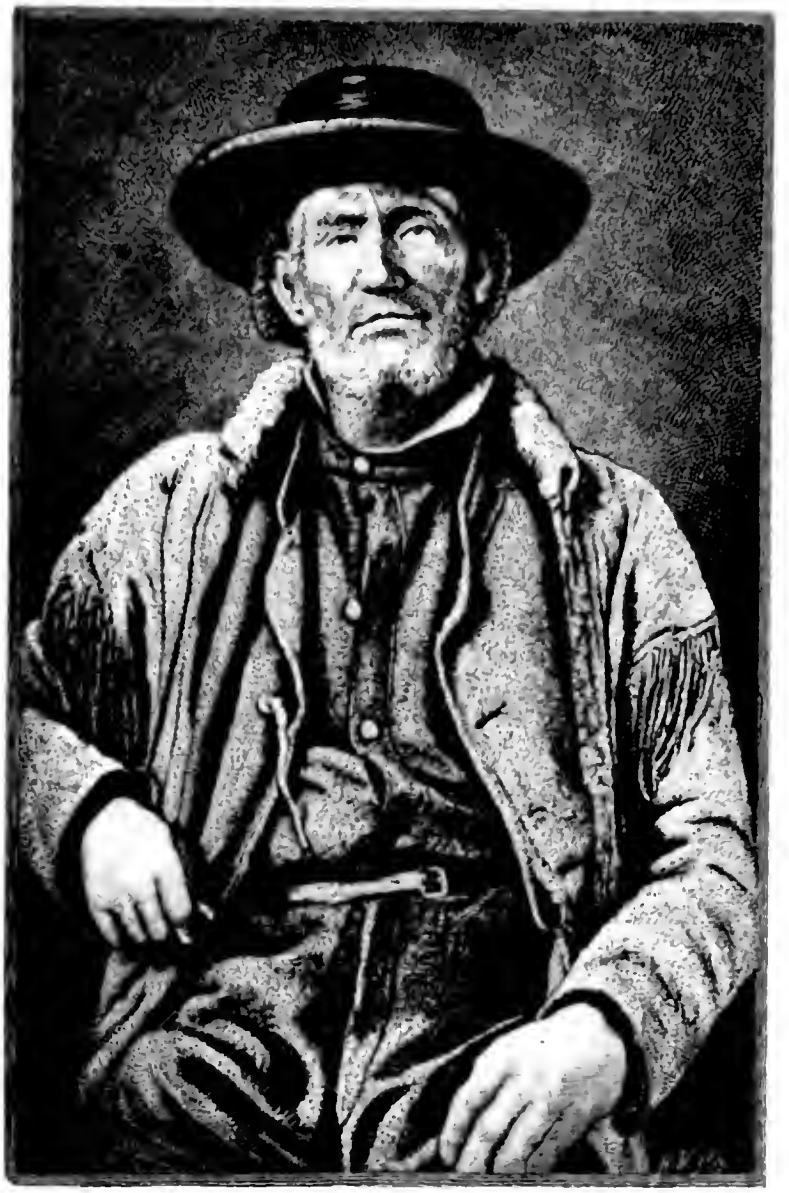
[2] These were: Clement Lambert, J. B. L'Esperance, J. B. Lefevre, Benjamin Petra, Moise Charbonnais, Auguste Janisse, Raphael Proue, Louis Gouin, J. B. Dumé, Basil Lajeunesse, Denis de Dumay, Benjamin Cadotte, Joseph Clement, Daniel Saunels, Leonard Benoy, Michel Morly, Baptiste Bernier, Honore Ayot, Dorgan Dorion, Francis Badeau, Louis Menard, Joseph Rivelle.

nect his explorations of 1842 with the surveys of Commander Wilkes on the Pacific coast. There were thirty-nine men in the party. Mr. Preuss was again topographical engineer; Thomas Fitzpatrick was guide. Theodore Talbot and Frederick Dwight joined the party for personal reasons. These with thirty-two white men, a free colored man, Jacob Dodson, and two Delaware Indians, completed the number.



A HERD OF BUFFALOES AT THE PLATTE.

The preparations for departure being completed, on the 29th of May the party set out, following the general direction taken by the first expedition but farther to the south, crossing the two forks of the Kansas and reaching Fort St. Vrain on the Fourth of July. Instead of turning directly north to Fort Laramie, as he had done in 1842, Frémont took a westerly course. On the 14th, at the point where the Boiling Spring River enters the Arkansas, the party were delighted to meet Kit Carson, and to secure his services as guide. Several parties had been sent out to secure supplies. Failing in this, they returned to Fort St. Vrain. At this point Alexis Godey was engaged as hunter. Frémont says, "In courage and professional skill he was a formidable rival to Carson." Going through the Medicine Butte Pass, following the Platte and the Sweetwater, they crossed the South Pass and struck directly westward to the Bear River, which, flowing in a southerly direction, empties into Great Salt Lake. After some exploration of its northern end, on the 18th of September the party were again united at Fort Hall on the Shoshone, and preparations were made to push on to the Columbia. The cold and the scarcity of provisions decided Frémont to send back a number of the men who had so far accompanied him. Eleven men, among them Basil



JIM BRIDGER, SCOUT AND TRAPPER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARTER.)

Lajeunesse, who was an extremely valuable man, returned, for one reason or another, to their homes. The remnant of the party pushed on, following the course of the Snake River to Walla Walla. On the 4th of November they passed the Dalles of the Columbia, and a few days later reached Fort Vancouver. A number of excursions in the vicinity brought into view the snow-covered peaks of Mount Rainier (Mount Tacoma), Mount St. Helen's, and Mount Hood. On the 25th of November the party began its homeward trip, which was accomplished by a wide southerly sweep, and through much privation, danger, and suffering. The path lay first down through Oregon and California, over the snowy passes of the Sierra Nevada, by the waters of the Sacramento to Sutter's Fort. The experiences of travel on the snow-covered mountains, through which their way had to be broken, were terrible. Worn out, sometimes crazed by exposure and suffering, one man after another would wander off and get lost, and the strength of the rest, which was weakness at best, would be taxed to hunt up the wanderers. At last the stragglers were all gathered in except Baptiste Derosier, who was given up for lost, but who turned up two years later in St Louis.

This expedition through the great valley lying between the Rockies on the east and the Sierra Nevada on the west opened up a country unknown except to Indians and trappers, and disproved the idea, which had hitherto been accepted as fact, that a great waterway led directly westward through the Sierra to the Pacific coast. After an excursion to San Francisco the route southward was resumed, along the direction of the coast and about one hundred miles east of it, to a point not far from Los Angeles, then curving up and proceeding due northeasterly and then northerly till Great Salt Lake was again reached at its southern extremity. This great reëntrant curve of three thousand five hundred miles was traveled over in eight months, during the severities of a winter in the mountains and

VIEW OF THE DRY BED OF THE SOUTH FORK OF THE PLATTE (1890).

never once out of sight of snow. During these eight months no word had come back to the East from the party, and grave fears were entertained for their safety.

The third and last Government expedition set out in the autumn of 1845. The object in view was to follow up the Arkansas River to its source in the Rocky Mountains, to complete the exploration of Great Salt Lake, and to extend the survey westward and southwestward to the Cascades and the Sierra Nevada, in order to ascertain the best route by which to reach the Pacific coast in this lower latitude. Matters were in a very unsettled condition; the Mexican war was impending, and trouble was brooding over our southwestern possessions. Before going on this expedition Frémont was brevetted lieutenant and captain at the same time.

Bent's Fort was reached as expeditiously as possible, since the real object of the exploration lay beyond the Rockies, and the winter was fast approaching. The *personnel* of the party it is difficult to find. Edward Kern took the place of Mr. Preuss as topographer; he was also a valuable acquisition to the party because of his artistic ability. Lieutenants Abert and Peck were under Frémont's command. Jacob Dodson, the colored man who accompanied the second expedition, and a Chinook Indian who had gone back to Washington with Frémont, and two gentlemen, James McDowell and Theodore Talbot, accompanied the expedition. Fitzpatrick again served as guide and Hatcher as hunter. Later they were joined by Alexis Godey, Kit Carson, and Richard Owens, three men who, under Napoleon, says Frémont, would have been made marshals because of their cool courage, keenness, and resolution. When they set out from Bent's Fort the party numbered sixty members, many of them Frémont's old companions. After a short and easy journey they reached the southern end of Great Salt Lake, and spent two weeks exploring it and fixing certain points. Then they struck out in a westerly direction, across the dreary, barren desert west of Great Salt Lake to the foot of the Sierra, by way of the Humboldt River. When the party, after following two routes, met again at Walker's Lake, Frémont found his men too worn and exhausted and the stock of provisions too low to think of trying to cross the mountains together, so the party was again divided. Frémont with fifteen picked men undertook to cross the mountains, get relief at Sutter's, and meet the other and weaker party. These he ordered to go southward, skirting the eastern base of the Sierra till a warmer climate and more open passes were found, and to meet him at an appointed place. In ten days Frémont reached Sutter's Fort, laid in his supplies of cattle, horses, and provisions, and proceeded to the appointed place, but no signs of Talbot's party were to be seen. Owing to a mistake each party went to a different place. Both halted, and turned about, hoping to effect a junction, but to no purpose. Frémont suffered severely from the attacks of hostile Indians. Finally each party found its way separately to the California settlements. Then followed a conflict concerning which there is much controversy. Frémont was compelled by the Mex-

ALEXIS GODEY.
(FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE LENT BY H. B. EDWARDS.)

FREMONT'S ADDRESS TO THE INDIANS AT FORT LARAMIE.

ican governor to retire to Oregon. After serious conflicts with the Klamath Indians he returned to take part in the Bear Flag insurrection, which was the occasion of the conquest of the territory. [See this magazine for September, 1890, p. 792, and February, 1891, p. 518, for details, and also "Californiana" in the present number.] A difference as to precedence arose between Commodore Stockton of the naval and General Kearney of the land forces. Frémont chose to serve under Stockton, as it was from him in the first instance, before Kearney arrived, that he had received his orders. He was court-martialed for mutiny and disobedience to his superior officer, and was found guilty, but was pardoned in consideration of his distinguished services to his country. Feeling that the verdict was unjust, he threw up his commission, and so ended the last Government expedition.

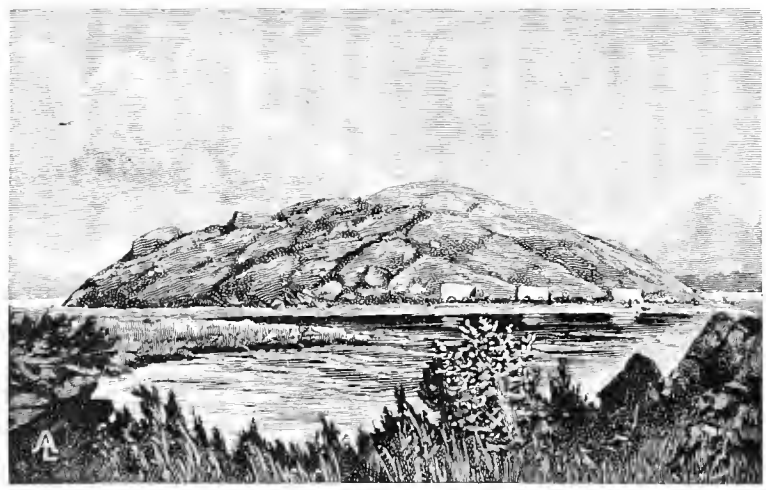
LARAMIE PEAK, FROM ONE OF THE OLD MOUNTAIN TRAILS.

The fourth expedition was a private venture made at Frémont's own risk and that of Senator Benton. The party followed for some distance the route along the Kansas, turning southward at the junction of the two forks, and striking across to the Arkansas, and so on as far as Bent's Fort. On November 25, 1848, the party, thirty-two in number, left the upper pueblo of the Arkansas with one hundred good mules and ample provision for crossing the St. John's Mountains, part of the Rocky Mountain system. They had for guide a well-known mountaineer, Bill Williams, but he proved a blind leader of the blind. Instead of finding a pass, he led the party over the top of the highest mountains, where there was no pasturage and where they were exposed to intense suffering and toil and terrible loss of life: every mule and horse, and one-third of the men, perished from starvation or freezing. A full account is given in this number of THE CENTURY from the diary of one of the members of the party, the late William McGehee of Mississippi. In one instance the men in their extremity fed on the dead bodies of their companions. The rescued remnant of the party moved southward to Taos, and so by a more southerly route to California. The addition made to geographical knowledge by this disastrous expedition was not great. Frémont believed that if they had not been misled by their guide he would have discovered the best route to California.

In March, 1852, an appropriation was made by the Government for further surveys of the great western routes. A highway and railroad were growing more and more necessary since the acquisition of California. Frémont, on the strength of this, determined to prove his belief about the central route which he had so disastrously failed to find on his fourth expedition. In August, 1853, he set out on his last expedi-

tion. The names of this party are not given in full. The artist was S. N. Carvalho, the topographer Mr. Eglostein, and Oliver Fuller of St. Louis accompanied the party. From what is said in the account of the expedition, it seems there were also ten white men and ten Delaware Indians. After two weeks' detention in consequence of Frémont's illness, the party was again set in motion. It crossed the Rockies at Cochetopa Pass, not far above the scene of the terrible suffering in the preceding exploration. For a time it seemed as though the experiences of the fourth expedition were going to be repeated. Provisions became very scarce, and at last failed entirely, and then the explorers began to kill and devour their horses. Colonel Fremont called his men together and made them take a solemn oath never to resort to cannibalism, no matter what extremities they might reach. Times grew worse; they were reduced to living upon the hides, entrails, and burned bones of their horses. By these and by a certain variety of cactus which they occasionally were able to get from under the snow, life was sustained. In this way the party of twenty-two lived for fifty days, tramping through the snow with Frémont at their head treading out a pathway for his men. At last the entire party became barefoot. On February 1 Mr. Fuller gave out. The snow was very deep; his feet were severely frozen, and he found it impossible to advance. He was put upon one of the remaining horses and the men divided their miserable pittances of rations to increase his. Almost in sight of succor he died,—in Frémont's words,—"like a man, on horseback in his saddle, and we buried him like a soldier on the spot where he fell." Frémont, in the words of Benton, "went straight to the spot where the guide had gone astray, followed the course described by the mountain men, and found safe and easy passes all the way to California through a good country and

upon the straight line of 38° and 39°." It probably did not seem such a "safe and easy" thing to the starving and half-frozen men during those fifty days of anguish. At last, after they had been forty-eight hours without a morsel of food, relief came to the party.



INDEPENDENCE ROCK, SWEETWATER RIVER.

Something of the practical value of these explorations may be inferred from the fact that the great railroads connecting East and West lie in large measure through the country explored by Frémont, sometimes in the very lines he followed; and this is equally true of the highways.

The winter of this last exploration was exceptionally severe; and since the point Frémont wished to demonstrate was the practicability of this route in winter, the season was peculiarly favorable.

M. N. O.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FRÉMONT EXPLORATIONS.

LONG before the words carried their meaning I was familiar with "Oregon occupation" and the "India trade." They connected themselves with big English law-books in my father's library, whose Hogarth-like pictures were a delight to my childhood when there were no picture-books made for children. Many a pleased hour I puzzled over these in that sunny library where I was free to come on condition that I would be "as quiet as a mouse." One of these illustrations, together with my father's many and patient explanations tempered to a child's mind, gave me some ideas which have never faded, but, emerging from childish imaginings and confusings, became strangely interwoven into the very substance of my real life. This favorite picture was that scene of which Macaulay has made so vivid a word-painting, the "Impeachment of Warren Hastings." It became an endless theme between my father and myself, and through it from him came my earliest impressions of India and Oriental life, and of England's power — her love of justice as well as her love of gain; her daring conquests, and her crushing mastery of a race that were to me then the people of the Arabian Nights, only more warlike, and more splendid. The peacock throne of gold and gems seemed as real to me as the living peacocks that at sunset spread their feathers and screamed on the lawn at my grandfather's house in Virginia. And on the long gallery of our own home in St. Louis, where in the pleasant way of the old French town much life went on in the open air, again England was a household theme. For the British Fur Company, its enmity to the American Fur Company, its harassing opposition to Americans settling in Oregon, were matters of personal interest and necessary consideration to those meeting there.

Chief of the unusual figures frequenting that tree-shaded gallery was the stately and venerable General William Clark, who was ending his

THOMAS H. BENTON.
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY LEHMAN & DUVAL, AFTER A DRAWING BY — PENDLETON,
OWNED BY GENERAL F. P. BLAIR.

honorable days in St. Louis, where he held superintendency over all the Indians of the West. He who had first explored the Columbia to the Pacific, and carried through Jefferson's once defeated plan, was, of right, chief of this informal council. There met the heads of the fur trade — the many Chouteaus, and Ramsay Crooks, who brought Washington Irving when he was collecting material for his "Astoria." At times came picturesque Mexican merchants in gold-embroidered velvet riding dress and great ringing silver spurs; waiting under the shade of our old trees were their horses glittering with silver-mounted saddles and trappings. Nobody walked. There waited also horses with military saddles belonging to officers up from Jefferson Barracks, their riders, in well-worn uniforms and with thinned, sunburned faces, freshly in from prairie chase and sharp skirmish with Black Hawk and his turbulent Indians — these too kept in enmity by the opposing British Fur Company. Black-robed Italian and Belgian dignitaries of the Catholic Church, keeping to their traditions as pioneer travelers, would bring some humble, devoted missionary priest who had his tale to tell and his valuable addition to make to the little known geography of plain and mountain. Wiry French *voyageurs* in their fringed buckskins, keen-witted and light of heart; and wealthy citizens, Spanish, French, and American, interested in the trade which, crossing Mexico, stretched to the "Sea of Cortez," as the Gulf of California was still called, met there in council, all animated by a common purpose to free our way westward.

Year after year this small but forceful council met with my father in the vacations of Congress, and he carried up to their friends in Washington the knowledge gained among them as an impelling force towards our more energetic occupation of Oregon. In this interest he had visited Mr. Jefferson in his mountain home in Virginia, and gained deeper insight and further purpose from the mind to which we owe our expansion westward.

When in 1840 there came to Washington M. Nicollet, a French *savant* and traveler, and Mr. Fremont, who had been with him on the northwestern geographical surveys, it was of keenest interest to my father to know them, and to follow their travels on their maps in course of construction. This resulted in Mr. Fremont's becoming a part in his long-cherished work for the occupation of Oregon. Now, to his own accumulated knowledge and

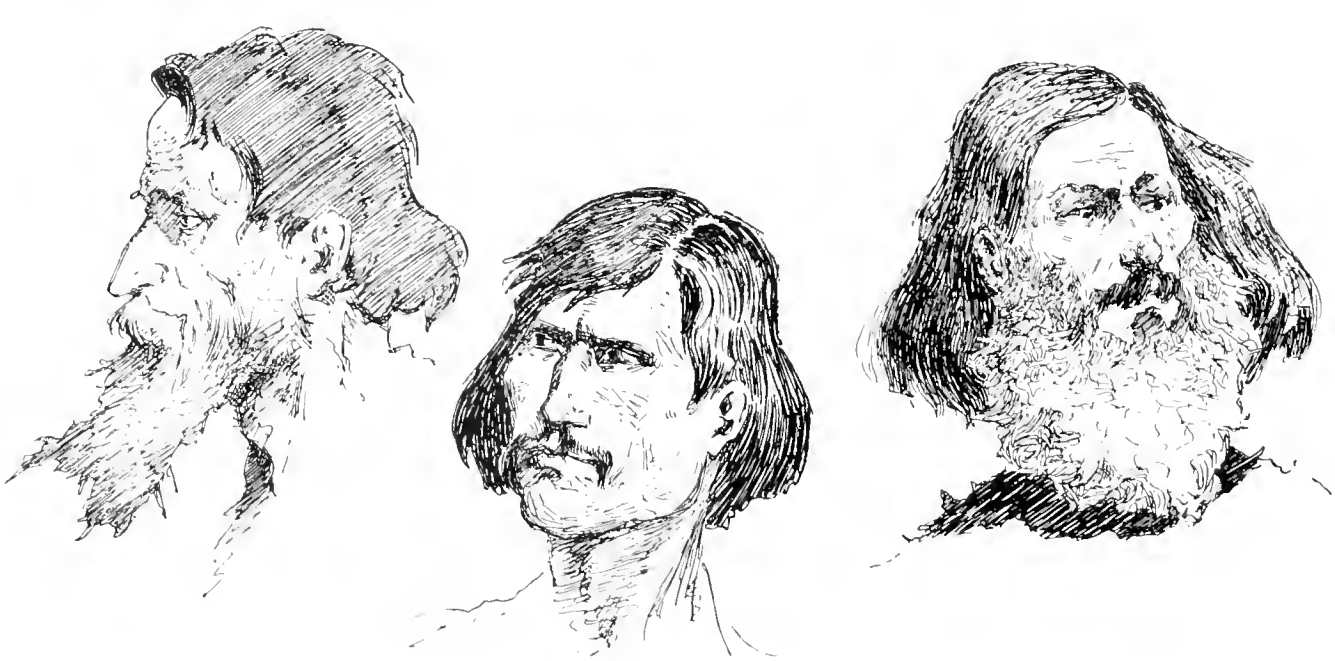
the increasing public interest and political reasons, could be joined the experience and love of adventurous travel, the youth and proved endurance, such as Jefferson so long before had secured for Oregon exploration in the traveler Ledyard. And to this was soon added personal and family identity in work and aim, for I by my marriage had become their connecting link.

It would have needed only a request from my father to obtain for Mr. Frémont duty which should keep him in Washington in place of the long absences and dangers of these expeditions; but self-renunciation lies at the root of great work, and this was to be my part in being of use to my father; so that it was but a few months after my marriage that the first of the planned series of expeditions (that of 1842) was in the field. As that proved successful and of sudden and large interest to the country, the second (that of 1843–44) was started off without delay.

The winter of 1842–43 had been used to make out the maps and write the report. In this I was secretary and amanuensis, and had full knowledge of the large scope and national importance of these journeys — a knowledge as yet strictly confined to the few carrying out their aim. Even to the Secretary of War, and to Mr. Frémont's immediate commander, the colonel of the Topographical Engineers, they were only geographical surveys to determine lines of travel. This, the second, was to connect with the survey of the bay of San Francisco made by Captain Wilkes, U. S. N.

President Harrison, being both a Western man and a soldier, would have been friendly to their larger aim, but his death reversed this. Events justified the wisdom of silence until the fast-coming hour. War with Mexico was nearing, and in that event the ownership of the bay of San Francisco would be open to the chances of war.

In the month of March, 1843, I accompanied Mr. Frémont to St. Louis, where the second expedition was fitted out; that through, he left for the frontier, where the men and animals were gathered. Following out my duty of secretary, I was to open the mail and forward to the camp at Kaw Landing, now Kansas City, all that in my judgment required Mr. Frémont's attention. One day there came for him an official letter from his colonel, the chief of the Topographical Bureau: it was an order recalling him to Washington, whither he was directed to return and explain why he had armed his party with a howitzer; saying that it was a scientific, not a military expedition, and should not have been so armed. I saw at once that this would make delays which would involve the overthrow of great plans, and I felt there was a hidden hand at work. Fortunately my father was absent from St. Louis, and I could act on my instinct. Without telling any one of the order I put it away and hurried off a messenger to Mr. Frémont — one of his men, Basil Lajeunesse, who was to join him with the last things. I feared a duplicate letter might have been sent on to the frontier; but the river mail was very irregular and slow, and I charged Basil to make all haste, for much depended on that letter. I wrote Mr. Frémont that he *must not ask why*, but must start at once, ready or not ready. The animals could rest and fatten at Bent's Fort. "Only go." There was a reason, but he could not know it; my father would take care of everything. And as we acted together unquestioningly, he did go immediately.



AMERICAN, MEXICAN, AND FRENCH PIONEER TYPES.

JESSIE BENTON (MRS. FRÉMONT). FROM THE MINIATURE PAINTED BY [illegible]

We were in that older time when there was no telegraph to paralyze individuality. Else the grand plan with its gathered strength and fullness, ripening and expanding from Jefferson's time to now, almost its culminating hour, would have fallen before petty official routine. I suspected some obscure intrigue, such as had recalled the young traveler Ledyard when he had already crossed Russia into Siberia in carrying out the design of Mr. Jefferson, then minister to France, for opening up the Columbia River—an intrigue that had thus balked and overthrown the foresight of Jefferson, the friendly assistance of the Empress Catherine, and the energetic ambition of Ledyard. It was now my happy privilege to be of use in counteracting a like evil interference. With the distance and the slow mails between the frontier and Washington I could count on gaining time enough for a good start for the party.

Not until after I received the good by letter did I write in answer to his colonel who had sent the order of recall. Then I wrote him exactly what I had done: that I had not sent forward the order because it was given on insufficient knowledge, and to obey it would break up the expedition; that the journeys to and from Washington, with indefinite delays there, would lose to the animals the best season for grass and throw them, undersized, into the mountains in winter; that the country of the Blackfeet and other fierce tribes had to be crossed, and that Indians knew nothing of the rights of science, but fought all whites; that these tribes were in number and the party not fifty men, therefore the howitzer was necessary; that as I knew a military order must be obeyed, I had not let it be known to any one, but had hurried off the party.

When my father returned he cordially approved of my wrong doing, and wrote to the

GEORGE BANCROFT. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

Secretary of War that he would be responsible for my act, and that he would call for a court martial on the point charged against Mr. Frémont. But there was never any further question of the wisdom of his arming the party sufficiently. In fact it had been but a pretext, for which the colonel, a quiet man, had been used. I had so grown into my father's purpose that now, when my husband could be of such large aid to its accomplishment, I had no hesitation in risking for him all consequences. Upon this second expedition hinged great results. It made California known in a way which roused and enlisted our people and led directly to its being acquired during the third expedition (that of 1845–47), and this time there were no "foes in the rear."

With the election of President Polk the way was made free to western expansion, and his having for Secretary of the Navy the historian Bancroft was of determining advantage. Then my father could say in that Senate where so long ago his voice had plead to dull ears for attention to our Pacific coast, "Now we own the country from sea to sea,— from the Atlantic to the Pacific,— and upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi and embracing the whole temperate zone." From his own hearth had gone the one who carried his hopes to fullest execution and aided to make true his prophetic words, afterward cut into the pedestal of his statue in St. Louis, whose bronze hand points west —

THERE IS THE EAST,
THERE IS THE ROAD TO INDIA.

And the venerable historian who had such deciding part in acquiring California has seen the fulfilment of his large views. His strong, quiet words, the utterance of his eighty-sixth year, are a résumé of the whole and give to this episode of our national history the force of a benediction:

NEWPORT, R. I., 2d July, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I have just received the first of your joint tribute to Benton and the path to Oregon. I remember the days when the eyes of the world were turned towards the bold adventurer who was to demonstrate that Oregon can be reached by a mid-winter journey as well as by a trip through the wilderness in summer; and when Benton predicted in the Senate, in the lecture-room, in all companies, the ease with which the East and the Pacific shore could meet together; and the consequent changes in the affairs of the world.

. . . . . .

It had been my desire to acquire California by all honorable means much before that time [1846].

I look upon the acquisition of California by ourselves as the decisive point in the perfect establishment of the Union on a foundation that cannot be moved. Up to that time the division was between North and South. From that moment all division, if there was one, was between the North, Center, and West against the South. Now that we have got rid of slavery, it seems to me that [illegible] between North and South has vanished. But the acquisition of California, making our country the highway between Europe and Asia and establishing domestic free trade through our almost boundless territory, promises to our institutions and our Union perpetuity.

Best regards to Mrs. Frémont. Ever yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Rarely does life offer such opportunities; more seldom still do men, each specially fitted to his part, combine to carry out such noble, enduring work — work which time has proved good. And the remembering people feel the truth, "Though the pathfinders die, the paths remain open."

Jessie Benton Frémont.

ROUGH TIMES IN ROUGH PLACES.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES OF FRÉMONT'S FOURTH EXPEDITION.

[The earlier explorations of Fremont through the Rocky Mountains and into California — those of 1842, 1843, and 1845 — were made under the direction and at the expense of the United States Government, and of these we have full reports. Far less is known of the fourth expedition, which he made in 1848-49, at private expense.

The following article is made up of the records and diary of a member of the party, left at his death, and never before published. It is sent to THE CENTURY by his brother, Mr. C. G. McGehee, of Woodville, Mississippi.

As far as Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, at the entrance to the Rocky Mountains, this party followed very nearly the same line taken by the expedition of 1844, which in the main follows the present route of railway travel on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe line. The experiences of the party in their slow progress over the plains — their encounters with Indians, buffaloes, elk, antelopes, and wild horses — are not unique, and will, therefore, be omitted. We take up the diary where the old trail is left and the party plunges into the unknown mazes of the Rockies under the guidance of one of the trappers, named Bill Williams, — of a type which has long passed out of existence, — and who is thus described:]

BILL WILLIAMS was the most successful trapper in the mountains, and the best acquainted with the ways and habits of the wild tribes among and near whom he spent his adventurous life. He first came to the West as a sort of missionary to the Osages. But "Old Bill" laid aside his Christianity and took up his rifle and came to the mountains. He was full of oddities in appearance, manner, conversation, and actions. He generally went out alone into the mountains, and would remain there trapping by himself for several months together, his lonely camps being often pitched in the vicinity of hostile savages. But he was as well versed in stratagem as they, and though he bore the marks of balls and arrows, he was a terror to them in single fight. He had ingratiated himself into the favor of several tribes; he had two or three squaws among the Utahs, and spoke their language and also that of several other tribes.

He was a dead shot with a rifle, though he always shot with a "double wabble"; he never could hold his gun still, yet his ball went always to the spot on a single shot. Though a most indefatigable walker, he never could walk on a straight line, but went staggering along, first on one side and then the other. He was an expert horseman; scarce a horse or mule could unseat him. He rode leaning forward upon the pommel, with his rifle before him, his stirrups ridiculously short, and his breeches rubbed up to his knees, leaving his legs bare even in freezing cold weather. He wore a loose monkey jacket or a buckskin hunting shirt, and for his head covering a blanket cap, the two top corners drawn up into two wolfish, satyr-like ears, giving him somewhat the appearance of the representations we generally meet with of his Satanic Majesty, at the same time rendering his *tout ensemble*

exceedingly ludicrous. He was a perfect specimen of his kind, an embodiment of the reckless and extravagant propensity of the mountaineers, and he pursued his lucrative but perilous vocation from an innate love of its excitement and dangers. He had no other care for the gains of his labors than as a means of affording him a "big spree," and enabling him to procure more powder and lead. It is told of him that he once came into Taos and spent on one spree six thousand dollars, the result of a successful season of trapping, and then left the place in debt. One of his amusements on this occasion was to buy whole bolts of calico, then quite a costly article in Taos, and, going into the street, to take hold of one end and throw out the other as far as he could, unrolling it on the ground, and then call out the Mexican women to scramble for it. In this way, and with drinking and gambling, three or four weeks would suffice to run through his money. Taking his traps and rifle, and some provision on his mules, he would disappear among the mountains, and nothing would be heard of him for months, until he would come into the fort with a new supply of peltries. He would sometimes gamble until he lost all his money and animals; then borrowing as many as he wanted of the best horses belonging to his fellow-trappers, who never opposed him, he would leave the fort, one or two thousand dollars in debt, and take to the mountains again, certain to return after a few months with another large supply. If he was much in need of a horse, or tired of his squaw, he would sell her, or "swap" her off for one or two horses. For twenty-one years he had lived in the mountains without returning to civilized life until he was taken back under guard, a year or two previous, by Captain Cook, for the offense of manœuvering and acting the Indian in his buckskin suit on the plains, thereby deceiving the captain into the belief that he was an Indian, and giving his men a fruitless chase of several miles over the prairies before they could overtake him on his pony, much to his diversion and the officer's chagrin.

Such was old Bill Williams — he who was destined to be our guide at this time. But it was not without some hesitation that he consented to go, for most of the old trappers at the pueblo declared that it was impossible to cross the mountains at that time; that the cold upon the mountains was unprecedented, and the snow deeper than they had ever known it so early in the year. However, Old Bill concluded to go, for he thought we could manage to get through, though not without considerable suffering.[1]

On the 26th of November [1848] we entered the Rocky Mountains, which had been for days looming up before us, presenting to view one continuous sheet of snow. The snow already covered the mountains and was rapidly deepening. I have frequently since called to mind the expression of one of the men as we rode along before entering Hard Scrabble. As we looked upon the stormy mountain so portentous of the future, he said, "Friends, I don't want my bones to bleach upon those mountains." Poor fellow, little did he dream of what the future would be!

In the evening, from our first camp, eight miles in the mountains, several of us climbed to a high point to take a last look at the plains. The sight was beautiful; the snow-covered plain far beneath us stretching eastward as far as the eye could reach, while on the opposite side frowned the almost perpendicular wall of high mountains.

We entered the mountains on foot, packing our saddle-mules with corn to sustain the animals. We traveled on, laboring through the deep snow on the rugged mountain range, passing successively through what are called White Mountain Valley and Wet Mountain Valley into Grand River Valley. The cold was intense, and storms frequently compelled us to lie in camp, from the impossibility of forcing the mules against them. A number of the men were frozen; the animals became exhausted from the inclemency of the weather and want of food, what little grass there was being all buried in the snow. As we proceeded matters grew worse and worse. The mules gave out one by one and dropped down in the trail, and their packs were placed upon the saddle-mules. The cold became more and more intense, so many degrees below zero that the mercury sank entirely into the bulb. The breath would freeze upon the men's faces and their lips become so stiff from the ice that it was almost impossible to speak; the long beard and hair stood out white and stiff with the frost. The aspect of the mules was as bad as that of the men; their eyelashes and the long beard about their mouths were frozen stiff, and their breath settled upon their breasts and sides until they were perfectly white with frost. The snow, too, would clog under their hoofs until it formed a ball six inches long, making them appear as though they were walk-

[1] Frémont, in a letter to his wife dated Taos, January 27, 1849, says of Williams: "The error of our journey was in engaging this man. He proved never to have in the least known, or entirely to have forgotten, the whole region of country through which we were to pass. We occupied more than half a month in making the journey of a few days; blundering a tortuous way through deep snow which already began to choke up the passes, for which we were obliged to waste time in searching."

ing on stilts. With the deep snow around us, and the pendant frost upon the leafless trees, Nature and ourselves presented a very harmonious picture. Two trappers, Old Bill informed us, had been frozen to death here the year previous.

After coming through Robideaux's Pass, which was exceedingly difficult, we descended into Grand River Valley. The snow lay deep, as elsewhere, and there was no sign of vegetation. One broad, white, dreary-looking plain lay before us, bounded by lofty white mountains. The Rio Grande lay fifty miles ahead, so we determined to get through the snow-covered plain as quickly as possible. We traveled late and camped in the middle of it, without any shelter from the winds, and with no fuel but some wild sage, a small shrub which grew sparsely around. At night the thermometer stood at seventeen degrees below zero. During the day Ducatel, a young fellow in the company, had come very near freezing to death. By collecting a quantity of the sage we made sufficient fire to cook, or rather half-cook, our supper of deer meat, five deer having been killed that evening by two of the men. Bolting down the half-cooked meat, we quickly turned into our blankets in order to keep tolerably warm and to protect ourselves against the driving snow, for since leaving the States we had scarcely stretched our tents. In the night, as ill luck would have it, our mules, poor creatures, which had stood shivering in the cold with bowed backs and drooping heads, suffering from their exposed situation and half starved, being now reduced to a pint of corn twice a day, and having no other resource for food, broke loose from their weak fastenings of sage bushes and started off *en masse* on the back trail. As soon as it was ascertained that they were gone, in the middle of the night, we had to rise from our beds, lifting half a foot of snow with our top blankets, and strike out in pursuit of them. We overtook them several miles from camp, and, taking them back, made them secure. But we rested little the remainder of the night.

The next day we reached the Rio Grande del Norte. This we found frozen over, and we camped on the river bottom, which is thickly timbered with cottonwood and willow. Here my feet and those of several others were frozen —the result in part of wearing boots, for which I quickly substituted moccasins, with blanket wrappers, which are much warmer than socks, and which, with leggings of the same material, afford the best protection for the lower extremities against severe cold.

Continuing up the river two or three days, we again entered the mountains, which soon assumed a very rugged character. Nature, in the ascent towards the Sierra Madre, presents herself with all her features prominent and strongly marked, her figures bold and colossal. Our progress became slow and laborious. Our track lay through deep mountain gorges, amid towering precipices and beetling crags, and along steep declivities where at any other season it would have been next to impossible to travel, but where now the deep snow afforded a secure foothold. In making the ascent of some of these precipitous mountain sides, now and then a mule would lose its footing and go tumbling and rolling many feet down. My saddle mule took one of these tumbles. Losing her foothold, she got her rope hitched upon a large log which lay loosely balanced on the rocks, and, knocking me down and jerking the log clear over my head, they went tumbling down together. But fortunately no one was hurt. A great obstacle to our progress were the rapid, rough-bottomed, but boggy streams which we had frequently to encounter in the deep and narrow ravines, where the mules would get balked, half a dozen at a time, with their packs on. Then we had to wade in up to our middle among the floating ice in the freezing water to help them out.

The farther we went the more obstacles we had to encounter; difficulties beset us so thickly on every hand as we advanced that they threatened to thwart our expedition. The snow became deeper daily, and to advance was but adding dangers to difficulties. About one-third of the men were already more or less frost-bitten; every night some of the mules would freeze to death, and every day as many more would give out from exhaustion and be left on the trail. It seemed like fighting fate to attempt to proceed, but we were bent on our course, and continued to advance. At one time men were sent ahead to report the prospect, and returned stating that grass appeared in the distance before them: they supposed that the snow was abating, but on coming up what they saw proved to be the tops of bushes six feet high projecting above the snow; nor did anything appear upon which the animals could subsist. The corn we had packed along for them was already consumed. Sometimes we would attempt to move on, and the severity of the weather would force us back into camp. In one of these attempts, before we could beat our way half a mile against the tempest, our guide, Old Bill Williams, was nearly frozen: he dropped down upon his mule in a stupor and was nearly senseless when we got into camp. A number of the men came in with their noses, ears, faces, fingers, and feet partly frozen, and one or two of the mules dropped down and froze to death under their packs. Poor mules, it was pitiable to see them! They

would roam about all night, generally, on account of their extreme weakness, following back the path of the previous day, pawing in the snow three or four feet deep for some sign of vegetation to keep them alive. They would fall down every fifty yards under their packs, and we would have to unpack them and lift them up, and that with fingers frozen and lacerated by the cold. Finally they began eating the ropes and rawhide lariats with which they were tied, until there were no more left in camp to tie them with; then they ate the blankets which we tied over them at night; then they came into camp and ate the pads and rigging off the pack-saddles, and ate one another's manes and tails entirely bare, even into the flesh, and would come to us while sleeping and begin to eat the blankets off us; they would even tumble into our fires, over the cooking utensils. But, poor things, little relief could we afford them, for, although they suffered much, we were in no better condition. Our provisions were nearly exhausted, and we were more or less frozen.

Finally, on the 17th of December, after frequent ineffectual attempts, we found that we could force our way no farther. By our utmost endeavors with mauls and spades we could make but half a mile or a mile per day. The cold became more severe, and storms constant, so that nothing was visible at times through the thick driving snow. For days in succession we would labor to beat a trail a few hundred yards in length, but the next day the storm would leave no trace of the previous day's work. We were on the St. John Mountain, a section of the Sierra Madre and the main range of the Rocky Mountains proper. At an elevation of 11,000 feet the cold was so intense and the atmosphere so rare that respiration became difficult; the least exertion became laborious and fatiguing, and would sometimes cause the blood to start from lips and nose. The mercury in the thermometer stood 20° below zero, and the snow was here from four to thirty feet deep. When we built our camp-fires deep pits were formed by the melting of the snow, completely concealing the different messes from each other. Down in these holes we slept, spreading our blankets upon the snow, every morning crawling out from under a deep covering of snow which had fallen upon us during the night. The strong pine smoke,— for here there was no timber but pine,— together with the reflection from the snow, so affected our sight that at times we could scarcely see. The snow drifted over us continually, driven about by the violence of the chill blasts which swept over the mountains.

Besides ourselves and our mules, no vestige of animal life appeared here in this lofty and dreary solitude; not even the ravens uttered their hoarse cry, nor the wolves their hollow and dismal howl. Finally nearly the entire band of our one hundred mules had frozen to death. After remaining in this condition for five days without being able to move camp, the colonel [Frémont] determined to return as quickly as possible by a different course to the Rio Grande. There we had left game upon which we could subsist until a party, to be previously despatched, should return with relief. So on the 22d of December we commenced our move, crossing over the bleak mountain strewn with the frozen mules, and packing our baggage with us. We were more than a week moving our camp and equipage over the top of this mountain, a distance of two miles from our first camp. The day we began to move (our provisions having been all consumed, except a small portion of macaroni and sugar, reserved against hard times) we commenced to eat the carcasses of the frozen mules. It was hoped we might save the few that yet lived, but this proving impossible, we began to kill and eat the surviving ones. On Christmas Day the colonel despatched a party of four men, King, Croitzfeldt, Brackenridge, and Bill Williams, to proceed down the Rio del Norte with all possible speed to Albuquerque, where they were to procure provisions and mules to relieve us. He allowed them sixteen days to go and return. We made our Christmas and New Year's dinner on mule meat,— not the fattest, as may be judged,— and continued to feed upon it while it was within reach.

Our way to the river was very rough, passing over rugged and precipitous mountain spurs difficult of passage, and across deep ravines, with rapid streams frozen over, in which the water was pitching and roaring beneath us as we crossed. We would move camp three or four miles at a time, then, packing all the baggage down, we would move again in the same way; on an average, at our best, we scarcely made a mile a day. On our way the last provisions were issued,— a little macaroni and sugar,— and we began eating the rawhide tug ropes and parfleches, cutting them into strips and boiling to a sort of glue, or browning on the coals until soft enough to bite. Between the last camps, over a bleak and barren stretch of seven miles before reaching the river, the cold was unusually severe, and perfectly unbearable storms prevailed. In crossing this stretch, one of the party, Proue, froze to death beside the trail; we passed and repassed his lifeless body, not daring to stop long enough in the intense cold to perform the useless rite of burial. One day I started to cross this stretch, determined to go on to the river that night or to freeze. Andrews

started with me, but before we could get half way across he became exhausted and lay down upon the snow, declaring that he could go no farther. I tried to urge him on, but he could not go on, and I could not leave him; so, proceeding a short distance, I got him into a cave, which afforded a shelter against the severity of the storm, and, climbing among the rocks, ascended to the top of the mountain, where the wind was blowing such a hurricane that I had to lie down flat at times, to keep from being swept off. Taking advantage of the intervals between the gusts of wind, I rolled down some of the piñon logs which lay upon the mountain side, pitching them over the crags below, and, descending to the cave, struck a fire. By this time two others, Captain Cathcart and R. Kern, arrived to take shelter from the storm. They had nothing to eat, and we had our last portion; in the extremity of our situation we had, the day before, divided out the last morsel which remained, the share which had fallen to each man being a cupful of boiled macaroni and a cup of sugar. This we had with us and we offered to share it with the others, but Andrews, in trying to warm it, by an unlucky move upset it into the fire, and thus went the last mouthful that we had to eat on earth, and we half starved. The storm continued to rage with such violence that we could not leave, and here we were kept for two whole days. In looking around I found a small roll of rawhide snow-shoe strings which had been left by one of the men. These we cut into pieces and boiled. I also found some dry bones in an old wolf den among the rocks. How many years they had been lying there I will not undertake to say; but these we pounded to pieces between the rocks and boiled with the strings, and upon this mess we four lived for two days. A number of others, on their way, had been forced like us to take shelter from the storm here and there among the rocks.

At last we reached the river, but we found no game; the deer and elk had been driven off by the deep snow. For days we had been anxiously looking for the return of King's party with relief. The time allotted him had already expired; day after day passed, but with no prospect of relief. We concluded that the party had been attacked by Indians, or that they had lost their way and had perished. The colonel, who had moved down to the river before us, waited two days longer, and then, taking just enough provision before it was all exhausted to last them along the river, himself started off with Mr. Preuss, Godey, Theodore (Godey's nephew), and Sanders, the colonel's servant-man, intending to find out what had become of the party and hasten them back, or, if our fears concerning them proved true, to push on himself to the nearest settlement and send relief. He left an order, which we scarcely knew how to interpret, to the effect that we must finish packing the baggage to the river, and hasten on down as speedily as possible to the mouth of Rabbit River where we would meet relief, and that if we wished to see him we must be in a hurry about it, as he was going on to California.

Two days after the colonel left we had all assembled on the river. The last of our provisions had been consumed, and we had been living for several days upon partleche. Our condition was perilous in the extreme. Starvation stared us in the face; to remain there longer was certain death. We held a consultation and determined to start down the river the next day and try to make our way to some settlement where we could get relief; in the mean time keeping as much together as possible, and hunting along as we went as our only chance of safety. The two Canadian Frenchmen, Tabeau, or Sorel, as we called him, and Moran, did not delay as long as we, but, pinched by hunger, had started off the day before. So, with a handful of sugar to each man, we divided some candles, pieces of rawhides, tug ropes and partleches, and strapping on a blanket apiece and shouldering our rifles, we started upon our gloomy march down the frozen river. Over its congealed surface a somber shade was cast by the overhanging trees covered with long white frost which hung like a thick fringe from their barren boughs. Tottering from weakness, and some with frozen and bleeding feet, our progress was slow. We kept upon the ice down the middle of the river, to get a level track, and to avoid as much as possible the deep snow.

Now commenced a train of horrors which it is painful to force the mind to dwell upon, and which memory shrinks from. Before we had proceeded far Manuel, a California Indian of the Cosumne tribe, who had his feet badly frozen, stopped and begged Mr. Vincent Haler to shoot him, and failing to meet death in this way turned back to the lodge at the camp we had left, there to await his fate. The same day Wise lay down on the ice and died; and the Indian boys, Joaquin and Gregorio, who came along afterward, having stopped back to get some wood for Manuel, seeing his body, covered it over with brush and snow. That night Carver, crazed by hunger, raved terribly all night, so that some in the camp with him became alarmed for their safety. He told them, if any would follow him back, he had a plan by which they might live. The next day he wandered off and we never saw him again. The next night Sorel, his system wrought upon by hunger, cold, and exhaustion, took

a violent fit which lasted for some time, and to which succeeded an entire prostration of all his faculties. At the same time he was almost totally snow-blind. Speaking to E. Kern of our situation, he said, "O Kern! this is a *misse Dieu* [a visitation from God], and we can't avoid it." Poor fellow, the next day he traveled as long as his strength would allow, and then, telling us we would have to leave him, that he could go no farther, blind with snow he lay down on the river-bank to die. Moran soon joined him, and they never came up again. Late at night, arriving one by one, we all came into a camp together on the river-bank. Gloom and despondency were depicted on every face. Our condition had become perfectly desperate. We knew not what to do; the candles and parfleche had kept us alive thus far, but these were gone. Our appearance was most desolate as we sat in silence around the fires, in view of a fast approaching death by starvation, while hunger gnawed upon our vitals. Then Vincent Haler, to whom the colonel had left the charge of the camp, and whom for that reason we had allowed to have the chief direction, spoke up and told us that he then and there threw up all authority; that he could do nothing, and knew not what to advise; that he looked upon our condition as hopeless, but he would suggest, as the best advice he could give, that we break up into small parties, and, hunting along, make the best of our way down separately, each party making use of all the advantages that might fall in its way, so that if any should chance to get through to a settlement they could forward relief to the others.

Accordingly the next morning he joined himself with Scott, Martin, Hibbard, Bacon, Ducatel, Rohrer, and the two Indians, Joaquin and Gregorio. Ferguson and Beedle went in company, and the rest of us, the three Kerns, Captain Cathcart, Captain Taplin, Stepperfeldt, Andrews, and myself, went together; we agreed not to leave one another while life lasted. Again we resumed our unsteady course down the river. We traveled hard all day, and late in the evening, weak and worn out, staggered into a camp near the river-side, some coming in far behind the rest. Dr. Kern came up so exhausted that he fell down almost senseless and remained in this torpid state a whole day. After a while Andrews came up, and arriving within several hundred yards of camp raised a faint call and fell down completely exhausted and senseless; two or three of us had to go and pack him in. He never recovered from this exhaustion. Soon Rohrer came up. Vincent Haler's party, to which he belonged, was ahead of us, and being too weak to proceed farther he stopped with us. Here we remained, determined, as we had promised, not to leave any while they lived. So we commenced hunting, all that had strength and sight sufficient to do so, for the most of us were so completely snow-blind that we could not see to shoot. After long and frequent hunts, two prairie chickens or grouse were killed. These we divided with scrupulous exactness among the nine of us, dividing the entrails and all that appertained to them, even to the pin-feathers. Taplin found part of a dead wolf upon the river and brought it in. One side of it and the entrails had been eaten away, but we divided the skin and roasted it, hair and all, for one meal; for another we drank the meager broth, and then we ate the meat, and even devoured the bones. This was the last we got. Day after day we staid here, but no game came near. Occasionally we could hear the distant, dismal howl of a wolf, as if weary of waiting for its prey, but none came near; at distant intervals a raven would go screaming by, beyond our reach. We found a handful or two of rosebuds along the river which we divided and ate, and Dr. Kern found a few small bugs upon the water where the ice was broken, and ate them. We had already devoured our moccasin soles, and a small sack made of smoked lodge skin. We dug in the ground beneath the snow with our knives for roots, but it proved a useless labor. We became weaker daily, and to walk thirty steps once a day to get some dry cottonwood sticks to keep up our fire fatigued us greatly. Our strength was rapidly failing. Andrews, after lingering several days, died in the night as he lay by our side, and the next day Rohrer was nearly gone; he was talking wildly, a fearful expression of despair resting upon his countenance. The mention of his family at home had served to rouse him and keep him going longer than his strength would otherwise have borne him up; but now it was too late. Taking from Andrews's pocket a small gilt-embossed Bible, carefully preserved, which we intended, in case any of us lived to get through, to hand over as a memento to his friends, we laid his body to one side, covered it with a blanket, and sat down, waiting until Rohrer should die, intending, as soon as the breath left his body, to commence another move down the river. As we sat waiting, —— came over to the fire where Taplin, Stepperfeldt, and I were sitting, and in a sad tone said: "Men, I have come to make a proposition. I don't know how you will take it. It is a horrid one. We are starving; in two or three days more, unless something be done, we shall all be dead. As soon as we leave this body it will become the prey of wild beasts. Now I propose instead that we make use of it to save life. It is horrible, I know, but I will undertake to do the butchery, as you may call it, and you need

have nothing to do with that part; you need not even see it done. Do you agree to my proposition?" All sat in silence; then several of us objected. I spoke up and said that, for my part, I had no conscientious scruples against such a procedure. I knew that early prejudice and conventional opinion founded on prejudice were at the bottom of our objections to it; but these existed, and it was a horrible proposition to entertain. I fully appreciated our situation, but I thought that, by making up our minds to it and remaining quiet, we could hold out three days longer, by which time, after finding that we could not possibly bear up longer, it would be soon enough to think of adopting so horrible an alternative, and then, if I did not approve, I would not censure it. "But by that time," he said, "we will be too weak and too far gone ever to recover. You see what they have come to, and you see what you will come to." "I can't help it," I said: "I am determined to risk it at the peril of my life"; and so saying, I walked over to the other fire. They talked about it a few minutes, but were unwilling to follow such a course unless all united in it, and so we all waited together.

We remained around the fire, stirring as little as possible, and firing signal guns at frequent intervals during the day. Rohrer died. Two days passed by, and no relief came. Several times we imagined we heard an answer to our signal and would raise ourselves up to listen; but being as often disappointed, we ceased to notice. The morning of the third day arrived and was far advanced towards midday; we all sat in the deepest gloom. Suddenly "Hush!" said one. We all listened intently. A call was heard. "Relief, by heaven!" exclaimed one of the men, and we all started to our feet; and relief it was, sure enough, for soon we spied Godey riding towards us followed by a Mexican. We were all so snow-blind that we took him to be the colonel until he came up, and even then some saluted him as the colonel. Dismounting, he quickly distributed several loaves among us, with commendable forethought giving us but a small piece at first, and making us wait until the Mexican could prepare some *tole* (boiled corn-meal), which he quickly made, and we more quickly devoured. It required considerable persuasion to prevent us from killing the Mexican's old horse in order to eat it; but Godey informed us that there were two colts in the camp below, which, if we would wait, we might have. This was the 25th of January.

After leaving the party, Godey, with the colonel and the others that were with them, had traveled on as rapidly as possible down the river. They came upon two Indians with several old horses, and engaged them to pilot them in; and going on had overtaken King's party, who had left the river and had undertaken to strike across the country to Albuquerque, but becoming involved in the deep snow, their provisions being exhausted, they had eaten their knife scabbards and had tried to eat their boots. Being compelled to lie out night after night without fire upon the barren plain, they were more or less frozen from their hips down. They had then returned to the river, where King died, and here the colonel's party found them in a weak and emaciated condition, nearly dead, and with intellects shaken and scarcely a sense left. They were put upon the Indian horses and taken into the little outer settlement of the Rio Colorado. Here, quickly obtaining what provisions he could, and hiring several Mexicans with mules, Godey set out as speedily as possible up the river. On his way he fell in with two other Mexicans, who, with mules loaded with bread and flour and corn-meal, were going out to trade with the Utah Indians. These, with their burdens, he pressed into service, and hastening on, traveling late and early, he met Vincent Haler's party about twenty miles below us. Two of their number were missing. They had agreed among themselves that when one became so exhausted that he could not travel the rest should not wait for him. First Hibbard had been left, and soon after Scott. Leaving most of the animals and provisions at Vincent Haler's camp, Godey proceeded rapidly up. He found Scott sitting in a listless manner by a fire he had just kindled, his head resting upon his hand, and almost totally snow-blind. Having strengthened him with food, Godey furnished him a horse and sent a Mexican with him to the camp below, and, proceeding, came to Hibbard, who had just died, his body being yet warm. Failing in his attempts to restore him, Godey kept on. Taking across a short bend in the river, he passed entirely by us without knowing it, and found Ferguson a little distance above us. Beedle was dead, and his body was lying near by. Ferguson informed Godey that we were below him, and coming down with him, he found us. Leaving us, and taking with him several Mexicans with pack-mules, he followed up along our track, which was marked by the bodies of the dead as they had perished day by day, and now were lying the prey of wolves and ravens, the deep and gloomy silence of their solitude broken only by the snarls and yells of packs of quarreling wolves. He found the bodies of Sorel and Moran together. Friends in life, they had proved friends in death. Sorel was lying prostrate on the snow, and Moran, apparently after having tried to strike a fire, had dropped his head upon the log against which he was sitting, and had expired by Sorel's side.

Godey found the Indian, Manuel, in the lodge, still alive, and brought him down. Manuel afterward stated that Carver came up to the lodge with a piece of meat which he said was part of a deer he had killed, and that he undertook to go to the previous camp, seven miles back, for something, and had frozen to death.

We sent for animals to take us down, for we were wholly unable to walk. They came the next day. Our blankets were tied on for saddles, and rope stirrups were rigged, and we were lifted (for we could not lift even our skeleton frames) upon these miserable animals, and after a two days' journey reached the camp, twenty miles below. We were now lank and thin-visaged, our eyes sunken, and our hair and beard long, tangled, and knotty, while our faces were black with pine smoke which had not been washed off for two months. Here we fell to eating enormously, and it required the exercise of all our self-restraint to prevent plenty now from being hurtful to us, as want had been before. The abundance of food where there had just been such a lack made us all sick and kept us sick for some days, but that could not stop us. Our appetites were unbounded and we were eating constantly, at all hours of the day, and throughout the night. We had such a craving for meat of some kind that we killed two well-grown colts and ate them. We were even more ravenous than the ravens themselves, which, now that we did not need them, came crowding around, with hawks and wolves. Some of all these we killed and devoured.

It was curious to hear different men tell of the workings of the mind when they were starving. Some were constantly dreaming or imagining that they saw before them a bountiful feast, and would make selections of different dishes. Others engaged their minds with other thoughts. For my part, I kept my mind amused by entering continually into all the minutiæ of farming, or of some other systematic business which would keep up a train of thought, or by working a mental solution of mathematical problems, bringing in review the rudiments of some science, or by laying out plans for the future, all having a connection with home and after life. So in this way never allowing myself to think upon the hopelessness of our condition, yet always keeping my eyes open to every chance, I kept hope alive and never once suffered myself to despond. And to this course I greatly attribute my support, for there were stronger men who, by worrying themselves, doubtless hastened their death. Ten out of our party of thirty-three that entered the mountains had perished, and a few days more would have finished the others.

Vincent Haler's party, having been first relieved, soon recruited sufficiently to leave, and all except Ducatel and the two Indian boys, who remained with the rest of us, proceeded to the Rio Colorado, distant three or four days' journey. When Godey arrived we all left together. On our way we were overtaken by a violent snow-storm. Having no compass to guide us, and not being able to see the sun or even the mountains through the thickly falling snow which rendered everything invisible a few rods distant, and without any object to show us our course across the barren, snow-clad plain, we kept traveling all day in a circle, once coming in sight of our starting-point. Once we were on the point of stopping in the midst of the stormy plain to take our chances, and before we could get to our intended camp we were almost frozen.

Late in the afternoon of February 9, cold, hungry, and weary, with no little joy we all at once hailed the sight of the little Pueblo of the Colorado. We raised a yell as we came in sight which made the Pueblanos stand out and gaze. In a few minutes, with their assistance, we dismounted from our horses and sought the comfort which the place afforded. Here we met Mr. Preuss and Croitzfeldt — one of the first relief party who had come very near perishing, and had not sufficiently recovered to proceed. Each had thought the other dead, and it was like the joy after a long parting with which we then grasped their hands. The rest of our companions, they told us, had gone on to Taos, where the colonel had preceded them to make arrangements, for such as were able to proceed, to go on to California by the Gila route, or what is called the Lower California or Lower Spanish trail.

In sight of Taos, and several miles to the southeast, at the mouth of a deep gorge or cañon by which the Taos River debouches from the mountains, is a walled town or pueblo, one of a great many of the same kind in this country, inhabited by the Pueblos or civilized Indians, a remnant of the race of Montezuma. They live in houses built of stone and earth, or of adobe, most of which at this place were three or four stories high, and some of which even attained the height of eleven stories, each story receding a few feet back from the front of the one below it, and each one reached by a ladder placed against the wall, communicating with the door on top, and capable of being let down or drawn up at pleasure. A high mud wall incloses the buildings, which front towards the center, and in the middle is a lofty church of the same material as the other buildings, with walls six feet thick.

These Indians are the descendants of the original Mexican people, or ancient race of

Aztecs, and retain many of their customs, though nominally Roman Catholic in their religion. Early after the Spanish conquest they embraced the forms of religion and the manners and customs of their conquerors. But three hundred years of oppression and injustice have failed to extinguish in this race the recollection that they were once the undisputed lords of the soil, and, cherishing a deep-rooted animosity towards their conquerors, they only wait a favorable opportunity to reassert their liberty. They are superior to their neighbors in social position, in morals, circumstances, civil regulations, and all that pertains to civilization. They are brave and upright in their intercourse with others, and their women are chaste and virtuous, presenting in this respect a favorable contrast with their sex among the Spanish population. They cultivate the soil for a subsistence, and rear large herds of cattle, sheep, and horses, and their women spin and weave with considerable skill. Some of their fabrics are of a very superior quality.

They still expect the return of Montezuma to reinstate his people in their former dominion and power. In this strange faith, according to an alleged injunction from Montezuma, they have kept a constant fire burning from his death to the present time, a period of nearly three hundred years. At the pueblo near Taos a fire has been kept up without intermission until within ten years past.

On the Rio Pecos, sixty miles east of Santa Fé, are the ruins of the ancient town of Pecos, once a fortified town, and portions of the stone wall that inclosed it are still standing. Here burned, until within ten years, the eternal fires of Montezuma, sustained by an ancient order of priests ministering at a temple of unknown age, the ruins of which are still to be seen, and near by are the remains of the old Catholic church, exhibiting in a prominent manner the ingraftment of the Catholic upon the ancient religion of the country, and both, in the characteristic features and design of the architecture, displaying the distinctive marks and emblems of the two religions, which, though so entirely different in theory, were here, as throughout all Mexico, blended in harmonious practice until about a century since, when the town was sacked and plundered by a hostile band of Indians. Notwithstanding this, the faithful Indian managed to keep his fire burning in the *estufa*, and it was continued until a few years since, when the tribe, which rapidly diminished in numbers, became almost extinct, and the few that remained abandoned the place and joined a tribe of the original race among the mountains to the southward. There, it is said, they keep up their fire to this day. Time and the peculiarities attending their devotion and the practice of their faith are rapidly reducing this remnant of the Montezuma race.

At Taos we first heard with certainty of the abundance of gold in California, the first account of which had reached the States immediately before our departure, but was scarcely believed.

On the 13th of February, having laid in a supply of provisions from the quartermaster's department, being facilitated by the generous kindness of the army officers, and having hired muleteers and a train of mules to take us down to Albuquerque, we set out for Santa Fe, leaving behind Captain Cathcart, who was not able to prosecute the journey farther, the three Kerns, Stepperfeldt, and Bill Williams, the guide, and taking Lindsay Carson and T. Boggs, son of the ex-governor of Mexico. From here, in the spring of the year, Bill Williams and Dr. Kern, with a company of Mexicans, went back into the mountains to recover some of the most valuable of the property left by us, and were attacked and killed, either by the Indians or by the Mexicans who went out with them, we never could ascertain which.

We learned that gold was most abundant in the mines on the Sangre de Cristo. We were told by a resident in Taos Valley that he with one or two companions had on one occasion visited this place and washed out as high as nine dollars per day to the man for several days in succession, but were compelled to abandon it on account of the hostility of the Utah Indians, for whom they had constantly to keep on the lookout. I have heard of pieces being found of the value of seven dollars, and a Mexican is said to have taken out a lump for which he was offered $2200, which he refused, and afterward sold to a priest for $150. This tends to show the influence which the priests have over these people. There is good reason to believe that gold is much more extensively diffused throughout the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains and the country intervening between that and the California mountains, or Sierra Nevada, than is at present generally known. Gold has been found as far north as the Chugwater, a large affluent of the Laramie Fork of the Platte, taking its rise in the desolate region of the Black Hills, and also upon Horse Creek, an affluent of the Platte, heading in the same barren vicinity. Concerning this discovery, I have been told by a trapper who was acquainted with the circumstance that an old French trapper, Du Shay, in hunting buffalo in this region a few years ago, on Horse Creek, discovered in the bed of the stream, while drinking, a singular looking rock, very heavy, and containing numerous yellow specks. It excited his curiosity

and he deposited it in his bullet pouch; but subsequently finding it in his way in approaching a band of buffaloes, he thoughtlessly threw it away. The following year, when at Santa Fé, he was emptying his pouch, and among its contents several bright particles which had become detached from the rock attracted the attention of the Mexicans. These were carefully gathered up, and after examination proved to be virgin gold. The old trapper on his return sought for the source of the treasure, but was unable to find it.

John Hawken, an adventurous and daring trapper with whom I became intimately acquainted, told me that seven years before he was trapping with a companion upon Salt River, about one hundred and twenty miles above its mouth, which empties into the Gila after its confluence with the San Francisco, below the Pino village. While there they fell in with a party of Apaches, with one of whom they traded for a parcel of yellow metal which he called *oro*, and which he told them he obtained at a place half a day's travel from where they were and where he said there was *mucho;* but he did not specify further, for the other Indians threatened to kill him if he revealed the locality or made any further disclosures. This being the first native gold Hawken had seen, he was not sure of its identity; but on the opinion of his companion, who had seen it before, they took it with them to Taos, and it proved to be nine dollars in value of pure gold.

We heard here very extravagant accounts of the gold brought from California by those returning from there; some, as they said, having come back with mule loads of the dust.

Micajah McGehee.

CALIFORNIANA.

Montgomery and Frémont: New Documents on the Bear Flag Affair.

THERE have lately been put into my hands by the editor of THE CENTURY certain original documents of decided importance for the history of the seizure of California. I have been asked to examine these and to summarize a portion of their contents, a thing which I the more readily do because they serve to set in a clearer light than heretofore the honorable conduct of an officer whose part in the seizure of California was a difficult and delicate one, and who himself did his duty so well and so modestly that he has in the past altogether escaped the celebrity that has fallen to the lot of other persons surely not more deserving. This officer, Commander (afterward Rear-Admiral) John B. Montgomery, was in 1846 in command of the United States ship *Portsmouth*. His ship visited California in 1845; returned in October to the southern Mexican coast; was at Mazatlan October 16, 1845, and at Guaymas December 2; and returned again to California, under Sloat's orders, in the spring of 1846. The purpose of her coming was to inquire into the alarming reports that had gone southward concerning the quarrel of March between Frémont and Castro. She reached Monterey towards the end of April, later passing on to San Francisco; and she lay in the harbor of San Francisco until after the raising of the American flag at that port on July 9, a date two days later than the seizure of Monterey. Montgomery's stay at San Francisco thus covered the entire time of the Bear Flag episode. From him Captain Frémont obtained, through Lieutenant Gillespie, supplies to enable him "to continue his explorations" and to accomplish his other peaceful duties during that now famous affair. To him, in fact, Captain Frémont also wrote, as he himself declares in his letter to Senator Benton of July 25, 1846 (see Frémont's "Memoirs," p. 546), "describing to him fully my position and intentions, in order that he might not unwittingly commit himself in affording me other than such assistance as his instructions would authorize him naturally to offer an officer charged with an important public duty; or, in fine, to any citizen of the United States." To Montgomery also General Vallejo appealed by messenger after the Bear Flag men had made the general their prisoner. From Montgomery Castro demanded an account of what the Bear Flag meant, and of what part the United States Government had therein; and meanwhile the Bear Flag men themselves were begging him for counsel and encouragement; and every officer on board the *Portsmouth* was longing for the coming of Sloat and for the end of this tedious attitude of neutrality. In this trying position Montgomery kept his head, and did his duty with a firmness that the documents before me put in a very clear light. These documents are, (1) extracts from Montgomery's private diary, (2) copies of the official correspondence of the commander, with letters to and from Larkin, Frémont, Castro, Gillespie, and others. Of these letters some have previously been known, through the papers of Consul Larkin, and otherwise. Several are also printed in Frémont's "Memoirs," although the aforesaid letter of Captain Frémont to Montgomery, "describing to him fully my position and intentions," has been, as I believe, heretofore unknown, and furnishes the most characteristic and interesting addition to our previous knowledge that is contained among these papers.

There is space here for only a very brief account of the substance of the extracts from Montgomery's diary. The earlier extracts concern the visit to California in 1845. At Monterey, Montgomery interviewed Consul Larkin, and "learned from him that American interests were perfectly secure, and little probability of their being interrupted in any way unless by a war with Mexico." There was indeed some talk between the two concerning the supposed English designs upon California, and Larkin told Montgomery of a reported subsidy that was to be paid by England to Mexico for

the support of the new troops that were to be sent to California. These rumors, to be sure, have long been known to students of this period of California history. It is interesting to find that both Larkin and Montgomery at the moment believed them; although there is indeed little evidence for their truth, and although Montgomery learned of no very authoritative source for them. In October, Montgomery, then at Acapulco, notes the failure of the Mexican plan to send troops to California, a failure which he attributes to "the supineness of the Government and want of funds." It is certain that whatever the English intrigues of those days may have been with regard to California, one in vain looks for evidence of any decisive movement of any sort resulting from them. On April 23, 1846, Montgomery, then just arrived at Monterey, received information from Larkin "that the commercial and other interests of the United States continued safe, having experienced no interruption or annoyance since our visit in October last." As the quarrel of March between Fremont and Castro was now a matter of very recent history, and as Montgomery had come especially to find out about it, one reads this statement with some surprise, but finds the explanation in words which follow a little later, in the same entry of the diary, after a brief statement of the nature of the March quarrel itself: "It is here well understood that no real attack upon the camp of Captain Fremont was contemplated by General Castro when he directed this movement, but that it was done with the view only of furnishing materials for forming a high-sounding, flaming despatch to the central government of Mexico." "Mr. Larkin informed me," continues Montgomery, "that the unsettled condition of California seems to point to a necessity, and naturally produces in the public mind an expectation, of a speedy political change of some kind; and that the feeling is rife that California is soon to be governed by England or the United States, predilections being divided." The diary adds that, in Larkin's opinion, the native and Mexican population of the country would find a "change under either" England or the United States "acceptable," and that if the war with Mexico should come to pass there would be no great trouble in securing the prize for our own flag. On April 29 Montgomery is "informed by the consul that General Castro is troubled with suspicions of collusion between Captain Fremont and myself, and supposes that I have sent for him to return to Monterey." On May 4 Lieutenants Bartlett and Wilson, having returned from an excursion into the interior, tell Montgomery of their pleasant reception, and say that both American residents in the vicinity of San Jose, and "many of the most intelligent Mexicans and Californians," "express openly their desire" for the coming of our flag, and "fearlessly speak of it" as an event "which is near at hand." Montgomery himself adds the expression of his belief in the growing chances of an easy occupation of the land. His own social relations with Castro continued good during all this time. May 9 he attended a large picnic given by Castro himself, and May 15 Castro was a guest at a ball given on shore by the wardroom officers of the *Portsmouth*. Castro's military preparations, which still continued, are correctly interpreted by Montgomery as having in the main relation to the feud between the Commandante General and Governor Pio Pico. Rumors of Fremont's expected return continued.

We now come, however, to more exciting events. June 7 finds Montgomery in San Francisco Bay. Gillespie has just arrived, on his return from the north, bringing a requisition from Captain Fremont for supplies. Fremont himself has come back to the Sacramento Valley. His party is "nearly destitute," as appears from the letter written by Gillespie, and copied in the "Correspondence" which accompanies the diary. Gillespie's mission to the bay, and his success in getting supplies for Frémont from Montgomery, have always been known matters of our history. It is also known, from a letter summarized in my "California" p. 160, that Gillespie represented to non-official residents at the bay that the purpose of Fremont in asking for supplies was solely to equip his party for setting out at once on his return overland. It has, however, never before been absolutely sure that Montgomery received no hint from Gillespie of Fremont's real intentions in asking for this aid. H. H. Bancroft, in Vol. V. of his "California," p. 127, can only say: "I know of no reason to suppose that Montgomery was informed by Gillespie of the revolutionary project on foot." The present papers, both diary and correspondence, put it beyond doubt that Montgomery had no notion of the coming outbreak. He honored in perfectly good faith the topographical engineers' requisition for necessary supplies for his scientific expedition, and on June 11 despatched the ship's launch with the desired stores. On the way up the river, on the very first day of the launch's journey, Gillespie heard of the capture of Arce's horses by the settlers, an act with which, as is known, the Bear Flag affair was begun. A hastily penciled note from him (here copied) gave the first information to Montgomery of what was afoot; but Gillespie had no intention of revealing as yet Fremont's connection with the undertaking. In the postscript to his note Gillespie writes: "I am of the opinion that the settlers have obtained decided proof of Castro's intention to have their crops burned to warrant the course they have pursued. The bearer hereof says he heard a messenger to Captain Sutter state that they had acted under advice from Captain Fremont. If such is the fact, which I very much doubt, there is positive cause for hostility on the part of the settlers." In his diary Montgomery now gives, between the 15th and the 18th of June, an interesting account of his earliest relations with the Sonoma insurgents and with their opponents. These four days were very full of news and excitement. Montgomery fully believed the settlers to be acting upon their own responsibility. His private sympathies were altogether with them. They were his countrymen, newcomers in a distant land, exposed to hardship, and now, as he thought, threatened with oppression. He believed, naturally enough, the reports which were freely circulated as to Castro's designs against them, although he knew too much to regard Castro as a very formidable foe to anybody. But meanwhile he valued the honor of his flag, and he knew the duties of a neutral. He could sympathize with the insurgents; but he could not give them aid. With an indignation which must seem to us quite pathetic, he defended Fremont, as a fellow-officer under the flag, from the fierce accusations of Castro, who wrote from Santa Clara on June 17 demanding from

the commander an explanation of Frémont's conduct. Castro pointed out that the captain of the surveying expedition, "without the formalities established among civilized nations," had invaded the country and seized Sonoma. Montgomery replied (June 18), in a tone of absolute assurance, that Frémont's expedition was solely scientific in its aims, and that it was "in no manner whatever, either by authority of the United States Government or otherwise, connected with the political movement of residents of the country at Sonoma." For Castro to assert that such a connection existed was, so Montgomery retorted, "to impugn the integrity of the United States Government." It was his turn, he suggested, to demand explanations when his flag was by implication thus dishonored. But alas for Montgomery's sincere and genuine indignation on behalf of his brother officer! Ten days later, June 28, the diary mentions a second visit of Gillespie, bringing the news that Frémont had openly joined the Bears, and was in pursuit of Torre in the San Rafael region. "This course of Captain Frémont," says Montgomery in his private diary, "renders my position as a neutral peculiarly delicate and difficult. Having avowed not only my own but Captain Frémont's entire neutrality and non-interference in the existing difficulties in the country, it can scarcely be supposed, under the circumstances, that I shall be regarded as having spoken in good faith and sincerity." In fact, as one sees, Montgomery learned that under certain circumstances one may expose his country's honor to only the more reproach by chivalrously offering his own honor in defense of his brethren in the service.

The mission of Lieutenant Misroon, whom Montgomery despatched to Sonoma as neutral and mediator, occupies considerable place in these records; as do also other well-known public incidents of those days. But there remain still two important topics upon which these documents give significant testimony. With the mention of these I must close.

First: It has always been doubtful, I believe, when the first news of the actual hostilities on the Rio Grande reached Frémont. What we have known heretofore is that Sloat at Mazatlan was informed of the beginning of active hostilities by a message that reached him May 17, and that a letter, which he at once wrote to Larkin, reached Monterey by the *Cyane* on June 19, nearly a week after the seizure of Sonoma. Up to this time Frémont himself had avoided an open union with the Bears. He had taken charge of Vallejo and the other prisoners first taken. But he had remained quiet. Yet, on the 21st, he was already making preparations to leave Sutter's Fort with his party, and on the 25th he reached Sonoma. It is, of course, interesting to learn whether the openness of Frémont's hostile proceedings from this time forth could have been due to any fresh assurance that actual war was under way on the Atlantic coast. Professor William Carey Jones, in an article recently written in defense of Frémont's conduct during the early part of the seizure of California,[1] has endeavored to make probable an earlier date for Frémont's knowledge of the hostilities on the Rio Grande than had generally been supposed likely. The present documents do not bear out his view. It appears that, on June 20, both Larkin himself and Captain Mervine, of the *Cyane*, wrote to Montgomery from Monterey. Their two letters, written the day after the *Cyane's* arrival, together inform Montgomery that Sloat is on his way northward, and, without directly mentioning the outbreak of hostilities, speak of "important news," that "cannot be revealed," but of whose nature Montgomery shall before long be "apprised." This guarded tone was very tormenting to Montgomery, whose neutral position was daily growing more intolerable. As late as June 26 he still believed Frémont to be as neutral in conduct as himself, and so on the latter day he wrote to Frémont, transmitting the contents of Larkin's letter, as being the whole of his news. This letter, with other despatches, was sent to Frémont at Sutter's Fort under care of Lieutenant Bartlett. When Bartlett reached the fort Frémont was already with the Bears. The letter, therefore, went on to Sonoma, and was acknowledged by Frémont as late as July 5 as something new, and, as regards the facts about Sloat, very interesting. When one adds that Montgomery, writing on July 2 to Mervine, and begging for more information, says emphatically, "We have been completely cut off from all information from below [*i. e.*, from Mexico] since the 1st of April last" [*i. e.*, since Montgomery's own departure from the south], one sees the great improbability that before July 1 any one north of Monterey knew more than the little that Larkin and Mervine chose to reveal to Montgomery, and to one or two other of Larkin's confidants. And this little did *not* include information of the actual hostilities.

The second and final matter of which I spoke above is contained in the text of Frémont's letter to Montgomery, written upon the reception of the supplies brought by the launch. The letter is dated "New Helvetia," June 16, and, taken in connection with all the circumstances of the moment, it forms one of the most interesting confessions that Frémont ever chose to make of his position at the moment of his entrance upon hostilities. It will be remembered that, according to Frémont's own statement to Benton, this letter was to "describe fully" his own "position and intentions"; that it was written especially for the guidance of Montgomery, who had just shown the greatest willingness to aid the leader of the scientific exploration by every means in his power; that it was prepared after the settlers had begun, under Frémont's advice, their movement for independence; and finally, that it was written but a very few days before Frémont started to join the Bears at Sonoma. The moment was a critical one. Frémont has since asserted that he acted upon special instructions. In his "Memoirs" (p. 520) he speaks of this very time as the one when he decided "that it was," as he says, "for me rather to govern events than to be governed by them." Under these circumstances, to write to Montgomery as follows is to furnish the best possible comment upon one's own conduct. The sentence italicized in the following copy of this letter has in Montgomery's record but one word italicized, viz.: the word *active* in the phrase "such active and precautionary measures." I print it thus here in order that it may be set side by side in the curious reader's mind with other and later accounts that General Frémont has given

[1] See "Proceedings of the California Historical Association," Vol. I., p. 1. Professor Jones's somewhat original interpretation of the relations between Montgomery and Frémont is almost entirely set aside by these new documents.

of his instructions. Otherwise the letter appears unchanged.

NEW HELVETIA, CALIFORNIA,
June 16, 1846.

SIR: I had the gratification to receive on the 6th your letter of the 3d inst., and the further gratification to receive yesterday by the hands of Lieutenant Hunter your favor of the 10th conveying to me assurances of your disposition to do anything within the scope of your instructions to facilitate the public service in which I am engaged. In acknowledging the receipt of the stores with which you have supplied us, I beg you to receive the earnest thanks of myself and party for the prompt and active kindness, which we are all in a condition fully to appreciate. My time to-day has been so constantly engrossed that I could make no opportunity to write, and as it is now nearly midnight you will permit me to refer you to Lieutenant Hunter for an account of the condition of the country, which will doubtless have much interest for you. The people here have made some movements with the view of establishing a settled and stable government, which may give security to their persons and property. This evening I was interrupted in a note to yourself by the arrival of General Vallejo and other officers, who had been taken prisoners and insisted upon surrendering to me. The people and authorities of the country persist in connecting with me every movement of the foreigners, and I am hourly in expectation of the approach of General Castro. My position has consequently become a difficult one. The unexpected hostility which has been exercised towards us on the part of the military authorities of California has entirely deranged the plan of our survey and frustrated my intention of examining the Colorado of the Gulf of California, which was one of the principal objects of this expedition. The suffering to which my party would be unavoidably exposed at this advanced period of the year, by deprivation of water during intervals of three and four days, renders any movement in that direction impracticable.

It is therefore my present intention to abandon the farther prosecution of our exploration and proceed immediately across the mountainous country to the eastward in the direction of the head-waters of the Arkansaw River, and thence to the frontier of Missouri, where I expect to arrive early in September. In order to recruit my animals and arrange my equipage for a long journey, I shall necessarily be compelled to remain here until about the 1st of July. In the mean time should anything be attempted against me, I cannot, consistently with my own feelings and respect for the national character of the duty in which I am engaged, permit a repetition of the recent insults we have received from General Castro. If, therefore, any hostile movements are made in this direction, I will most assuredly meet or anticipate them; and with such intentions I am regulating my conduct to the people here. *The nature of my instructions and the peaceful nature of our operations do not contemplate any active hostility on my part even in the event of war between the two countries; and therefore, although I am resolved to take such active and precautionary measures as I shall judge necessary for our safety, I am not authorized to ask from you any other than such assistance as, without incurring your own unusual responsibility, you would feel at liberty to afford me.* Such an emergency could not have been anticipated in any instructions; but, between Indians on the one hand and a hostile people on the other, I trust that our government will not severely censure any efforts to which we may be driven in defense of our lives and character.

In this condition of things I can only then urgently request that you will remain with the *Portsmouth* in the Bay of San Francisco, where your presence will operate strongly to check proceedings against us, and I would feel much more security in my position should you judge it advisable to keep open a communication with me by means of your boats. In this way you would receive the earliest information, and you might possibly spare us the aid of one of your surgeons, in case of accident here. Repeating my thanks for the assistance you have rendered us, and regretting my inability to visit you on board the *Portsmouth*, I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obet. servant,

(Signed) J. C. FRÉMONT,
Lt. Capt. Topl. Engineers, U. S. Army.

CAPT. JNO. B. MONTGOMERY,
U. S. Ship *Portsmouth*,
BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

The italicized sentence excludes the possibility that Frémont's instructions had the warlike nature which he has since attributed to them. In those days his only intent was to pretend that he was in danger from Castro.

These papers also contain the record of Montgomery's admirable conduct of the later blockade of Mazatlan, an affair which yet further tried Lt. Hall and his excellent discretion. The whole series of documents is a very instructive one, and I have been glad to see them all in print.

Justin Winsor.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

evaded, and proceed with the necessary permit to barter the cargo for hides, skins, tallow, etc. Having disposed of his goods, the captain would then sail for some uninhabited island or obscure port, where he would meet by previous appointment the vessel from Honolulu with a fresh invoice of merchandise, exchange cargoes with her, and resume his trading on the coast with new goods under the original permit, the consort returning meanwhile to her port to exchange her hides, etc., for a fresh cargo of merchandise. This profitable game would be kept up as long as the custom-house authorities could be hoodwinked, or until the license expired by limitation.

The commission house of C. Brewer & Co., of which

manding H. B. M. frigate *Carysfort*, misled by false representations of the acting British consul and his clique, and dazzled by visions of fame and promotion to be gained by adding another station for the "British drum-beat," took possession of the group in the name of her Majesty Victoria, pulled down the Hawaiian flag, which in its design symbolized the protection of the three great naval powers, and hoisted St. George's Cross in its stead. His lordship at once placed an embargo on the vessels in port, to prevent the harassed sovereign Kamehameha III. from sending an envoy with his complaints to England; seized the king's favorite yacht, the *Hooikaika* (Swift-runner), renamed her H. B. M. tender *Albert*, manned her with officers and crew from the *Carysfort*, and despatched her to San Blas with the late acting consul Simpson as bearer of despatches to London.

Having accepted the king's appointment as envoy to bear his protest to Queen Victoria, and his demand for the restoration of his sovereignty, of which he had unjustly been deprived, I succeeded, by a simple ruse, in smuggling myself on board the *Albert*, and thus reaching San Blas in company with Simpson, at Lord George's expense, though without his knowledge. My adventures on that mission have already been related (see "Harper's Monthly," September, 1883).

Rapidly crossing Mexico, I embarked at Vera Cruz for New Orleans, *en route* for London *via* Washington, where I had despatches to deliver for Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, from the American consul at Honolulu.

I arrived at New Orleans May 22, 1843, and went to the St. Charles, that ancient and well-known hostelry, then admirably kept by the late Charles R. Mudge, since well known as one of Boston's merchant princes, and the late Daniel C. Waterman, who afterward was a respected merchant at Honolulu. Among the thoughts that occupied my mind as I again set foot in my native land after several years' absence, that of learning the fate of the gold dust shipment in New Orleans did not find place. But here I was to learn the solution of the mystery. As I registered my name and address at the St. Charles, Mr. Waterman inquired with much interest whether I knew the firm of Peirce & Brewer, and on learning that I was connected with the firm, thus explained the delay in the delivery of the parcel sent by the *Braganza*, whose captain was his cousin. Being in New Bedford when the *Braganza* arrived from Honolulu, and about to stop a day in Boston on his return to New Orleans, he took the package with him, promising to deliver it to Mr. Peirce, the resident partner. Arriving at the Tremont House after business hours, he marked the parcel with his own name, "to be called for," and handed it to the clerk, who placed it in the safe. The next day Mr. Waterman, without a thought of the commission he had promised to execute, attended to his business in the city and left for New Orleans. Having occasion to visit Boston some months later, he was greatly chagrined to find the parcel which he had forgotten still in the hotel safe, and lost no time in delivering it, to the agreeable surprise of Mr. Peirce, who, being unable to trace it, had given it up for lost, at least until the *Braganza* should again return from a three or four years' voyage.

This little invoice of gold dust was, so far as I know, the first California gold sent to the United States for

Talleyrand.

THE paragraphs from the Memoirs which did not reach us in time to follow the passage given in the June CENTURY simply threw out the idea that Maubreuil, who accused Talleyrand of the desire to bribe him to assassinate the fallen Emperor, in 1814, probably obtained his passports for a "secret mission" merely as one of the numerous emissaries sent out by the royalists to all points in France to proclaim the "legitimate" government. Talleyrand again denies the attempted accusation, and shows, moreover, how absurd and useless it would have been, as well as infamous.

An Incident of "General Miles's Indian Campaigns."

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, after reading the proof of Major G. W. Baird's article in the number of THE CENTURY, wrote to the editor as follows:

Referring to the desperate fight with the Nez Perces in September, 1877 [see pages 763, 764], in which Major G. W. Baird says that a staff-officer sent to me to give certain orders to Captain Hale and found him dead, Major Baird was probably misled by some [illegible] which should be inserted to be accurate at that time, and in carrying the order he found Captain Hale and Lieutenant Biddle dead, and received [illegible] de jeter wounds himself, one shattering his left arm and the other cutting the side of his head.

CALIFORNIANA.

Arrival of Overland Trains in California in "'49."

WITH the fall of '49 came to California the vanguard of the immense immigration that braved the hardships of weather, Indian perils, cholera, fevers and starvation, in that long march across a continent in pursuit of gold. Not only men, but delicate women and children shut their eyes to every comfort and association of home, and faithfully shared these dangers and perils, or were buried in nameless graves on prairie, mountain, or desert.

In every subsequent year the State of California, with liberal appropriation and abundant supplies, sent out her citizens with open hand to welcome and aid the feeble and exhausted with every necessary assistance at the latter end of their long journey. But in 1849 there was no organized effort for systematic succor. The emigrants of that year were numbered by thousands, and circumstances made it impossible, except to a very limited extent, to meet and greet them even with words of good cheer. It was only through individual effort that aid could be extended them, and almost every individual was in some respects as hard pressed as they.

I can find only one instance upon the official records where Government protection was thrown around them, and that is in General Riley's report to the War Department, under date of August 30, 1849, in which he says, in reference to his need of soldiers in place of those who had deserted: "The detachment of dragoons on their march to the Department with the collector of this district *and the Arkansas emigrants*, have not yet arrived."

Among those who contributed individual effort in going out to meet the trains I can name only a few — first of all General Sutter; Sam Brannan of Sacramento, who was identified with the so-called "Mormon battalion"; Colonel Gillespie, formerly United States consul for Lower California, then a merchant in Sacramento; General Morehouse, Dr. Semple, and, I may safely say, the business men of Sacramento generally. There were others, but at this late day it is impossible to name them. Even the name of the comrade who accompanied the writer is forgotten.

Among those who came to Auburn in May, 1849, was Dr. Deal of Baltimore, a physician and a Methodist preacher. He was very enthusiastic in stating his purpose to become one of the "honest miners," and calling a gathering together with a long tin dinner horn, he expressed his intention to dig with them, and to institute divine worship the next Sunday, and he closed by making the hills echo with a cheery hymn. Monday morning's sunrise saw the doctor in the mines with tin pan, pick, and shovel. Eleven o'clock saw him with his shovel battered, his pick broken, his hands bruised and blistered, and his clothes muddy, placing his tools and tin horn in a wagon bound for Sutter's Fort. It was well he did, for together with another good Samaritan he leased a part of Sutter's fort for a hospital, and when the forlorn bands of immigrants reached the Fort they found medical attention and care, which in many cases saved life or eased the passage to the grave.

The "Long Bar" mining claim on Bear Creek, where I was located, lay in the route of arriving immigrants, on the Sutter's Fort trail, a hundred miles from the fort. I shall never forget the sight presented by the tired, starved, sick, and discouraged travelers, with their bony and foot-sore cattle and teams. Men, women, and children, and animals were in every state of distress and emaciation. Some had left everything along the way, abandoning wagons and worn out cattle to the wolves — leaving even supplies of clothing, flour, and bedding — and in utter desperation and extremity had packed their own backs with flour and bacon; some had harnessed the backs of surviving oxen for the same purpose; and a few of the immigrants had thus made the last 1000 miles on foot, exhausted, foot-sore, and starving.

Such as we could we relieved from our small accumulated stores of flour, bacon, and coffee. Our blankets were spread on the ground for our nightly rest, always after an evening bath in the cooling slow-waters of Bear Creek, and our sleep was sweet and sound. Yet there was no comfort or relief for those worn out men, women, and children. The few of us in that lonely river bed in the mountains did what we could, and then urged them on to Sutter's Fort and Sacramento.

I remember well the case of a poor [illegible] reduced almost to a skeleton. His comrades had perished on the way with cholera, his cattle had given out, and, selecting what he could carry that was most essential, he had trudged the journey on foot. Reaching the place where we were digging and washing out the gold, he threw himself upon the ground, and said:

"And now I 've reached at last where you dig out the gold. For this I have sacrificed everything. I had a comfortable home, but I got 'the fever.' Everything is gone, my comrades are dead, and this is all there is left of me. I thought I would be glad to get here, but I am not. I don't feel the least desire to dig gold now. All I ask for is rest — rest — rest. It seems to me as if I never could get rested again. I want to find home — *home* — and there is no home here."

He inquired how far it was to Sutter's Fort, and refusing proffered food or a look at the gold, he staggered feebly on again to look for "rest" and "home."

In September the swarm of immigrants became so continuous and their condition was so wretched, that I obtained one of their mules that seemed able to carry me, and giving up my business of gold-digging for a time started with a comrade up the Truckee River route to advise and encourage the new-comers. Here I witnessed many sorrowful scenes among sick and hungry women and children just ready to die, and dead and dying cattle. The cattle were usually reduced to skeletons. There was no grass, and they were fed solely by cutting down trees for them to browse on. But the cattle were too many for this supply of food along the trail. I once counted as many as thirty yoke hitched together to pull an almost empty wagon up a hillside, while to descend an incline it was necessary to chain a large tree to the back of the wagon, with all its limbs attached that they might impede the descent of the wagon, for the cattle were entirely too weak to offer the necessary resistance. One after another the wagons would follow, and thus slowly work their way up and down the mountain sides of the Sierra pass, while the women and children wearily plodded along in the deep, dry, and exceedingly dusty trail. Some fared better, but I apprehend few would ever care to pass twice through the hardships of the overland journey of '49.

As an instance of courage and suffering: A preacher, of the Methodist Church in Indiana, accompanied by his wife (a delicate little woman) and three children, started overland with ox teams. On the journey he was suddenly attacked with dysentery and had to lie helpless in the bottom of his wagon, vibrating between life and death. His brave little wife took his place, walked by the side of the team and guided them; but she lost her way, and for two weeks, with husband and children to care for, trudged along alone until by good fortune or a good Providence she found the trail again. I afterward made their acquaintance in Columbia, where he was pastor of the Methodist church. Wishing his church sealed inside, he took off his clerical coat, chopped wood, broke up limestone boulders, burned them into lime, and with his own hands plastered the interior of the church in good style.

At first we tried to give the new-comers employment on our mining claims, but in every case but one their strength was not equal to the labor of digging gold, and on they swept, all eager to reach a "settlement." Some in their enthusiasm had, at great sacrifice, dragged along strange, heavy, and wonderful patent devices to work out the gold. Often they had thrown away their flour and bacon, thus reducing themselves to starvation, to make room for their pet machine, which on trial was found utterly worthless, and was left to rust or rot in the mines.

Special relief parties were also sent up the trail with supplies of food, medicine, and other necessaries, as well as with fresh animals, and many immigrants were safely brought in, before the snows fell in the mountains, who otherwise might have perished in the storms of early fall.

A. C. Ferris.

A Fourth Survivor of the Gold Discovery Party.

Rev. James Gillilan, of Nephi, Utah, informs us that in addition to the three survivors of the party at Sutter's Mill at the time of the discovery of gold in California — namely, Messrs. Bigler, Smith, and Wimmer, as stated by Mr. Hittell in our February number — there is a fourth survivor, Mr. Wilford Hudson (not "Willis" as printed on page 530 of that number). Mr. Hudson is living at Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah, and his description of the circumstances of the gold discovery, says our informant, "substantially accords with Mr. Hittell's account."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Ballad of Paper Fans.

Let others rave o'er Raphael,
And dim and ancient canvas scan;
Give me in this so tropic spell
The simple art of paper fan:
The long-legged stork of far Japan,
A-flying through its straggling trees,
Does all for me that painting can—
I bless the gentle Japanese.

Give me such dragons fierce and fell
As earth saw when its life began;
Sweet views of frog and lily-bell,
Of moon-faced maid, and slant-eyed man;
Of flow'ry boughs athwart the wan
Full-orbéd moon; of azure seas;
And roseate landscapes on a plan
Peculiar to the Japanese.

Give me the hills that sink and swell,
Faint green and purple, pink and tan.
Joy would it ever be to dwell
Where streams that little bridges span,
Ignored, may flow 'twixt maid's sedan
And lover's whispered flatteries;
For happy hearts are dearer than
Perspective to the Japanese.

L'Envoi.

O Love, how lightly, sweetly ran
Life's sands for us in climes like these!
Long leagues would lose their power to ban
Were you and I but Japanese!

Annie Steger Winston.

Charley, she thought, for they were clean, innocent, and of graceful mien. After all, here was one vastly dearer to her than those for whom she labored and prayed — one whose heart and happiness lay in her very palm. Might she not soften her line of action somewhat for his sake?

But conscience turned the glass, and she remembered Wilhelmina, and thought of the happiness of little Hilda Maginnis and her mother. Was it nothing that God had endowed her with this beneficent power? How could she shrink from the blessedness of dispensing the divine mercy? Her imagination took flame at the vision of a life of usefulness and devotion to those who were suffering.

Then she raised her head and there were the white flowers. She felt an impulse to kiss her hand in good night to them as she rose from her chair, but such an act would have seemed foolish to one of her temperament.

She went to bed in doubt and got up in perplexity. She could not help looking forward to Mrs. Frankland's Bible reading that afternoon with expectation that some message would be providentially sent for her guidance. The spirit perplexed is ever superstitious. Since so many important decisions in life must be made blindly, one does not wonder that primitive men settled dark questions by studying the stars, by interpreting the flight of birds, the whimsical zigzags of the lightning bolt, or the turning of the beak of a fowl this way or that in picking corn. The human mind bewildered is ever looking for crevices in the great mystery that inwraps the visible universe, and ever hoping that some struggling beam from beyond may point to the best path.

Edward Eggleston.

(To be continued.)

A MINER'S SUNDAY IN COLOMA.

(FROM THE WRITER'S CALIFORNIA JOURNAL, 1849–50.)

THE principal street of Coloma was alive with crowds of moving men, passing and repassing, laughing, talking, and all appearing in the best of humor: Negroes from the Southern States swaggering in the expansive feeling of runaway freedom; mulattoes from Jamaica trudging arm-in-arm with Kanakas from Hawaii; Peruvians and Chilians claiming affinity with the swarthier Mexicans; Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians fraternizing with one another and with the cockney fresh from the purlieus of St. Giles; an Irishman, with the dewdrop still in his eye, tracing relationship with the ragged Australian; Yankees from the Penobscot chatting and bargaining with the genial Oregonians; a few Celestials scattered here and there, their pigtails and conical hats recalling the strange pictures that took my boyish fancy while studying the geography of the East; last of all, a few Indians, the only indigenous creatures among all these exotics, lost, swallowed up — out of place like

"rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

It was a scene that no other country could ever imitate. Antipodes of color, race, religion, language, government, condition, size, capability, strength and morals were there, within that small village in the mountains of California, all impressed with but one purpose,— impelled with but one desire.

A group of half a dozen Indians especially attracted my attention. They were strutting about in all the glory of newly acquired habiliments; but with this distinction — that one suit of clothes was sufficient to dress the whole crowd. The largest and best-looking Indian had appropriated the hat and boots, and without other apparel walked about as proudly as any city clerk. Another was lost in an immense pair of pantaloons. A third sported nothing but a white shirt with ruffled bosom. A fourth flaunted a blue swallow-tailed coat, bespangled with immense brass buttons. A fifth was decked with a flashy vest; while the sixth had nothing but a red bandana, which was carefully wrapped around his neck. Thus what would scarcely serve one white man just as effectually accommodated six Indians.

The street was one continuous din. Thimble riggers, French monte dealers, or string-game tricksters were shouting aloud at every corner: "Six ounces, gentlemen, no one can tell where the little joker is!" or "Bet on the jack, the jack's the winning card! Three ounces no man can turn up the jack!" or "Here's the place to git your money back! The veritable string game! Here it goes! Three, six, twelve ounces no one can put his finger in the loop!" But

rising above all this ceaseless clamor was the shrill voice of a down-east auctioneer, who, perched on a large box in front of a very small canvas booth, was disposing of the various articles in the shebang behind him, "all at a bargain." What a ragged, dirty, unshaven, good-natured assemblage! — swallowing the stale jests of the "crier" with the greatest guffaws, and bidding with all the recklessness of half-tipsy brains and with all the confidence of capacious, well-stuffed bags. Behind a smaller box, to the left of the Yankee, was a Jew in a red cap and scarlet flannel shirt, busy with his scales and leaden weights, to weigh out the "dust" from the various purchasers. There was no fear of the weights being heavier than the law allows, or that the tricky Jew by chance should place the half-ounce on the scales when there was but a quarter due. That there should be a few pennyweights too many made no difference; it is only the hungry purse that higgles about weights or prices. A little bad brandy and a big purse made a miner wonderfully important and magnanimous; and he regarded everything below an ounce as unworthy of attention.

This German Jew was also barkeeper. Beside him were a few tin cups, and a whole army of long and short necked, gaily labeled bottles, from which he dealt out horrible compounds for fifty cents a drink. His eye brightened as he perceived coming up the street a crowd of rollicking, thirsty, sunburned fellows, fresh from their "diggins" among the hills. But the quick eye of the auctioneer also singled them out and read their wants.

"Here 's a splendid pair of brand-new boots! cowhide, double-soled, triple-pegged, water-proof boots! The very thing for you, sir, fit your road-smashers exactly; just intended, cut out, made for your mud-splashers alone; going for only four ounces and a half — four and a half! and gone — for four and a half ounces; walk up here and weigh out your dust."

"Wet your boots, old boy!" sang out the companions of the purchaser.

The barkeeper, with his weights already on the scales, exclaimed, "Shtand back, poys, and let de shentlemens to de bar."

The newcomers approached, crowding tumultuously around their companion of the boots, who, drawing out a long and well-filled buckskin bag, tossed it to the expectant Jew with as much carelessness as if it were only dust.

"Thar 's the bag, old feller! weigh out the boots and eight lickers. Come, boys, call for what you like; it 's my treat — go it big, fellers! all one price."

"Vat ye takes?" asks the barkeeper, after weighing out the amount due and handing the purse back to its owner.

"Brandy straight," "brandy punch," "brandy sling," "gin cocktail," and thus they went on, each one calling for a different drink.

Then the bargaining began. Butcher-knives for crevicing, tin pans, shovels, picks, clothing of all colors, shapes, and sizes; hats and caps of every style; coffee, tea, sugar, bacon, flour, liquors of all grades in stiff-necked bottles — in a word, almost everything that could be enumerated — were disposed of at a furious rate; so that in an hour's time the contents of the little grocery were distributed among the jolly crowd.

Suddenly there was a great noise of shouting and hurrahing away up the street, and, the crowd heaving and separating upon either side, on came a dozen half-wild, bearded miners, fine, wiry, strapping fellows, on foaming horses, lashing them to the utmost, and giving the piercing scalp-halloo of the Comanches! They suddenly halted in front of Winter's hotel, and while the greater number dismounted and tumultuously entered the bar-room for refreshment a few of the remainder made themselves conspicuous by acts of daring horsemanship — picking up knives from the ground while at full gallop, Indian-like whirling on the sides of their steeds, then up and off like the wind and, while apparently dashing into the surrounding crowd, suddenly reining in their horses upon their haunches, and whirling them upon their hind legs, then without a step dashing off as furiously in the opposite direction. These few proved to be Doniphan's wild riders, who even excelled the Mexican caballeros in their feats of horsemanship. At last, all together once more they came sweeping down the street, apparently reckless of life and limb. As they passed, the scurrying footmen cheered them on with great good nature. The crowd closed again and in a brief time everything was as restless as ever.

Passing up the street, I came to a large unfinished frame-house, the sashless windows and doorway crowded with a motley crew, apparently intent upon something solemn happening within. After a little crowding and pushing I looked over the numberless heads in front, and saw — could I believe my eyes? — a preacher, as ragged and as hairy as myself, holding forth to an attentive audience. Though the careless and noisy crowd was surging immediately without, all was quiet within. He spoke well and to the purpose and warmed every one with his fine and impassioned delivery. He closed with a benediction but prefaced it by saying: "There will be divine service in this house next Sabbath — if, in the meantime, I hear of no new diggin's!"

The audience silently streamed out, the greater part directing their steps to a large, two-story frame-house across the street. This was

AN ATTACK IN COLOMA

the hotel *par excellence* of the town; one could easily perceive that by its long white colonnade in front, and its too numerous windows in the upper story.

A large saloon occupied the whole front of the building. Filling up the far side of the room was the gaudy and well-stocked bar, where four spruce young fellows in shirt-sleeves and flowing collars were busily engaged dealing out horrible compounds to thirsty customers strung along the whole length of the counter. The other three sides of the saloon were crowded with monte tables, each one of which was surrounded with a crowd of old and young so that it was almost impossible to obtain a glimpse of the dealers or their glittering banks. There was a perfect babel of noises! English, French, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Kanakas, Chilians, all were talking in their respective languages. Glasses were jingling, money was rattling, and, crowning all, two fiddlers in a distant corner were scraping furiously on their instruments, seemingly the presiding divinities of this variegated pandemonium!

Crowding, inch by inch, into one of these motley groups, I found myself at last in front of a large table, neatly covered with blue cloth, upon which was a mass of Mexican silver dollars piled up in ounce or sixteen-dollar stacks. Immediately facing me was the banker; a well-dressed, middle-aged, quiet little man, with one of the most demure countenances imaginable. Beside him was the croupier, a very boy, whose duty it was to rake in the winnings and pay out the losses, which he did with wonderful dexterity.

Fronting the dealer, and dividing the silver into two equal portions, was a large Chinese box of exquisite construction. Upon it were ranged half a dozen packs of French and Spanish cards, several large masses of native gold, and a dozen or more buckskin bags of all sizes and conditions containing dust. Dollars and half-dollars were piled upon these purses—some with a few, others with a greater number thereon. One unacquainted with the game might guess for a day and not be able to hit upon the object of this arrangement, but a close observer might read elation or depression in the anxious eyes of the players, as the weight upon these bags was either diminished or increased. These purses were in pawn; the dollars and half-dollars were the counters wherewith the banker numbered the ounces or half-ounces that might be owing to the bank.

"There 's another millstone on the pile," groaned a thin-faced, watery-eyed little fellow in a hickory shirt and walnut pantaloons, as he saw another dollar added to his dust-bag.

"Take off two o' them air buttons," laughed a fat-faced man in red shirt and Chinese cap. "I won two ounces on the deuce; another bet like that, and my bag 's not for your mill, old feller!"

The cards were all out, and the "old feller" was shuffling them for a new deal; during which operation he cast a furtive glance about the table to see if there were any new customers to bite at his game, or, perhaps, to note if any of those who had bitten seemed to be cooling off—a weakness which he hastened to counteract by singing out: "Barkeeper!" and inquiring "What will the gentlemen take to drink?" This invitation was given in such a quiet and insinuating manner that one hesitated to decline for fear of wounding the delicate sensibilities of the banker. Each called for what he wished, and all concluded to "fight the tiger" a little while longer. The sprightly barkeeper was back in a twinkling, with a large waiter covered with glasses. These he distributed with wonderful dexterity, remembering perfectly what each one had ordered; so that, much to the player's surprise, he found his own glass chosen from among twenty and placed before him. That barkeeper had a niche in his brain for every man at the table.

The drinking over, the glasses were whisked away, and all hands were again ready for the game.

"It 's your cut," said the banker, reaching the cards towards our watery-eyed acquaintance.

"Jack and deuce! Make your bets, gentlemen."

The jack appeared to be the favorite; ounce after ounce was staked upon it; two more cards were thrown out.

"Seven and ace. Come down, gents; come down!" The seven was the favorite by odds.

"All down, gents?" inquired the dealer, as he rapped his knuckles on the table.

"Hold on!" exclaimed a shrill, puerile voice, as if coming from under the table. Every one looked down; and there was apparently a curly-headed boy, whose mouth was little above the level of the bank. He cautiously, coolly and methodically thrust forth a small hand, and laid down two dimes upon the ace. Every one laughed—all but the dealer, who with the same placidity thrust back the dimes and dampened the little fellow's ardor by observing:

"We don't take dimes at this bank."

But no, the little fellow had spunk; he was not so easily dashed. Picking up his dimes, his hand suddenly reappeared, this time holding a very weighty buckskin bag apparently filled with the yellow dust. This he tossed upon the ace, exclaiming:

"There! I guess you 'll take that. Six ounces on the ace!"

Every one was astonished. All looked around

THE FARO PLAYERS

to see if he had any relatives or friends in the crowd. He appeared to be entirely alone and a stranger to every one; but the play began—and, strange to say, the ace won!

"Good!" "Bully!" "Lucky boy!" were the exclamations on every side. The fortunate little gambler pocketed his bag and placed upon the deuce the six ounces he had just won.

"Bar the porte!" shouted the boy as the dealer was about to turn the cards. It was well for him that he cried out in time, for the jack was in the door. It was a narrow escape, but the little fellow was safe for this time. The cards were brushed aside and others took their places. The betting went bravely on. The boy laid his money on the deuce and, wonderful to say, it won! He was now the gainer by twelve ounces. He was the hero of the table; all eyes were upon him; and it was seen that he was not as young as he seemed—an old head upon a child's shoulders! For the remainder of the deal old players regulated their bets by his, and he carried them along upon the wave. The bank looked a little sickly from this bleeding.

The deal being out, the banker, the same cool imperturbable figure, chose another pack of cards, and shuffled and cut and reshuffled them until the patience of the crowd was almost exhausted. It was the boy's cut, and a lay-out was made.

"Jack and queen. Come down with your dust. Gentlemen, make your bets."

The little fellow was very much puzzled; it was a hard matter to choose between the jack and the queen. Another lay-out was made: the deuce against the seven.

"Twenty-five ounces on the deuce," said the little man, piling all his winnings around the card. But few other bets were made; the older hands were afraid this sudden luck would change, and they all held back. The plucky lad was pitted against the man of fifty—youth, enthusiasm and a dare-all luck arrayed against the craft and cunning of an experienced gambler! How our sympathies were warmed by the fearlessness of the boy! The play began; the deck was faced; and, as I live, the deuce was in the door! The boy won the full amount of his bet.

The successful urchin was the least excited person in the room. He hauled in his winnings as carelessly as if those stacks of dollars were only chips. Another shuffle, and another lay-out was made. The field was now given up entirely to the two antagonists. The ace and the five were the cards; against all our hints the boy staked his fifty ounces on the five. We were breathless with fear; the dealer himself paused a little before drawing the cards,—but at length the deck was faced, and slowly and cautiously the cards were drawn, one by one—deuce, tray, king, queen, and seven appear in succession—and then—the five! The boy was again victorious: his fifty ounces were now one hundred. The last round made a huge chasm in the appearance of the bank, and the table immediately in front of the little hero was absolutely covered with money.

The banker was as cool and methodical as ever; taking a fresh pack he shuffled it carefully and made another lay-out. The boy bet his hundred ounces and was again victorious! Two hundred ounces were now piled up before him. We advised him to desist, not to tempt his luck too far; but he coolly replied: "I 'll break that bank or it 'll break me!"

Did any one ever hear of such determination, even in a man? He increased in our estimation, and we liked him all the better for his grit. More than half the bank was his already, a fortune in itself! but the little, round, gray eyes of the boy were not upon his winnings, but were feeding eagerly upon the moiety that was not yet his.

"Queen and tray. Come down," said the dealer.

"How much have you in the bank?" asked the boy.

"A hundred and fifty ounces."

"I tap the bank upon the queen."

This would decide the game. A stillness as of death was upon the crowd; our breath was hushed; our very hearts almost ceased to beat; the suspense became painful; even the banker paused, and wiped the cold drops from his brow.

The deck was faced at last, and calmly, steadily, and without hurry the cards were drawn, one by one. One—two—three—four—five—he had lost! The queen had thrown him; and his entire winnings were ruthlessly swept away by the sharp croupier beyond.

Dizzy and sick with the result, we turned our eyes upon the loser; he bore himself bravely, and did not seem to feel the loss half as sensibly as ourselves. He looked about with a stern, defying air, as if to chide us for our sympathy. As yet he had lost nothing; his large buckskin bag was still intact. Laying it upon the table, with the air of a Cæsar, he put his all upon the throw, defying fate to do her worst! Our pity was suddenly changed to admiration. We felt that he was lost; but we were sure he would die game.

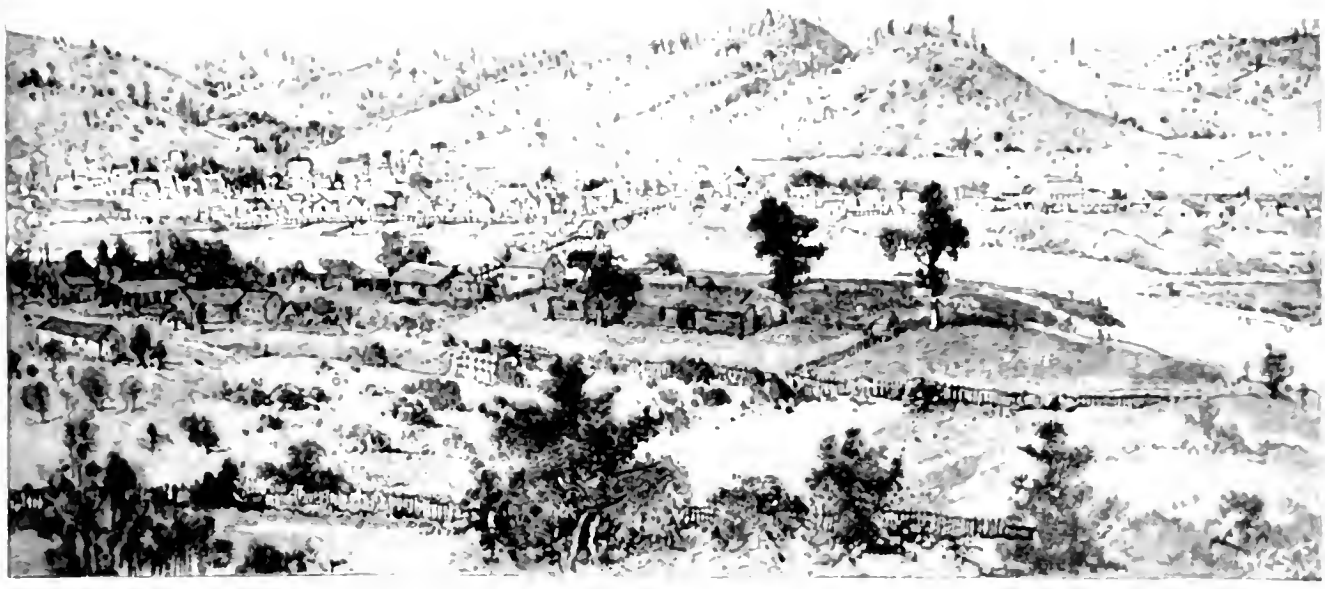
The cards were again shuffled and cut. The seven and the king were laid out; the boy chose the king. The cards were drawn, slowly and steadily; at last the seven appeared; and the game was ended. He saw his well-filled purse stowed away along with many others within that Chinese box and, whistling "O California," turned his back upon the scene. The

crowd parted sympathetically to let him through; and he strutted out with all the importance of a noted hero, the eyes of the astonished and admiring assemblage following him to the door.

I passed out silently after him and joined him in the street. I could scarcely find words to express my sympathy for his loss. He looked at me furtively with one eye, without ceasing to whistle. I took his arm and, leading him around the corner of the house, begged to know the amount of his loss, and if he had any money on which to come and go. He did not cease his whistling, but planted himself firmly before me and looked up. I took out my purse, and offered him a part; the whistling instantly ceased; his face swelled out into a broad and homely grin. Looking cautiously around for fear of being overheard, he whispered:

"Mum 's the word; I believe you 're a good egg! You want to know how much was in that bag? Well, I 'll tell you; just four pounds of duck-shot mixed,—and—nothing more; what a swa'rin' and a cussin' when they open it!" and the little imp laughed till the tears were in his eyes. I, too, tried to laugh, but my sympathies were shocked; and I turned away from that premature scamp and strode off with a heavy weight upon my spirits. But I had not gone far until the trick was even too much for my feelings; and I laughed long and heartily at its audacity.

At the next corner I stopped for a few minutes to watch the maneuvers of a tall, slim man, who was explaining the mysteries of thimble rigging to a crowd of lately arrived gold hunters. He was young, and had a long, high-bridged nose, blue eyes, a florid complexion, and thin flaxen hair, without even the lightest appearance of a beard upon his chin. From



The site of Old Mar[illegible]

at his language I saw that he was English—"a Sydney chap," no doubt, fresh from the galleys; there were thousands like him in the country. He was standing with his left foot upon a low box, so as to make a table of his thigh, on which were three small wooden thimbles and a little pellet of paper, with the movements of which he completely mystified his audience. With what dexterity he moved the little joker from cup to cup! and yet so slowly that every one could see it in its passage. Now you would be willing to swear it was safely ensconced under the farthest thimble, for you saw it distinctly when the cup was raised; but you might as well give up your money at once as to stake it on the movements of the little joker, who was the very genius of the thimble, even, like him of Aladdin's lamp, becoming visible or invisible as its owner willed. In vain did he invite a bet; no one was bold enough to risk six ounces. Then the thimble-rigger changed his tactics; he saw there were many willing and anxious to bet, were they but half assured there was no hidden trickery in this

manual dexterity. His movements, therefore, became slow and careless, as though he supposed there was no one there disposed to risk his money on the game. He was so absent-minded as to turn his head away, as though looking for some one beyond the crowd, but still moving his thimbles and the joker so carelessly that the little pellet was at last left outside of one of the cups, when it should have been totally concealed within. The gambler's mind was evidently not on his game, or he never would have made this mistake, which might be taken advantage of by some of his sharp-sighted auditors. A black-eyed little fellow had been intently watching him for some time past. He had the dress and appearance of a miner, but his hands were soft and delicate—a fact you noted as, taking advantage of the thimble-rigger's carelessness, he cautiously reached forward, and very dexterously swept the joker from the gambler's thigh, without the latter being aware of his conduct. This trick created a marked sensation among the bystanders; so much so, that the Englishman's attention was recalled to his game.

There was now an evident willingness to bet on the part of three or four of the lookers-on, but a swarthy miner, with his face covered with an immense black beard, got the start of all the rest and, trembling with excitement, exclaimed:

"I 'll bet you ten ounces the 's no ball under thar at all."

"Put down your dust," replied the gambler. The miner drew a well-filled buckskin bag from his pocket, but, before he staked his money, had the foresight to declare that the gambler must not touch the thimbles, that he himself must have the privilege of lifting the cups. The Englishman assented to this. Without the least hesitation the miner put down his dust. We all circled closer, laughing within ourselves at the evident discomfiture of the careless gambler. The miner raised the nearest thimble, the ball was not there; he lifted the second, it was not there; he laid his fingers on the third and last and, with a triumphant laugh at his evident good luck, lifted it likewise. But his laugh was suddenly changed to a short, quick, smothered cry of astonishment. We all looked down; and there, lying as cozy as an egg in its nest, was the wonderful little joker!

The miner had been completely fooled. There had been two little paper pellets, and the dark-eyed man was a confederate.

Leaving the thimble-rigger, I passed along under the colonnade of the hotel, my ears almost deafened by the rattling of money and the hubbub of various dialects; and, piercing all, like the shrieking of termagants, came the noise of the tortured fiddles. The saloon was filled with a mass of men, laughing, talking, gambling, drinking, and all apparently in the best of humor. It was no use trying for admittance, so I stepped down to the next house, where there was another large assemblage filling up half the street and intently watching something that was happening in the midst of them.

Edging my way with a good deal of difficulty, I at last saw a long, slab-sided, sleepy-looking Yankee, who was expatiating on the wonders of a small brass padlock, which he held up to the admiration of the crowd, declaring it to be "the wonder of the world," "the very essence of mechanical ingenuity," and "a thing that puzzles the scientific, considerable." And, as a voucher for the truth of his statement, he was willing and ready to wager any amount from ten ounces to a hundred that no man in the crowd could open it within the space of two minutes.

The crowd was agape with wonder; the lock was passed from hand to hand; it was twisted, turned, and tried in a hundred different ways, but all to no purpose,—it withstood the most rigid scrutiny. Some were willing to give it up in despair; but there were others whom the very difficulty of the undertaking impelled to still greater exertions. At last it fell into the hands of a rough, hairy, raw-boned fellow with the mouth and jaw of a bulldog, every feature of whose countenance showed an inflexibility of purpose to overcome every obstacle, whether for evil or for good. He twisted and turned the miniature lock into every conceivable position, searching for the hidden spring. At last he found it. He was astounded at his own success. He gave a furtive look at the owner, to see if he had been observed; but the Yankee was absorbed in conversation with a neighbor, to whom he was narrating the history of the wonderful lock, and did not even appear to know that this bulldog fellow had it in his possession. The latter, now satisfied with his success, gave his neighbor, a thick-headed German, a nudge with his elbow. The two withdrew somewhat from the crowd, and there, in a measure secure from observation, he showed his companion the hidden spring, and advised him to bet twenty ounces on the result, and agreed to "go his halves." The German eagerly accepted the proposition; and the two reëntered the ring with the triumph of discovery in their faces. The German laid down his bag, and on the top of it the Yankee piled his twenty Spanish doubloons. The gambler drew out his watch to note the time; and handing the wizard lock to his opponent, told him to begin.

The German took the lock, and with a smile

of derision put his finger on the spring; and lo! the lock was still a lock. Perhaps he mistook the knob whereon to press; but no! that was the boss that but a moment since unhasped the lock. He pressed it again with a firmer hand; but it was of no use, the clasp was still unclasped. The German felt dimly that he had been victimized; the two minutes were rapidly passing away; large drops of perspiration oozed from his forehead,—his hands trembled with excitement,—every knob on the brazen puzzle was convulsively pressed,—but all in vain. The time was up—and his money lost! With a pitiable countenance he turned to his partner in misfortune, but he had gone! His spirit sank within him. He must bear the loss himself! His missing partner was of course a confederate of the Yankee's, and before the money was staked had quietly neutralized the spring upon which the German had so confidently relied.

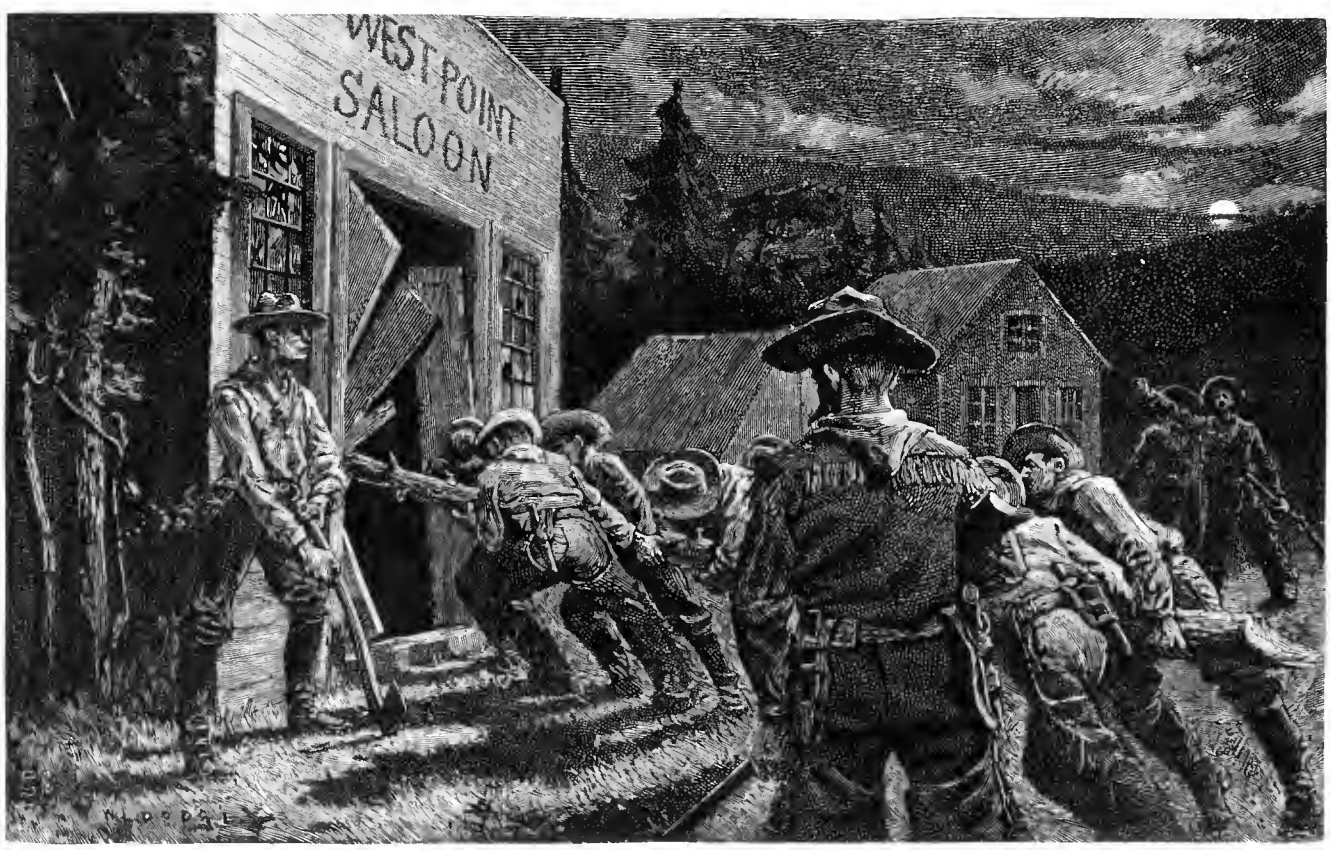
By this time my appetite began to warn me of the near approach of noon. There were any number of eating-houses and booths, but which to choose I could not tell. However, suffering myself to be guided in a measure by the crowd which was now streaming to the other side of the river, I soon found myself in front of "Lattle's Hotel," the largest frame building on the right bank of the river, serving in the treble capacity of post-office, store, and tavern. Here I found all my acquaintances, who, like me, were on the search for a good dinner; and who had been induced to go there by the encomiums of "older hands," who every Sunday had made a custom of visiting Coloma for the express purpose of having one good dinner in the week. The first sounding of the gong had already brought a hungry crowd, apparently large enough to carry away the whole building. They were assembled in front of the closed door of the long dining room, anxiously awaiting the second signal, when they were to be admitted.

While awaiting the opening of the door, my attention was directed to a diminutive, middle-aged Irishman, who was busily engaged narrating to a companion the various wonders and mysteries that "completely bothered him in this wondther of a place." After many tumultuous adventures he had found himself on the bank of the river, hunting for a "quicksilver masheen," when the gong sounded for dinner; and he thus continued his narrative:

"An' do ye see, Dinni, I just went down be the wather to indivor to get a sight of a quicksilver masheen; for I never seen the loike in this counthry yit; an' I had a great inclination to luck at one, cr'at wan only to see the shape ov it, but I didn't see ony thing like the quicksilver masheen at all, at all; but a man that was there prospectin' tould me for to come up to the tavern, an' there was wan there sittin' out ov doors jist forninst the house. Just then I heerd a clatthering ov the big mouthfun wos tumbled down stairs. I didn't know the manes"

ov it far a long time; whin it sthruck me right strate — it wos nothin' but the quicksilver masheen. So I hurried up the bank, an' thin I saw evry wan runnin' up this way, as ef it wos a rale Irish foight they were goin' to see, an' not the quicksilver masheen at all. Whin I sees thim all runnin' like pigs afther pratee skins — stir your stumps, Condy, says I, or you 'll niver git near the baste. An' thin, I run loike the rist ov thim; an' whin I got to where the noise come from, — what do you think I seen, Dinnis? Why, nothin' but a big nagur batin' the tamboreen!"

We had scarcely time enough to laugh at Condy's disappointment in search of the



"ROUGHS IN TOWN." (ADAPTED FROM A SKETCH BY HUBERT BURGESS OF AN INCIDENT IN THE MINES.)

"quicksilver masheen" when the "tamborine" again sounded; the door flew open, and in a few minutes the long, narrow, dining-room was crowded with at least three hundred miners, seated at a well-furnished table and enjoying the unusual luxury of a chair to sit on, with silver-plated forks and spoons, and other little knickknacks of civilized society. The dinner was really excellent, and every one appeared heartily to enjoy it.

When the edge of my appetite had in a measure been ground away, I took occasion to look up and down the table, and I could but wonder how I happened among such a collection of uncouth men. The contrast was certainly startling between the snow-white tablecloth, china dishes, silver forks and spoons, and the unwashed, half-famished, sunburnt crowd of hungry and bearded miners. At home, one would associate such a crowd with the deck of a Mississippi steamboat, or the platform of an Alleghany River raft, with iron forks and spoons, and tin plates spread on a rough pine board for a table; but here they lorded it over every luxury that money could procure. There was not a single coat in the whole crowd, and certainly not over half a dozen vests, and neither neckties nor collars. But then, to make amends for these deficiencies, there were any number and variety of fancy shirts, from the walnut-stained homespun of the Missourian to the embroidered blouse of the sallow Frenchman. Never before was I so fully impressed with the truth of the old adage that "dress makes the man," for I doubt if the whole world could present to a stranger's eye a crowd of rougher or apparently lower characters than were then seated around that hospitable table. And yet many of these men were lawyers and physicians, and the rest principally farmers and mechanics from the "States"; who now with their long beards and fierce mustaches looked anything else than the quiet citizens they were at home. Men who formerly were effeminacy itself in dress and manners were here changed into rough and swaggering braves, with a carelessness of appearance and language that a semi-civilized condition of society alone could permit.

Men pocketed their pride in California in those days. I met in the mines lawyers and physicians, of good standing at home, who were acting as barkeepers, waiters, hostlers,

and teamsters. An ex-judge of oyer and terminer was driving an ox-team from Colonia to Sacramento. One man who had been a State senator and secretary of state in one of our western commonwealths was doing a profitable business at manufacturing "cradles," while an ex-governor of one of our southwestern States played the fiddle in a gambling saloon. These things were hardly remarked. Every one went to the Slope with the determination to make money; and if the mines did not afford it, the next inquiry was what pursuit or business would the sooner accomplish the desired end. Thousands who had not the necessary stamina for the vicissitudes of a miner's life, nor yet the means of going into any of the various channels of trade, were for a time compelled to serve in capacities far beneath their deserts, until time and means should justify them in choosing for themselves.

Charles B. Gillespie.

"BROKE."

CALIFORNIANA.

ANECDOTES OF THE MINES.

BY HUBERT BURGESS.

One Way of Salting a Claim.

To "salt a claim" is to sprinkle gold dust about it in certain places in order to deceive those who may be seeking investment. In this way in the early days of California worthless claims were made to appear rich, and were often sold for large sums of money. In the course of time this practice became so common that purchasers were always on their guard, and it was necessary to exercise much ingenuity in order to deceive them. I know of one instance where solid earth was removed to the depth of six feet and, after coarse gold had been mixed with it, was replaced and covered with rubbish in such a way as to look firm and natural. Soon after, a party came along who wished to buy, and judging from appearances they selected the very place for prospecting which had been salted for them, deeming it less likely to have been tampered with than the rest of the claim. Of course they thought they had "struck it rich," but they realized only the salt. Sometimes claims were pronounced worthless before sufficient work had been done on them. When these were salted and sold to persevering miners they frequently netted large fortunes to those who had unwittingly purchased them.

In 1851 a party of American miners had been working a claim near Columbia, Tuolumne County, California, and not having even found the "color" they became discouraged; the more so as a company of Chinamen a short distance above them were doing very well. The Americans having expressed a willingness to sell, one day three Chinamen went to look at the claim. They talked it over among themselves and finally asked the owners at what price they would sell. Of course the Americans made it out rich and put a high figure on it, though in fact they were resolved to sell out at any price, being sure that the ground was worthless. It was decided that the Chinamen should bring their picks and pans next day to prospect, and if they were satisfied they would buy at the figure agreed upon.

The miners, thinking it would probably be their last chance to sell, determined to salt the claim. It was a large piece of ground and the trouble was where to put the "salt." One of the men soon hit upon a very ingenious plan. He took his gun and went, as he said, to get a quail or two, but in reality to kill a snake. As there were a great many about the place, he soon killed a large gopher-snake, which resembles the rattle-snake in appearance but is perfectly harmless to man. Putting his game into a bag, he returned to camp.

On being asked by his companions what he had brought back for supper, he shook out the snake and explained his idea thus:

"Now, boys, when the Chinamen come to-morrow, they won't allow any of us to be too near, because they're afraid of 'salt.' Well, Jim, you walk along on top of the bank and have that dead snake in your pocket. Bill and [illegible] will stay talking to the Johns, I'll have my gun over my shoulder as if I [illegible] going for a rabbit, only you see I'll put 'salt' into the gun instead of shot. We'll find out where they're going to pan out next, and you be looking on, innocent like, with the snake ready to drop where I tell you. When them fellers start to walk there, just slide down the bank, and when we all get there, I'll hear 'Hold on, boys!' and before they know what's up, I'll fire the 'salt' all around there and make believe I killed the snake. How'll that do?"

Next morning four Chinamen came prepared for work. They tried a few places, but of course did not get the "color." The Americans kept at a distance so that there could be no complaint.

"Well, John," said the schemer, "where you try next, over in that corner?"

The Chinamen were suspicious in a moment. They were familiar with salted claims and were well on their guard. "No likee dis corn'. Tlie him nudder corn'," pointing to the opposite one.

Jim, with his hands in his pockets, was above on the bank, many feet away, watching; when he saw them point in that direction, his partner gave a nod and he pitched the snake on the ground near the place. The leader exclaimed, "Hold on boys!" and fired before they could tell which way to look. Going up to the snake, he pushed the gun under it and carried it away hanging over the barrel. Jim walked off and Bill sat on a wheelbarrow on the opposite side from where they were at work. The Chinamen had no suspicion. They carried away several pans of dirt to wash in a stream near by, and when they returned Bill felt pretty sure they had struck some of the "salt," but the Chinamen said nothing except, "Claim no good. Melikin man talkee too muchee."

The Americans, knowing the game, refused to take less than the specified price, which the Chinamen finally paid and in two days the sellers were off to new diggings.

The strangest part of the story is that the claim turned out to be one of the richest in the district. The Chinamen made a great deal of money, sold out and went home.

"Hold on boys, till I make this shot."

In 1851 Mokelumne Hill was one of the worst camps in California. "Who was shot last week?" was the first question asked by the miners when they came in from the river or surrounding diggings on Saturday nights or Sundays to gamble or get supplies. It was very seldom that the answer was "No one."

Men made desperate by drink or losses at the gambling table, would race up and down the thoroughfares, in single file, as boys play the game of "follow my leader," each imitating the actions of the foremost. Selecting some particular letter in a sign they would fire in turn, regardless of everything but the accuracy of the aim. Then they would quarrel over it as though they were boys, playing a game of marbles, while every shot was likely to kill or wound some unfortunate person.

The gambling tents were large and contained not only gaming tables but billiard tables. At one of these I was once playing billiards with a man named H——. A few feet from us, raised upon a platform made for the purpose, were seated three Mexican musicians, playing guitars; for these places were always well supplied with instrumental music. The evening seldom passed without disputes, and pistols were quickly drawn to settle quarrels. Upon any outbreak men would rush from all parts of the room, struggling to get as near as possible to the scene of action, and often they paid the penalty for their curiosity by being accidentally shot. While H—— and I were engaged in our game, we could hear the monotonous appeal of the dealers, "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game. Red wins and black loses." Suddenly *bang, bang, bang* went the pistols in a distant part of the tent. The usual rush followed. *Bang, bang*, again, and this time the guitar dropped from the hands of one of the unoffending musicians, who fell forward to the ground with a bullet through his neck. His friends promptly undertook to carry him past us to the open air. Our table was so near the side of the tent that only one person at a time could go between it and the canvas. H—— was standing in the way, just in the act of striking the ball with his cue, when one of the persons carrying the wounded man touched him with the request that he move to one side. He turned and saw the Mexican being supported by the legs and arms, the blood flowing from his neck; then with the coolest indifference he said, "Hold on, hold on, boys, till I make this shot," then, resuming his former position, he deliberately finished his shot.

These events occurred so constantly that residents of the place became callous, and although at the sound of the pistol crowds rushed forward, it was with no deeper feeling than curiosity.

Sometimes in the newer communities property as well as life was in danger. I remember that one night in West Point, Calaveras County, a party of roughs "cleaned out" the leading saloon because the proprietor would not furnish them free whisky.

A little later law and order began to assert their claims in the community. Several families from the East came in, and a protest was made against the sway of the gamblers. The result was that the card business did not pay so well; miners grew more careful of their money, and the professional "sports" left the place in great numbers. One of them as he packed up his chips remarked: "They 're getting too partickler. If a feller pulls his pistol in self-defense and happens to blow the top of a miner's head off, they haul him up before a jury. The good old times are about over here, and the country 's played out!"

"The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite."

Editor of the Century Magazine: My communication in the December number of The Century on "The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite" has brought to me several letters, including one from a writer from California who quotes a statement made by George Coulter, the founder of Coultersville, corroborating in detail the circumstances as narrated in my communication, *except in the one essential particular.* He is quoted as saying that the party I met at his store did not go so far into the mountains as the Yosemite, but made their attack upon the Indians in a cañon on the north fork of the Merced *below* the Yosemite. I accept his statement, as reported, and am pleased to withdraw all contention of the claim made by Doctor Bunnell that he was the original discoverer.

Montclair, March 27, 1891. *Julius H. Pratt.*

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA BEFORE THE GOLD DISCOVERY.

BY JOHN BIDWELL (PIONEER OF '41).

SUTTER'S BOOT. (IN THE PIONEER SOCIETY'S ROOMS, SACRAMENTO.)

THE party whose fortunes I have followed across the plains[1] was not only the first that went direct to California from the East; we were probably the first white people, except Bonneville's party of 1833, that ever crossed the Sierra Nevada. Dr. Marsh's ranch, the first settlement reached by us in California, was located in the eastern foothills of the Coast Range Mountains, near the northwestern extremity of the great San Joaquin Valley and about six miles east of Monte Diablo, which may be called about the geographical center of Contra Costa County. There were no other settlements in the valley; it was, apparently, still just as new as when Columbus discovered America, and roaming over it were countless thousands of wild horses, of elk, and of antelope. It had been one of the driest years ever known in California. The country was brown and parched; throughout the State wheat, beans, everything had failed. Cattle were almost starving for grass, and the people, except perhaps a few of the best families, were without bread, and were eating chiefly meat, and that often of a very poor quality.

Dr. Marsh had come into California four or five years before by way of New Mexico. He was in some respects a remarkable man. In command of the English language I have scarcely ever seen his equal. He had never studied medicine, I believe, but was a great reader: sometimes he would lie in bed all day reading, and he had a memory that stereotyped all he read, and in those days in California such a man could easily assume the rôle of doctor and practise medicine. In fact, with the exception of Dr. Marsh there was then no physician of any kind anywhere in California. We were overjoyed to find an American, and yet when we became acquainted with him we found him one of the most selfish of mortals. The night of our arrival he killed two pigs for us.[2] We felt very grateful, for we had by no means recovered from starving on poor mule meat, and when he set his Indian cook to making tortillas (little cakes) for us, giving one to each,—there were thirty-two in our party,—we felt even more grateful; and especially when we learned that he had had to use some of his seed wheat, for he had no other. Hearing that there was no such thing as money in the country, and that butcher-knives, guns, ammunition, and everything of that kind were better than money, we expressed our gratitude the first night to the doctor by presents—one giving a can of powder, another a bar of lead or a butcher-knife, and another a cheap but serviceable set of surgical instruments. The next morning I rose early, among the first, in order to learn from our host something about California,—what we could do, and where we could go,—and, strange as it may seem, he would scarcely answer a question. He seemed to be in an ill humor, and among other things he said, "The company has already been over a hundred dollars' expense to me, and God knows whether I will ever get a *cent* of it or not." I was at a loss to account for this, and went out and told some of

[1] See "The First Emigrant Train to California," in THE CENTURY for November, 1890.

[2] Men reduced to living on poor meat, and almost starving, have an intense longing for anything fat.

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the party, and found that others had been snubbed in a similar manner. We held a consultation and resolved to leave as soon as convenient. Half our party concluded to go back to the San Joaquin River, where there was much game, and spend the winter hunting, chiefly for otter, the skins being worth three dollars apiece. The rest — about fourteen — succeeded in gaining information from Dr. Marsh by which they started to find the town of San José, about forty miles to the south, then known by the name of Pueblo de San José, now the city of San José. More or less of our effects had to be left at Marsh's, and I decided to remain and look out for them, and meantime to make short excursions about the country on my own account. After the others had left I started off traveling south, and came to what is now called Livermore Valley, then known as Livermore's Ranch, belonging to Robert Livermore, a native of England. He had left a vessel when a mere boy, and had married and lived like the native Californians, and, like them, was very expert with the lasso. Livermore's was the frontier ranch, and more exposed than any other to the ravages of the Horse-thief Indians of the Sierra Nevada (before mentioned). That valley was full of wild cattle,— thousands of them,— and they were more dangerous to one on foot, as I was, than grizzly bears. By dodging into the gulches and behind trees I made my way to a Mexican ranch at the extreme west end of the valley, where I staid all night. This was one of the noted ranches, and belonged to a Californian called Don José Maria Amador — more recently, to a man named Dougherty.[1] Next day, seeing nothing to encourage me, I started to return to Marsh's ranch.

SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

On the way, as I came to where two roads, or rather paths, converged, I fell in with one of the fourteen men, M. C. Nye, who had started for San José. He seemed considerably agitated, and reported that at the Mission of San José, some fifteen miles this side of the town of San José, all the men had been arrested and put in prison by General Vallejo, Mexican commander-in-chief of the military under Governor Alvarado, he alone having been sent back to tell Marsh and to have him come forth-

[1] The rancheros marked and branded their stock differently so as to distinguish them. But it was not possible to keep them separate. One would often steal cattle from the other. Livermore in this way lost cattle by his neighbor Amador. In fact it was almost a daily occurrence — a race to see which could get and kill the most of the other's cattle. Cattle in those days were often killed for the hides alone. One day a man saw Amador kill a fine steer belonging to Livermore. When he reached Livermore's — ten or fifteen miles away — and told him what Amador had done, he found Livermore skinning a steer of Amador's!

with to explain why this armed force had invaded the country. We reached Marsh's after dark. The next day the doctor started down to the Mission of San José, nearly thirty miles distant, with a list of the company, which I gave him. He was gone about three days. Meanwhile we sent word to the men on the San Joaquin River to let them know what had taken place, and they at once returned to the ranch to await results. When Marsh came back he said ominously, "Now, men, I want you all to come into the house and I will tell you your fate." We all went in, and he announced, "You men that have five dollars can have passports and remain in the country and go where you please." The fact was he had simply obtained passports for the asking; they had cost him nothing. The men who had been arrested at the Mission had been liberated as soon as their passports were issued to them, and they had at once proceeded on their way to San José. But five dollars! I don't suppose any one had five dollars; nine-tenths of them probably had not a cent of money. The names were called and each man settled, giving the amount in something, and if unable to make it up in money or effects he would give his note for the rest. All the names were called except my own. There was no passport for me. Marsh had certainly not forgotten me, for I had furnished him with the list of our names myself. Possibly his idea was — as others surmised and afterwards told me — that, lacking a passport, I would stay at his ranch and make a useful hand to work.

GENERAL M. G. VALLEJO
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, LENT BY LOVELL FARRAGUT)

The next morning before day found me starting for the Mission of San José to get a passport for myself. Mike Nye, the man who had brought the news of the arrest, went with me. A friend had lent me a poor old horse, fit only to carry my blankets. I arrived in a heavy rain-storm, and was marched into the calaboose and kept there three days with nothing to eat, and the fleas were so numerous as to cover and darken anything of a light color. There were four or five Indians in the prison. They were ironed, and they kept tolling a bell, as a punishment, I suppose, for they were said to have stolen horses; possibly they belonged to the Horse-thief tribes east of the San Joaquin Valley. Sentries were stationed at the door. Through a grated window I made a motion to an Indian boy outside and he brought me a handful of beans and a handful of *manteca*, which is used by Mexicans instead of lard. It seemed as if they were going to starve me to death. After having been there three days I saw through the door a man whom, from his light hair, I took to be an American, although he was clad in the wild picturesque garb of a native Californian, including serape and the huge spurs used by the vaquero. I had the sentry at the door hail him. He proved to be an American, a resident of the Pueblo of San Jose, named Thomas Bowen, and he kindly went to Vallejo, who was right across the way in the big Mission building, and procured for me the passport. I think I have that passport now, signed by Vallejo and written in Spanish by Victor Prudon, secretary of Vallejo. Every one at the Mission pronounced Marsh's action an outrage; such a thing was never known before.

We had already heard that a man by the name of Sutter was starting a colony a hundred miles away to the north in the Sacramento Valley. No other civilized settlements had been attempted anywhere east of the Coast Range; before Sutter came the Indians had reigned supreme. As the best thing to be

done I now determined to go to Sutter's, afterward called "Sutter's Fort," or New Helvetia. Dr. Marsh said we could make the journey in two days, but it took us eight. Winter had come in earnest, and winter in California then, as now, meant rain. I had three companions. It was wet when we started, and much of the time we traveled through a pouring rain. Streams were out of their banks; gulches were swimming: plains were inundated; indeed, most of the country was overflowed. There were no roads, merely paths, trodden only by Indians and wild game. We were compelled to follow the paths, even when they were under water, for the moment our animals stepped to one side down they went into the mire. Most of the way was through the region now lying between Lathrop and Sacramento. We got out of provisions and were about three days without food. Game was plentiful, but hard to shoot in the rain. Besides, it was impossible to keep our old flint-lock guns dry, and especially the powder dry in the pans. On the eighth day we came to Sutter's settlement; the fort had not then been begun. Sutter received us with open arms and in a princely fashion, for he was a man of the most polite address and the most courteous manners, a man who could shine in any society. Moreover, our coming was not unexpected to him. It will be remembered that in the Sierra Nevada one of our men named Jimmy John became separated from the main party. It seems that he came on into California, and, diverging into the north, found his way down to Sutter's settlement perhaps a little before we reached Dr. Marsh's. Through this man Sutter heard that our company of thirty men were already somewhere in California. He immediately loaded two mules with provisions taken out of his private stores, and sent two men with them in search of us. But they did not find us, and returned, with the provisions, to Sutter's. Later, after a long search, the same two men, having been sent out again by Sutter, struck our trail and followed it to Marsh's.

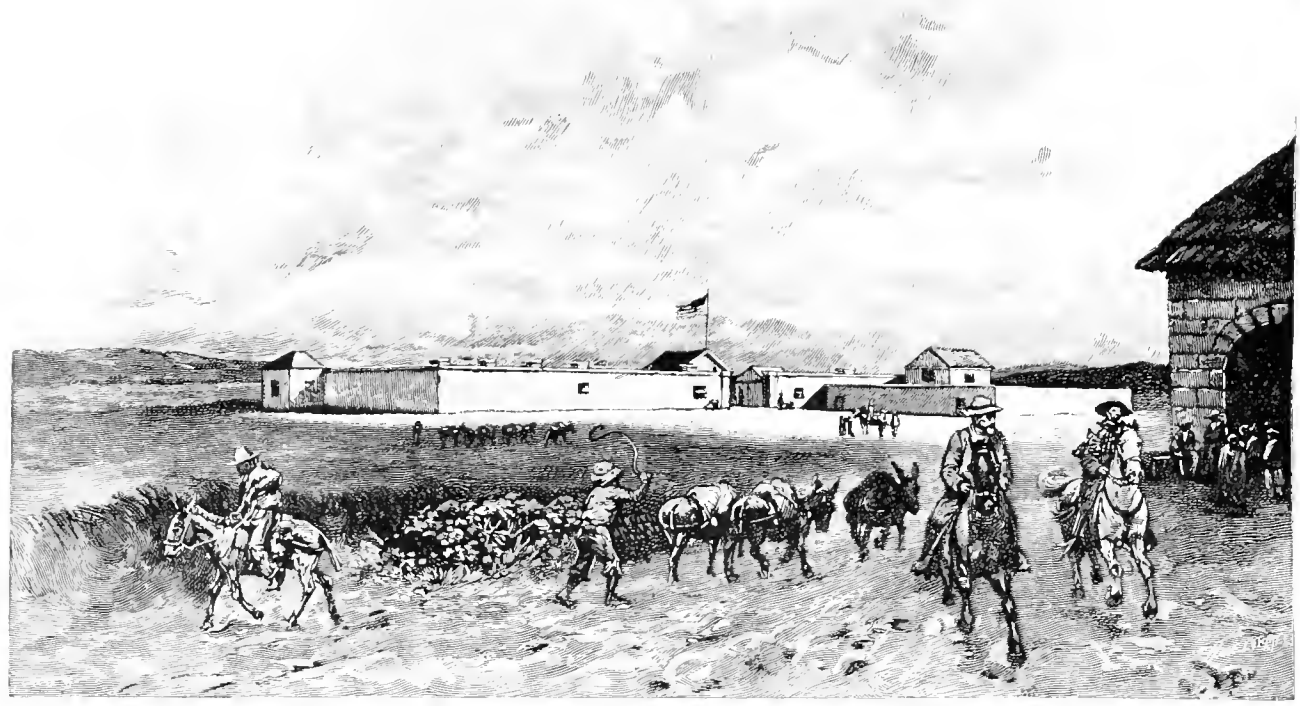
OLD RUSSIAN BUILDING. FORT ROSS.

John A. Sutter was born in Baden in 1803 of Swiss parents, and was proud of his connection with the only republic of consequence in Europe. He was a warm admirer of the United States, and some of his friends had persuaded him to come across the Atlantic. He first went to a friend in Indiana with whom he staid awhile, helping to clear land, but it was business that he was not accustomed to. So he made his way to St. Louis and invested what means he had in merchandise, and went out as a New Mexi-

[illegible]

can trader to Santa Fe. Having been unsuccessful at Santa Fe, he returned to St. Louis, joined a party of trappers, went to the Rocky Mountains, and found his way down the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver. There he formed plans for trying to get down to the coast of California to establish a colony. He took a vessel that went to the Sandwich Islands, and there communicated his plans to people who assisted him. But as there was no vessel going direct from the Sandwich Islands to California, he had to take a Russian vessel by way of Sitka. He got such credit and help as he could in the Sandwich Islands and induced five or six natives to accompany him to start the contemplated colony. He expected to send to Europe and the United States for his colonists. When he came to the coast of California, in 1841, he had an interview with the governor, Alvarado, and obtained permission to explore the country and find a place for his colony. He came to the city of San Francisco, procured a small boat and explored the largest river he could find, and selected the site where the city of Sacramento now stands.

A short time before we arrived Sutter had bought out the Russian American Fur Company at Fort Ross and Bodega on the Pacific. That company had a charter from Spain to take furs, but had no right to the land. The



SUTTER'S FORT. (REDRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OLD PRINT.)

charter had about expired. Against the protest of the California authorities they had extended their settlement southward some twenty miles farther than they had any right to, and had occupied the country to, and even beyond, the bay of Bodega. The time came when the taking of furs was no longer profitable; the Russians were ordered to vacate and return to Sitka. They wished to sell out all their personal property and whatever remaining right they had to the land. So Sutter bought them out — cattle and horses; a little vessel of about twenty-five tons burden, called a launch; and other property, including forty odd pieces of old rusty cannon and one or two small brass pieces, with a quantity of old French flint-lock muskets pronounced by Sutter to be of those lost by Bonaparte in 1812 in his disastrous retreat from Moscow. This ordnance Sutter conveyed up the Sacramento River on the launch to his colony. As soon as the native Californians heard that he had bought out the Russians and was beginning to fortify himself by taking up the cannon they began to fear him. They were doubtless jealous because Americans and other foreigners had already commenced to make the place their headquarters, and they foresaw that Sutter's fort would be for them, especially for Americans, what it naturally did become in fact, a place of protection and general rendezvous; and so they threatened to break it up. Sutter had not as yet actually received his grant; he had simply taken preliminary steps and had obtained permission to settle and proceed to colonize. These threats were made before he had begun the fort, much less built it, and Sutter felt insecure. He had a good many Indians whom he had collected about him, and a few white men (perhaps fifteen or twenty) and some Sandwich Islanders. When he heard of the coming of our thirty men he inferred at once that we would soon reach him and be an additional protection. With this feeling of security, even before the arrival of our party Sutter was so indiscreet as to write a letter to the governor or to some one in authority, saying that he wanted to hear no more threats of dispossession, for he was now able not only to defend himself but to go and chastise them. That letter having been despatched to the city of Mexico, the authorities there sent a new governor in 1842 with about six hundred troops to subdue Sutter. But the new governor, Manuel Micheltorena, was an intelligent man. He knew the history of California and was aware that nearly all of his predecessors had been expelled by insurrections of the native Californians. Sutter sent a courier to meet the governor before his arrival at Los Angeles, with a letter in French, conveying his greetings to the governor, expressing a most cordial welcome, and submitting cheerfully and entirely to his authority. In this way the governor and Sutter became fast friends, and through Sutter the Americans had a friend in Governor Micheltorena.

The first employment I had in California was in Sutter's service, about two months after our arrival at Marsh's. He engaged me to go to Bodega and Fort Ross and to stay there until he could finish removing the property which he had bought from the Russians. I remained there fourteen months, until everything was removed; then I came up into Sacramento Valley and took charge for Sutter of his Hock farm (so named from a large Indian village on the place), remaining there a little more than a year — in 1843 and part of 1844.

Nearly everybody who came to California made it a point to reach Sutter's Fort.[1] Sutter was one of the most liberal and hospitable of men. Everybody was welcome — one man or a hundred, it was all the same. He had peculiar traits: his necessities compelled him to take all he could buy, and he paid all he could pay; but he failed to keep up with his payments. And so he soon found himself immensely — almost hopelessly — involved in debt. His debt to the Russians amounted at first to something near one hundred thousand dollars. Interest increased apace. He had agreed to pay in wheat, but his crops failed. He struggled in every way, sowing large areas to wheat, increasing his cattle and horses, and trying to build a flouring mill. He kept his launch running to and from the bay, carrying down hides, tallow, furs, wheat, etc., returning with lumber sawed by hand in the redwood groves nearest the bay and other supplies. On an average it took a month to make a trip. The fare for each person was five dollars, including board. Sutter started many other new enterprises in order to find relief from his embarrassments; but, in spite of all he could do, these increased. Every year found him worse and worse off; but it was partly his own fault. He employed men — not because he always needed and could profitably employ them, but because in the kindness of his heart it simply became a habit to employ everybody who wanted employment. As long as he had anything he trusted any one with everything he wanted — responsible or otherwise, acquaintances and strangers alike. Most of the labor was done by Indians, chiefly wild ones, except a few from the Missions who spoke Spanish. The wild ones learned Spanish so far as they learned anything, that being the language of the country, and everybody had to learn some-

SUTTER'S FORT AS IT IS NOW
(REDRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. [illegible])

[1] Every year after the arrival of our party, in 1841, immigrant parties came across the plains to California; except in 1842, when they went to Oregon, most of them coming thence to California in 1843. Ours of 1841 being the first, let me add that a later party arrived in California in 1841. It was composed of about twenty-five persons who arrived at Westport, Mo., too late to come with us, and so went with the annual caravan of St. Louis traders to Santa Fe, and thence *via* the Gila River into Southern California.

Among the more noted arrivals on this coast I may mention:

1841. — Commodore Wilkes's Exploring Expedition, a party of which came overland from Oregon to California, under Captain Ringgold, I think.

1842. — Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones, who raised the American flag in Monterey.

1843. — *First.* E. W. Hastings, *via* Oregon. He was ambitious to make California a republic and to be its first president, and wrote an iridescent book to induce immigration, — which came in 1846, but found the American flag flying when he returned with the immigration he had gone to meet. Also among the noted arrivals in 1843 was Pierson B. Reading, an accomplished gentleman, the proprietor of Reading's ranch in Shasta County, and from [illegible] Fort Reading took its name. Samuel J. H[illegible] was also one of the same party. *Second.* Dr. Sandels, a very intelligent man.

1844. — *First.* Frémont's first arrival (in March); Mr. Charles Preuss, a scientific man, and Kit Carson with him. *Second.* The Stevens-Townsend-Murphy party, who brought the first wagons into California across the plains.

1845. — *First.* James W. Marshall, who, in 1848, discovered the gold. *Second.* Frémont's second arrival, also Hastings's second arrival.

1846. — Largest immigration party, the one Hastings went to meet. The Donner party was among the last of these immigrants.

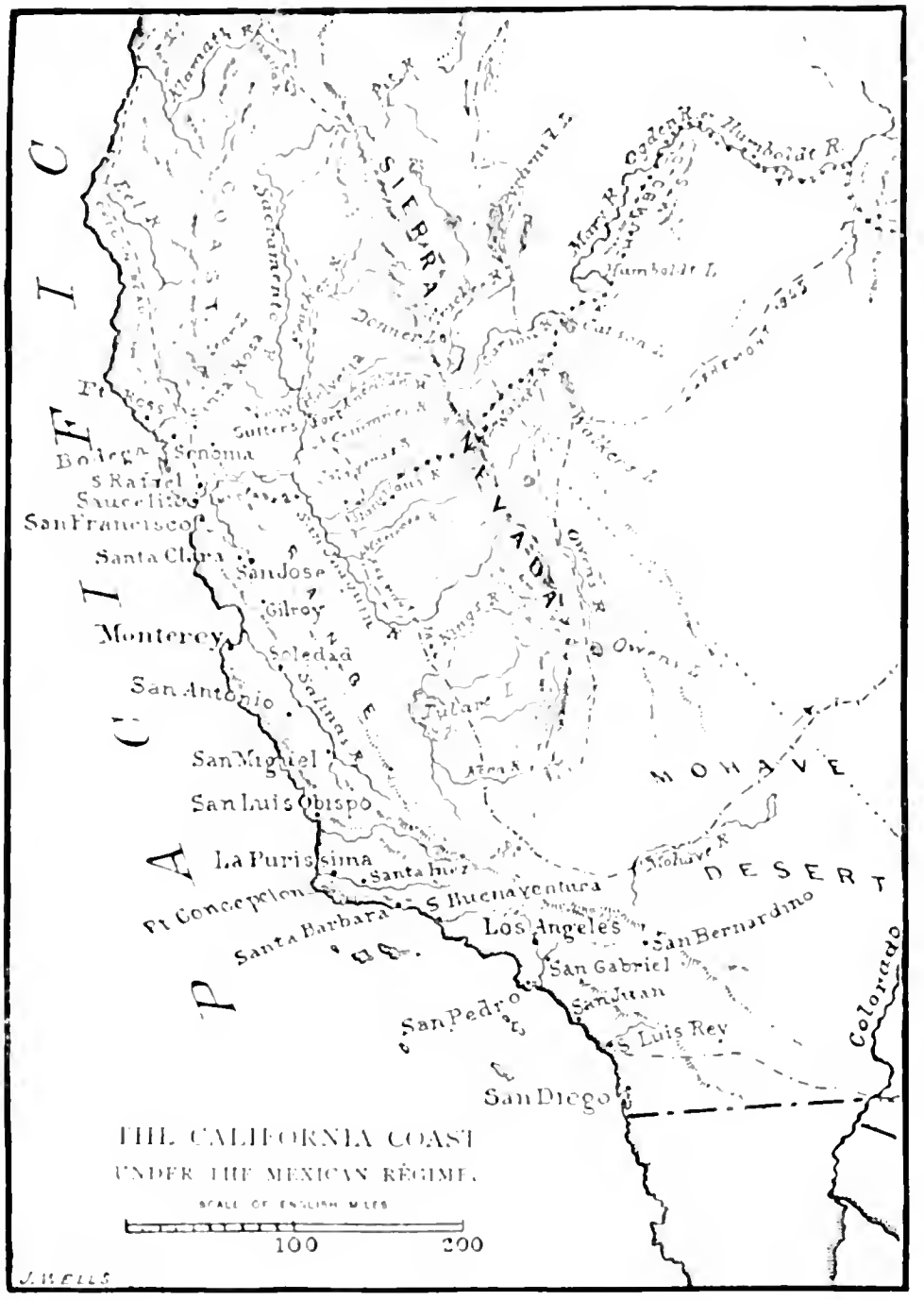
thing of it. The number of men employed by Sutter may be stated at from 100 to 500 — the latter number at harvest time. Among them were blacksmiths, carpenters, tanners, gunsmiths, vaqueros, farmers, gardeners, weavers (to weave coarse woolen blankets), hunters, corral; then three or four hundred wild horses were turned in to thresh it, the Indians whooping to make them run faster. Suddenly they would dash in before the band at full speed, when the motion became reversed, with the effect of plowing up the trampled straw to the

A CALIFORNIA CART.

sawyers (to saw lumber by hand, a custom known in England), sheep-herders, trappers, and, later, millwrights and a distiller. In a word, Sutter started every business and enterprise possible. He tried to maintain a sort of military discipline. Cannon were mounted, and pointed in every direction through embrasures in the walls and bastions. The soldiers were Indians, and every evening after coming from work they were drilled under a white officer, generally a German, marching to the music of fife and drum. A sentry was always at the gate, and regular bells called men to and from work.

Harvesting, with the rude implements, was a scene. Imagine three or four hundred wild Indians in a grain field, armed, some with sickles, some with butcher-knives, some with pieces of hoop iron roughly fashioned into shapes like sickles, but many having only their hands with which to gather by small handfuls the dry and brittle grain; and as their hands would soon become sore, they resorted to dry willow sticks, which were split to afford a sharper edge with which to sever the straw. But the wildest part was the threshing. The harvest of weeks, sometimes of a month, was piled up in the straw in the form of a huge mound in the middle of a high, strong, round very bottom. In an hour the grain would be thoroughly threshed and the dry straw broken almost into chaff. In this manner I have seen two thousand bushels of wheat threshed in a single hour. Next came the winnowing, which would often take another month. It could only be done when the wind was blowing, by throwing high into the air shovelfuls of grain, straw, and chaff, the lighter materials being wafted to one side, while the grain, comparatively clean, would descend and form a heap by itself. In this manner all the grain in California was cleaned. At that day no such thing as a fanning mill had ever been brought to this coast.

The kindness and hospitality of the native Californians have not been overstated. Up to the time the Mexican régime ceased in California they had a custom of never charging for anything; that is to say, for entertainment — food, use of horses, etc. You were supposed, even if invited to visit a friend, to bring your blankets with you, and one would be very thoughtless if he traveled and did not take a knife with him to cut his meat. When you had eaten, the invariable custom was to rise, deliver to the woman or hostess the plate on which you had eaten the meat and beans — for that was about all they had — and say,

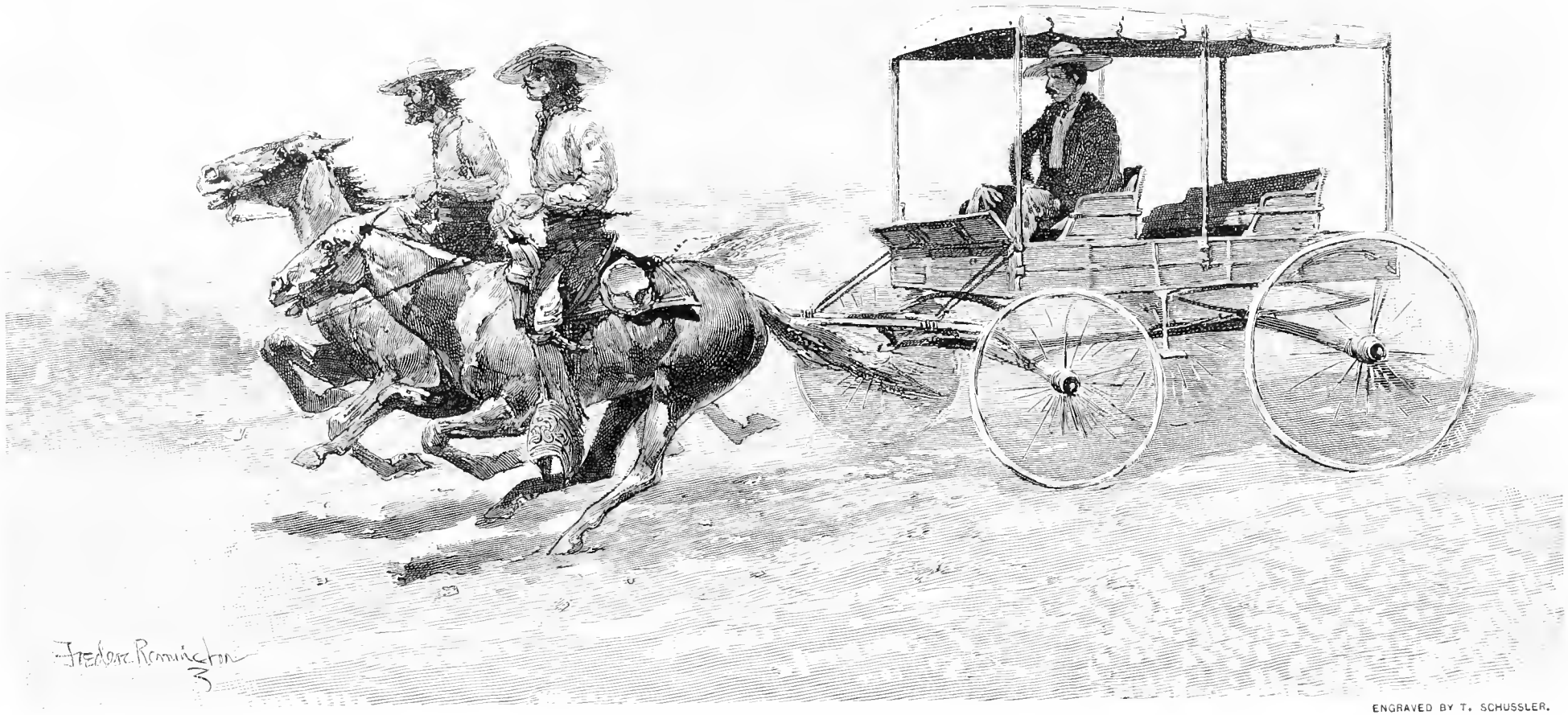


"*Muchas gracias, Señora*" ("Many thanks, madame"); and the hostess as invariably replied, "*Buen provecho*" ("May it do you much good"). The Missions in California invariably had gardens with grapes, olives, figs, pomegranates, pears, and apples, but the ranches scarcely ever had any fruit.[1] When you wanted a horse to ride, you would take it to the next ranch — it might be twenty, thirty, or fifty miles — and turn it out there, and sometime or other in reclaiming his stock the owner would get it back. In this way you might travel from one end of California to the other.

The ranch life was not confined to the country, it prevailed in the towns too. There was not a hotel in San Francisco, or Monterey, or anywhere in California, till 1850, when the Americans took the country. The priests at the Missions were glad to entertain strangers without charge. They would give you a room in which to sleep, and perhaps a bedstead with a hide stretched across it, and over that you would spread your blankets.

At this time there was not in California any vehicle except a rude California cart: the wheels were without tires, and were made by felling an oak tree and hewing it down till it made a solid wheel nearly a foot thick on the rim and a little larger where the axle went through. The hole for the axle would be eight or nine inches in diameter, but a few years' use would increase it to a foot. To make the hole, an auger, gouge, or chisel was sometimes used, but the principal tool was an ax. A small tree required but little hewing and shaping to answer for an axle. These carts were always drawn by oxen, the yoke being lashed with rawhide to the horns. To lubricate the axles they used soap — that is one thing the Mexicans could make — carrying along for the purpose a big pail of thick soapsuds which was constantly put in the box or hole, but you could generally tell when a California cart was coming half a mile away by the squeaking. I have seen the families of the wealthiest people go long distances at the rate of thirty miles or more a day, visiting, in one of these clumsy two-wheeled vehicles. They had a little trimmework around it made of round sticks, and a bullock hide was put in for a floor or bottom. Sometimes the better class would have a little calico for curtains and cover. There was no such thing as a spoked wheel in use then. Somebody sent from Boston a wagon

[1] With the exception of the tuna, or prickly pear, these were the only cultivated fruits I can recall to mind in California, except oranges, lemons, and limes, in a few places.



DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

THE GOVERNOR'S EQUIPAGE.

as a present to the priest in charge of the Mission of San José, but as soon as summer came the woodwork shrunk, the tires came off, and it all fell to pieces. There was no one in California to set tires. When Governor Micheltorena was sent from Mexico to California

across the plains with the express purpose of finding gold. When he got into the Rocky Mountains, I was told by his friend Dr. Townsend, Stevens said, "We are in a gold country." One evening when they camped for the night he went into a gulch, took some

HUNTING A CALIFORNIA GRIZZLY.

he brought with him an ambulance, not much better than a common spring wagon, such as a marketman would now use with one horse. It had shafts, but in California at that time there was no horse broken to work in them, nor was there such a thing known as a harness; so the governor had two mounted vaqueros to pull it, their reatas being fastened to the shafts and to the pommels of their saddles. The first wagons brought into California came across the plains in 1844 with the Townsend or Stevens party. They were left in the mountains and lay buried under the snow till the following spring, when Moses Schallenberger, Elisha Stevens (who was the captain of the party), and others went up and brought some of the wagons down into the Sacramento Valley. No other wagons had ever before reached California across the plains.[1]

Elisha Stevens was from Georgia and had there worked in the gold mines. He started

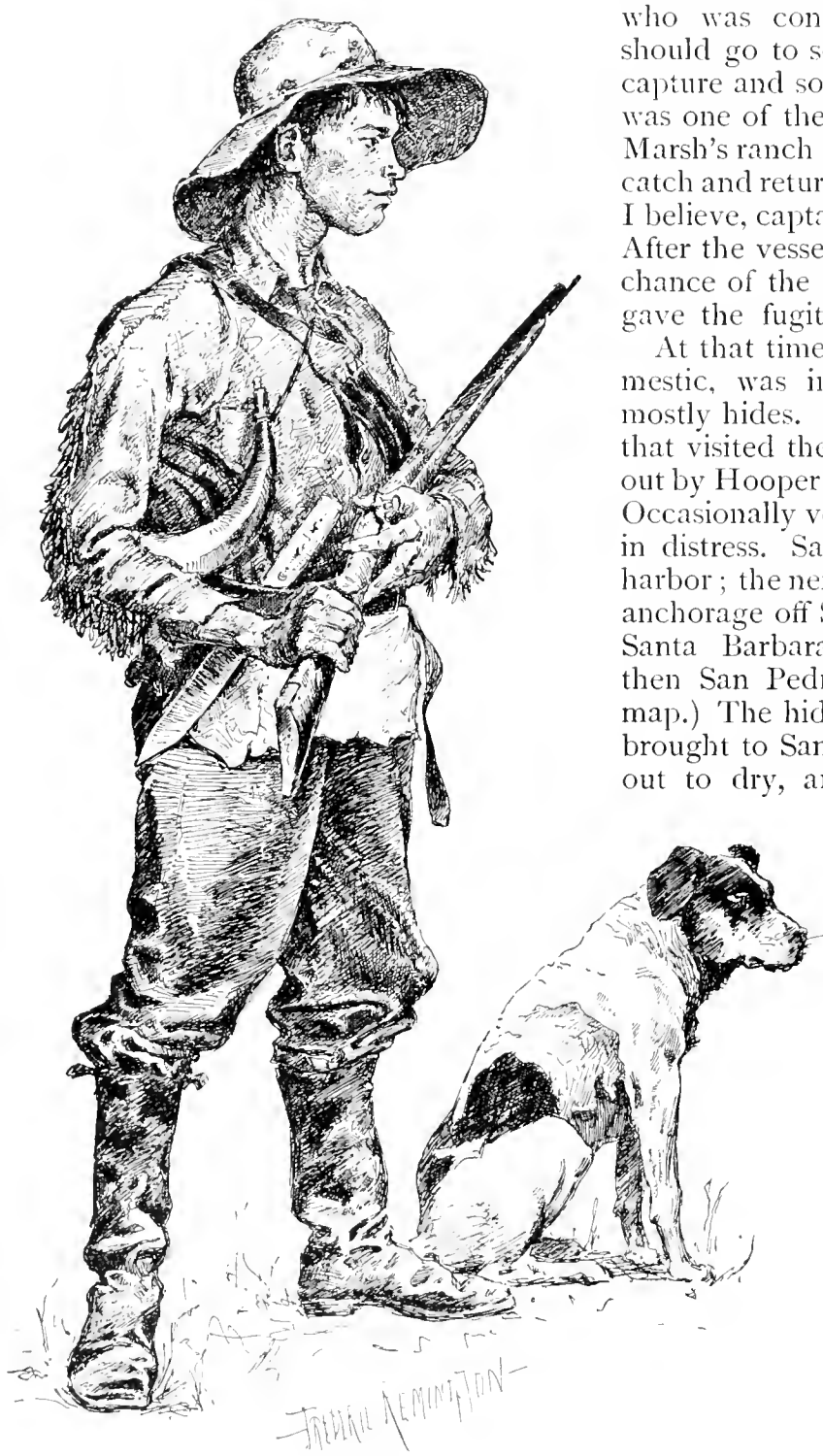
gravel and washed it and got the color of gold, thus unmistakably showing, as he afterwards did in Lower California, that he had considerable knowledge of gold mining. But the strange thing is, that afterwards, when he passed up and down several times over the country between Bear and Yuba rivers, as he did with the party in the spring of 1845 to bring down their wagons, he should have seen no signs of gold where subsequently the whole country was found to contain it.

The early foreign residents of California were largely runaway sailors. Many of them would change their names. For instance, Gilroy's ranch, where the town of Gilroy is now located, was owned by [illegible] under the assumed appellation of Gilroy. Of course vessels touching upon this coast were left, as they were everywhere, to be manned by desertion, especially if the men were ill treated. Such things have been so common that it is

[illegible]

[1] Mr. Schallenberger still lives at San Jose. He remained a considerable part of the winter alone with the wagons, which were buried under the snow. When the last two men made a desperate effort to escape over the mountains into California, Schallenberger tried to go with them, but was unable to bear the [illegible] starvation, [illegible] Sacramento Valley and rescued them.

not difficult to believe that those who left their vessels in early days on this then distant coast had cause for so doing. To be known as a runaway sailor was no stain upon a man's character. It was no uncommon thing, after my arrival here, for sailors to be skulking and hiding about from ranch to ranch till the vessel they had left should leave the coast. At Amador's ranch, before mentioned, on my first arrival here, I met a sailor boy, named Harrison Pierce, of eighteen or twenty years, who was concealing himself till his vessel should go to sea. He managed to escape recapture and so remained in the country. He was one of the men who went with me from Marsh's ranch to Sutter's. Californians would catch and return sailors to get the reward which, I believe, captains of vessels invariably offered. After the vessels had sailed and there was no chance of the reward the native Californians gave the fugitives no further trouble.



TWO PIKE COUNTY ARRIVALS.

At that time the only trade, foreign or domestic, was in hides, tallow, and furs; but mostly hides. With few exceptions the vessels that visited the coast were from Boston, fitted out by Hooper to go there and trade for hides.[1] Occasionally vessels would put in for water or in distress. San Francisco was the principal harbor; the next was Monterey. There was an anchorage off San Luis Obispo; the next was Santa Barbara, the next San Buenaventura, then San Pedro, and lastly San Diego. (See map.) The hides were generally collected and brought to San Diego and there salted, staked out to dry, and folded so that they would lie compactly in the ship, and thence were shipped to Boston. Goods were principally sold on board the vessels: there were very few stores on land; that of Thomas O. Larkin at Monterey was the principal one. The entrance of a vessel into harbor or roadstead was a signal to all the ranchers to come in their little boats and launches laden with hides to trade for goods. Thus vessels went from port to port, remaining few or many days according to the amount of trade. When the people stopped bringing hides, a vessel would leave.[2]

[1] See Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" for a description of the California coast at this period.

[2] My first visit to the bay of San Francisco was in the first week of January, 1842. I had never before seen salt water. The town was called Yerba Buena, for the peppermint which was plentiful around some springs, located probably a little south of the junction of Pine and Sansome streets. Afterward — in 1847 — when through the immigration of 1846 across the plains, and through arrivals around Cape Horn, the place had become a village of some importance, the citizens changed the name to San Francisco, the name of the bay on which it is situated. With the exception of the Presidio and the Aduana (custom-house), all the buildings could be counted on the fingers and thumbs of one's hands. The most pretentious was a frame building erected by Jacob P. Leese, but then owned and occupied by the Hudson Bay Company, of which a Mr. Ray was agent. The others belonged to Captain Hinckley, Nathan Spear, Captain John J. Vioget, a Mr. Fuller, "Davis the carpenter," and a few others.

Monterey, when I first saw it (in 1844), had possibly 200 people, besides the troops, who numbered

I have said that there was no regular physician in California. Later, in 1843, in a company that came from Oregon, was one Joe Meeks, a noted character in the Rocky Mountains. On the way he said, "Boys, when I get down to California among the Greasers I am going to palm myself off as a doctor"; and from that time they dubbed him Dr. Meeks. He could neither read nor write. As soon as the Californians heard of his arrival at Monterey they began to come to him with their different ailments. His first professional service was to a boy who had a toe cut off. Meeks, happening to be near, stuck the toe on, binding it in a poultice of mud, and it grew on again. The new governor, Micheltorena, employed him as surgeon. Meeks had a way of looking and acting very wise, and of being reticent when people talked about things which he did not understand. One day he went into a little shop kept by a man known as Dr. Stokes, who had been a kind of hospital steward on board ship, and who had brought ashore one of those little medicine chests that were usually taken to sea, with apothecary scales, and a pamphlet giving a short synopsis of diseases and a table of weights and medicines, so that almost anybody could administer relief to

THE FIRST CALIFORNIA JAIL, MONTEREY.

about 500. The principal foreigners living there then were: Thomas O. Larkin, David Spence, W. E. P. Hartnell, James Watson, Charles Walter, A. G. Toomes, R. H. Thomes, Talbot H. Green (Paul Geddes), W. Dickey, James McKinley, Milton Little, and Dr. James Stokes. The principal natives or Mexicans were Governor Micheltorena, Manuel Jimeno, José Castro, Juan Malarine, Francisco Arce, Don José Abrego. Larkin received his commission as American consul for California, at Mazatlan, in 1844. On his return to Monterey the woman who washed his clothes took the small-pox. Larkin's whole family had it; it spread, and the number of deaths was fearful, amounting to over eighty.

When I first saw Santa Barbara, February 5, 1845, the old Mission buildings were the principal ones. The town — probably half a mile to the east — contained possibly one hundred persons, among whom I recall Captain Wilson, Dr. Nicholas Den, Captain Scott, Mr. Sparks, Nibever; and of natives, Pablo De la Guerra, Carlos Antonio, Carillo, and others.

Los Angeles I first saw in March, 1845. It then had probably two hundred and fifty people, of whom I recall Don Abel Stearns, John Temple, Captain Alexander Bell, William Wolfskill, Samuel Carpenter, David W. Alexander; also of Mexicans, Pío Pico (governor), Don Juan Bandini, and others. On ranches in the vicinity lived William Workman, B. D. Wilson, and John Roland. At San Pedro, Captain Johnson. At Rancho Chino, Isaac Williams. At San Juan Capistrano, Don Juan Foster.

I went to San Diego, July, 1846, with Fremont's battalion, on the [illegible] Captain Duport (afterwards Admiral). The population was about [illegible] hundred, among whom I recall Captain Henry D. Fitch, Don Miguel de Pedrorena, Don Santiago Arguello, the Bandini family, J. M. [illegible], and others. Subsequently, after the revolt of September, 1846, San Diego was the point from which, in January, 1847, the final conquest of California was made.

sick sailors. Meeks went to him and said, "Doctor, I want you to put me up some powders." So Stokes went behind his table and got out his scales and medicines, and asked, "What kind of powders?" "Just common powders — patient not very sick." "If you will tell me what kind of powders, Dr. Meeks —" "Oh, just common powders." That is all he would say. Dr. Stokes told about town that Meeks knew nothing about medicine, but people thought that perhaps Meeks had given the prescription in Latin and that Dr. Stokes could not read it. But Meeks's reign was to have an end. An American man-of-war came into the harbor. Thomas O. Larkin was then the United States consul at Monterey, and the commander and all his officers went up to Larkin's store, among them the surgeon, who was introduced to Dr. Meeks. The conversation turning upon the diseases incident to the country, Meeks became reticent, saying merely that he was going out of practice and intended to leave the country, because he could not get medicines. The surgeon expressed much sympathy and said, "Dr. Meeks, if you will make me out a list I will very cheerfully divide with you such medicines as I can spare." Meeks did not know the names of three kinds of medicine, and tried evasion, but the surgeon cornered him and put the question so direct that he had to answer. He asked him what medicine he needed most. Finally Meeks said he wanted some "draps," and that was all that could be got out of him. When the story came out his career as a doctor was at an end, and he soon after left the country.

In 1841 there was likewise no lawyer in California. In 1843 a lawyer named Hastings arrived *via* Oregon. He was an ambitious man, and desired to wrest the country from Mexico and make it a republic. He disclosed his plan to a man who revealed it to me. His scheme was to go down to Mexico and make friends of the Mexican authorities, if possible get a grant of land, and then go into Texas, consult President Houston, and go East and write a book, praising the country to the skies, which he did, with little regard to accuracy. His object was to start a large immigration, and in this he succeeded. The book was published in 1845, and undoubtedly largely induced what was called the "great immigration" of 1846 across the plains, consisting of about six hundred. Hastings returned to California in the autumn of 1845, preparatory to taking steps to declare the country independent and to establish a republic and make himself president. In 1846 he went back to meet the immigration and to perfect his plans so that the emigrants would know exactly where to go and what to do. But in 1846 the Mexican war intervened, and while Hastings was gone to meet the immigration California was taken possession of by the United States. These doubtless were the first plans ever conceived for the independence of California. Hastings knew there were not enough Americans and foreigners yet in California to do anything. He labored hard to get money to publish his book, and went about lecturing on temperance in Ohio, where he became intimate with a fellow by the name of McDonald, who was acting the Methodist preacher and pretending, with considerable success, to raise funds for missionary purposes. At last they separated, McDonald preceding Hastings to San Francisco, where he became bartender for a man named Vioget, who owned a saloon and a billiard table — the first, I think, on the Pacific coast. Hastings returned later, and, reaching San Francisco in a cold rain, went up to Vioget's and called for brandy. He poured out a glassful and was about to drink it, when McDonald, recognizing him, leaned over the bar, extended his hand, and said, "My good temperance friend, how are you?" Hastings in great surprise looked him in the eyes, recognized him, and said, "My dear Methodist brother, how do you do?"

It is not generally known that in 1841 — the year I reached California — gold was discovered in what is now a part of Los Angeles County. The yield was not rich; indeed, it was so small that it made no stir. The discoverer was an old Canadian Frenchman by the name of Baptiste Ruelle, who had been a trapper with the Hudson Bay Company, and, as was not an infrequent case with those trappers, had drifted down into New Mexico, where he had worked in placer mines. The mines discovered by Ruelle in California attracted a few New Mexicans, by whom they were worked for several years. But as they proved too poor, Ruelle himself came up into the Sacramento Valley, five hundred miles away, and engaged to work for Sutter when I was in Sutter's service.[1] Now it so happened that almost every year a party of a dozen men or more would come from or return to Oregon. Of such parties some — perhaps most of them — would be Canadian French, who had trapped all over the country, and these were generally the guides. In 1843 it was known to every one that such a party was getting ready to go to Oregon.

[1] New Mexican miners invariably carried their gold (which was generally small, and small in quantity as well) in a large quill — that of a vulture or turkey buzzard. Sometimes these quills would hold three or four ounces, and, being translucent, they were graduated so as to see at any time the quantity in them. The gold was kept in by a stopper. Ruelle had such a quill, which appeared to have been carried for years.

CAÑON OF THE AMERICAN RIVER.

Baptiste Ruelle had been in Sutter's employ several months, when one day he came to Sutter, showed him a few small particles of gold, and said he had found them on the American River, and he wanted to go far into the mountains on that stream to prospect for gold. For this purpose he desired two mules loaded with provisions, and he selected two notedly stupid Indian boys whom he wanted to go into the mountains with him, saying he would have no others. Of course he did not get the outfit. Sutter and I talked about it and queried, What does he want with so much provision — the American River being only a mile and the mountains only twenty miles distant? And why does he want those two stupid boys, since he might be attacked by the Indians? Our conclusion was that he really wanted the outfit so that he could join the party and go to Oregon and remain. Such I believe was Ruelle's intention; though in 1848, after James W. Marshall had discovered the gold at Coloma, Ruelle, who was one of the first to go there and mine, still protested that he had discovered gold on the American River in 1843. The only thing that I can recall to lend the least plausibility to Ruelle's pretensions would be that, so far as I know, he never, after that one time, manifested any desire to go to Oregon, and remained in California till he died. But I should add, neither did he ever show any longing again to go into the mountains to look for gold during the subsequent years he remained with Sutter, even to the time of Marshall's discovery.

Early in the spring of 1844, a Mexican working under me at the Hock Farm for Sutter came to me and told me there was gold in the Sierra Nevada. His name was Pablo Gutierrez. The discovery by Marshall, it will be remembered, was in January, 1848. Pablo told me this at a time when I was calling him to account because he had absented himself the day before without permission. I was giving him a lecture in Spanish, which I could speak quite well in those days. Like many Mexicans, he had an Indian wife; some time before, he had been in the mountains and had bought a squaw. She had run away from

him, and he had gone to find and bring her back. And it was while he was on this trip, he said, that he had seen signs of gold. After my lecture he said, "Señor, I have made an important discovery; there surely is gold on Bear River in the mountains." This was in March, 1844. A few days afterward I arranged to go with him up on Bear River. We went five or six miles into the mountains, when he showed me the signs and the place where he thought the gold was. "Well," I said, "can you not find some?" No, he said, because he must have a *batea*.

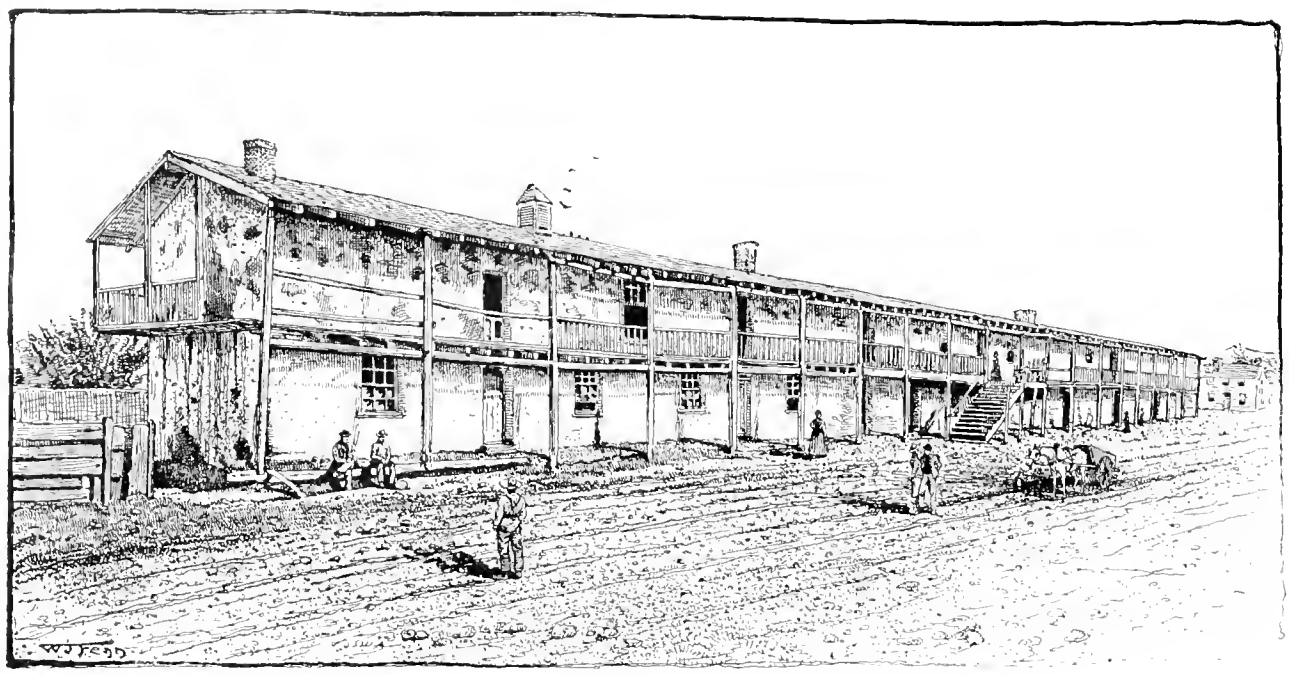
THE ANCHORAGE OF MONTEREY FROM THE OLD BURIAL-GROUND.

He talked so much about the "batea" that I concluded it must be a complicated machine. "Can't Mr. Keiser, our saddle-tree maker, make the batea?" I asked. "Oh, no." I did not then know that a batea is nothing more nor less than a wooden bowl which the Mexicans use for washing gold. I said, "Pablo, where can you get it?" He said, "Down in Mexico." I said, "I will help pay your expenses if you will go down and get one," which he promised to do. I said, "Pablo, say nothing to anybody else about this gold discovery, and we will get the batea and find the gold." As time passed I was afraid to let him go to Mexico, lest when he got among his relatives he might be induced to stay and not come back, so I made a suggestion to him. I said, "Pablo, let us save our earnings and get on a vessel and go around to Boston, and there get the batea; I can interpret for you, and the Yankees are very ingenious and can make anything." The idea pleased him, and he promised to go as soon as we could save enough to pay our expenses. He was to keep it a secret, and I believe he faithfully kept his promise. It would have taken us a year or two to get money enough to go. In those days there were every year four or five arrivals, sometimes six, of vessels laden with goods from Boston to trade for hides in California. These vessels brought around all classes of goods needed by the Mexican people. It would have required about six months each way, five months being a quick passage. But, as will be seen, our plans were interrupted. In the autumn of that year, 1844, a revolt took place. The native chiefs of California, José Castro and ex-Governor Alvarado, succeeded in raising an insurrection against the Mexican governor, Micheltorena, to expel him from the country. They accused him of being friendly to Americans and of giving them too much land. The truth was, he had simply shown impartiality. When Americans had been here long enough, had conducted themselves properly, and had complied with the colonization laws of Mexico, he had given them lands as readily as to native-born citizens. He was a fair-minded man and an intelligent and good governor, and wished to develop the country. His friendship for Americans was a mere pretext; for his predecessor, Alvarado, and his successor, Pio Pico, also granted lands freely to foreigners, and among them to Americans. The real cause of the insurrection against Micheltorena, however, was that the native chiefs had become hungry to get hold again of the revenues. The feeling against Americans was easily aroused and became their main excuse. The English and French influence, so far as felt, evidently leaned towards the side

of the Californians. It was not open but it was felt, and not a few expressed the hope that England or France would some day seize and hold California. I believe the Gachupines — natives of Spain, of whom there were a few — did not participate in the feeling against the Americans, though few did much, if anything, to allay it. In October Sutter went from Sacramento to Monterey, the capital, to see the governor. I went with him. On our way thither, at San José, we heard the first mutterings of the insurrection. We hastened to Monterey, and were the first to communicate the fact to the governor. Sutter, alarmed, took the first opportunity to get away by water. There were in those days no mail routes, no public conveyances of any kind, no regular line of travel, no public highways. But a vessel happened to touch at Monterey, and Sutter took passage to the bay of San Francisco, and thence by his own launch reached home. In a few days the first blow was struck, the insurgents taking all the horses belonging to the government at Monterey, setting the governor and all his troops on foot. He raised a few horse as best he could and pursued them, but could not overtake them on foot. However, I understood that a sort of parley took place at or near San José, but no battle, surrender, or settlement. Meanwhile, having started to return by land to Sutter's Fort, two hundred miles distant, I met the governor returning to Monterey. He stopped his forces and talked with me half an hour and confided to me his plans. He desired me to beg the Americans to be loyal to Mexico; to assure them that he was their friend, and in due time would give them all the lands to which they were entitled. He sent particularly friendly word to Sutter. Then I went on to the Mission of San Jose and there fell in with the insurgents, who had made that place their headquarters; I staid all night, and the leaders, Castro and Alvarado, treated me like a prince. The two insurgents protested their friendship for the Americans, and sent a request to Sutter to support them. On my arrival at the fort the situation was fully considered, and all, with a single exception, concluded to support Micheltorena. He had been our friend; he had granted us land; he promised, and we felt that we could rely upon, his continued friendship; and we felt, indeed we knew, we could not repose the same confidence in the native Californians. This man Pablo Gutierrez, who had told me about the gold in the Sierra Nevada, was a native of Sinaloa in Mexico, and sympathized with the Mexican governor and with us. Sutter sent him with despatches to the governor, stating that we were organizing and preparing to join him. Pablo returned, and was sent again to tell the governor that we were on the march to join him at Monterey. This time he was taken prisoner with our despatches and was hanged to a tree, somewhere near the present town of Gilroy. That of course put an end to our gold discovery; otherwise Pablo Gutierrez might have been the discoverer instead of Marshall.[1]

But I still had it in my mind to try to find gold; so early in the spring of 1845 I made it a point to visit the mines in the south discovered by Ruelle in 1841. They were in the mountains about twenty miles north or northeast of the Mission of San Fernando, or say fifty miles from Los Angeles. I wanted to see the Mexicans working there, and to gain what knowledge I could of gold digging. Dr. John Townsend went with me. Pablo's confidence that there was gold on Bear River was fresh in my mind; and I hoped the same year to find time to return there and explore, and if possible find gold in the Sierra Nevada. But I had no time that busy year to carry out my purpose. The Mexicans' slow and inefficient manner of working the mine was most discouraging. When I returned to Sutter's Fort the same spring Sutter desired me to engage with him for a year as bookkeeper, which meant his general business man as well. His financial matters being in a bad way, I consented. I had a great deal to do besides keeping the books. Among other undertakings we sent men southeast in the Sierra Nevada about forty miles from the fort to saw lumber with a whipsaw. Two men would saw of good timber about one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five feet a day. Early in July I framed an excuse to go into the mountains to give the men some special directions about lumber needed at the fort. The day was one of the hottest I had ever experienced. No place looked favorable for a gold discovery. I even attempted to descend into a deep gorge through which meandered a small stream, but gave it up on account of the brush and the heat. My search was fruitless. The place where Marshall discovered gold in 1848 was about forty miles to the north of the saw pits at this place. The next spring, 1849, I joined a party to go to the mines on and south of the Cosumnes [illegible]

[1] The insurrection ended in the capitulation — I might call it expulsion — of Micheltorena. The causes which led to this result were various, some of them infamous. Pio Pico, being the oldest member of the Departmental Assembly, became governor, and Castro commander in chief of the military. They [illegible] but one year, and then came the Mexic[illegible] was made governor of Lower Cal[illegible] there. Pio Pico was [illegible] a mild governor, and still lives at Los Angeles.



THE OLD CUARTEL AT MONTEREY.

Mokelumne rivers. The first day we reached a trading post — Digg's, I think, was the name. Several traders had there pitched their tents to sell goods. One of them was Tom Fallon, whom I knew. This post was within a few miles of where Sutter's men sawed the lumber in 1845. I asked Fallon if he had ever seen the old saw-pits where Sicard and Dupas had worked in 1845. He said he had, and knew the place well. Then I told him how I had attempted that year to descend into the deep gorge to the south of it to look for gold.

"My stars!" he said. "Why, that gulch down there was one of the richest placers that have ever been found in this country"; and he told me of men who had taken out a pint cupful of nuggets before breakfast.

Frémont's first visit to California was in the month of March, 1844. He came *via* eastern Oregon, traveling south and passing east of the Sierra Nevada, and crossed the chain about opposite the bay of San Francisco, at the head of the American River, and descended into the Sacramento Valley to Sutter's Fort. It was there I first met him. He staid but a short time, three or four weeks perhaps, to refit with fresh mules and horses and such provisions as he could obtain, and then set out on his return to the United States. Coloma, where Marshall afterward discovered gold, was on one of the branches of the American River. Frémont probably came down that very stream. How strange that he and his scientific corps did not discover signs of gold, as Commodore Wilkes's party had done when coming overland from Oregon in 1841! One morning at the breakfast table at Sutter's, Frémont was urged to remain a while and go to the coast, and among other things which it would be of interest for him to see was mentioned a very large redwood tree (*Sequoia sempervirens*) near Santa Cruz, or rather a cluster of trees, forming apparently a single trunk, which was said to be seventy-two feet in circumference. I then told Frémont of the big tree I had seen in the Sierra Nevada in October, 1841, which I afterwards verified to be one of the fallen big trees of the Calaveras Grove. I therefore believe myself to have been the first white man to see the mammoth trees of California. The Sequoias are found nowhere except in California. The redwood that I speak of is the *Sequoia sempervirens*, and is confined to the sea-coast and the west side of the Coast Range Mountains. The *Sequoia gigantea*, or mammoth tree, is found only on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada — nowhere farther north than latitude 38° 30′.

Sutter's Fort was an important point from the very beginning of the colony. The building of the fort and all subsequent immigrations added to its importance, for that was the first point of destination to those who came by way of Oregon or direct across the plains. The fort was begun in 1842 and finished in 1844. There was no town till after the gold discovery in 1848, when it became the bustling, buzzing center for merchants, traders, miners, etc., and every available room was in demand. In 1849 Sacramento City was laid off on the river two miles west of the fort, and the town grew up there at once into a city. The first town was laid off by Hastings and myself in the month of January, 1846, about three or four miles below the mouth of the American River, and called Sutterville. But first the Mexican war, then the lull which always follows excitement, and then the rush

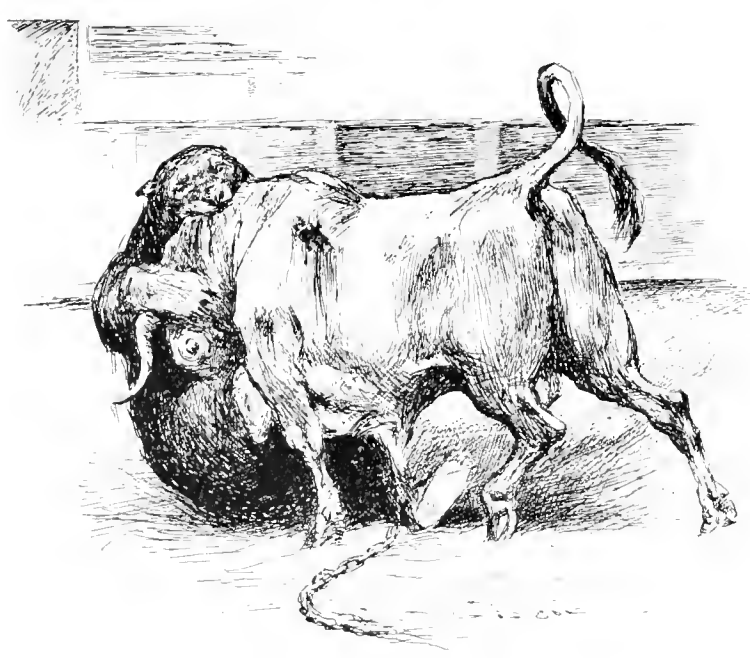
and roar of the gold discovery, prevented its building up till it was too late. Attempts were several times made to revive Sutterville, but Sacramento City had become too strong to be removed. Sutter always called his colony and fort "New Helvetia," in spite of which the name mostly used by others, before the Mexican war, was Sutter's Fort, or Sacramento, and later Sacramento altogether.

Sutter's many enterprises continued to create a growing demand for lumber. Every year, and sometimes more than once, he sent parties into the mountains to explore for an available site to build a sawmill on the Sacramento River or some of its tributaries, by which the lumber could be rafted down to the fort. There was no want of timber or of water power in the mountains, but the cañon features of the streams rendered rafting impracticable. The year after the war (1847) Sutter's needs for lumber were even greater than ever, although his embarrassments had increased and his ability to undertake new enterprises became less and less. Yet, never discouraged, nothing daunted, another hunt must be made for a sawmill site. This time Marshall happened to be the man chosen by Sutter to search the mountains. He was gone about a month, and returned with a most favorable report.

James W. Marshall went across the plains to Oregon in 1844, and thence came to California the next year. He was a wheelwright by trade, but, being very ingenious, he could turn his hand to almost anything. So he acted as carpenter for Sutter, and did many other things, among which I may mention making wheels for spinning wool, and looms, reeds, and shuttles for weaving yarn into coarse blankets for the Indians, who did the carding, spinning, weaving, and all other labor. In 1846 Marshall went through the war to its close as a private. Besides his ingenuity as a mechanic, he had most singular traits. Almost every one pronounced him half crazy or harebrained. He was certainly eccentric, and perhaps somewhat flighty. His insanity, however, if he had any, was of a harmless kind; he was neither vicious nor quarrelsome. He had great, almost overweening, confidence in his ability to do anything as a mechanic. I wrote the contract between Sutter and him to build the mill. Sutter was to furnish the means; Marshall was to build and run the mill, and have a share of the lumber for his compensation. His idea was to haul the lumber part way and raft it down the American River to Sacramento, and thence, his part of it, down the Sacramento River, and through Suisun and San Pablo bays to San Francisco for a market. Marshall's mind, in some respects at least, must have been unbalanced. It is hard to conceive how any sane man could have been so wide of the mark, or how any one could have selected such a site for a sawmill under the circumstances. Surely no other man than Marshall ever entertained so wild a scheme as that of rafting sawed lumber down the cañons of the American River, and no other man than Sutter would have been so confiding and credulous as to patronize him. It is proper to say that, under great difficulties, enhanced by winter rains, Marshall succeeded in building the mill — a very good one, too, of the kind. It had improvements which I had never seen in sawmills, and I had had considerable experience in Ohio. But the

A SPANISH LADY [illegible]

mill would not run because the wheel was placed too low. It was an old-fashioned flutter wheel that propelled an upright saw. The gravelly bar below the mill backed the water up, and submerged and stopped the wheel. The remedy was to dig a channel or tail-race through the bar below to conduct away the water. The wild Indians of the mountains were employed to do the digging. Once through the bar there would be plenty of fall. The digging was hard and took some weeks. As soon as the water began to run through the tail-race the wheel was blocked, the gate raised, and the water permitted to gush through all night. It was Marshall's custom to examine the race while the water was running through in the morning, so as to direct the Indians where to deepen it, and then shut off the water for them to work during the day. The water was clear as crystal, and the current was swift enough to sweep away the sand and lighter materials. Marshall made these examinations early in the morning while the Indians were getting their breakfast. It was on one of these occasions, in the clear shallow water, that he saw something bright and yellow. He picked it up—it was a piece of gold! The world has seen and felt the result. The mill sawed little or no lumber; as a lumber enterprise the project was a failure, but as a gold discovery it was a grand success.



BULL AND BEAR FIGHT.

There was no excitement at first, nor for three or four months—because the mine was not known to be rich, or to exist anywhere except at the sawmill, or to be available to any one except Sutter, to whom every one conceded that it belonged. Time does not permit me to relate how I carried the news of the discovery to San Francisco; how the same year I discovered gold on Feather River and worked it; how I made the first weights and scales to weigh the first gold for Sam Brannan; how the richness of the mines became known by the Mormons who were employed by Sutter to work at the sawmill, working about on Sundays and finding it in the crevices along the stream and taking it to Brannan's store at the fort, and how Brannan kept the gold a secret as long as he could till the excitement burst out all at once like wildfire.

Among the notable arrivals at Sutter's Fort should be mentioned that of Castro and Castillero, in the fall of 1845. The latter had been before in California, sent, as he had been this time, as a peace commissioner from Mexico. Castro was so jealous that it was almost impossible for Sutter to have anything like a private interview with him. Sutter, however, was given to understand that, as he had stood friendly to Governor Micheltorena on the side of Mexico in the late troubles, he might rely on the friendship of Mexico, to which he was enjoined to continue faithful in all emergencies. Within a week Castillero was shown at San José a singular heavy reddish rock, which had long been known to the Indians, who rubbed it on their hands and faces to paint them. The Californians had often tried to smelt this rock in a blacksmith's fire, thinking it to be silver or some other precious metal. But Castillero, who was an intelligent man and a native of Spain, at once recognized it as quicksilver, and noted its resemblance to the cinnabar in the mines of Almaden. A company was immediately formed to work it, of which Castillero, Castro, Alexander Forbes, and others were members. The discovery of quicksilver at this time seems providential in view of its absolute necessity to supplement the imminent discovery of gold, which stirred and waked into new life the industries of the world.

It is a question whether the United States could have stood the shock of the great rebellion of 1861 had the California gold discovery not been made. Bankers and business men of New York in 1864 did not hesitate to admit that but for the gold of California, which monthly poured its five or six millions into that financial center, the bottom would have dropped out of everything. These timely arrivals so strengthened the nerves of trade and stimulated business as to enable the Government to sell its bonds at a time when its credit was its life-

blood and the main reliance by which to feed, clothe, and maintain its armies. Once our bonds went down to thirty-eight cents on the dollar. California gold averted a total collapse, and enabled a preserved Union to come forth from the great conflict with only four billions of debt instead of a hundred billions. The hand of Providence so plainly seen in the discovery of gold is no less manifest in the time chosen for its accomplishment.

I must reserve for itself in a concluding paper my personal recollections of Fremont's second visit to California in 1845–46, which I have purposely wholly omitted here. It was most important, resulting as it did in the acquisition of that territory by the United States.

John Bidwell.

RANCH AND MISSION DAYS IN ALTA CALIFORNIA.

IT seems to me that there never was a more peaceful or happy people on the face of the earth than the Spanish, Mexican, and Indian population of Alta California before the American conquest. We were the pioneers of the Pacific coast, building towns and Missions while General Washington was carrying on the war of the Revolution, and we often talk together of the days when a few hundred large Spanish ranches and Mission tracts occupied the whole country from the Pacific to the San Joaquin. No class of American citizens is more loyal than the Spanish Californians, but we shall always be especially proud of the traditions and memories of the long pastoral age before 1840. Indeed, our social life still tends to keep alive a spirit of love for the simple, homely, outdoor life of our Spanish ancestors on this coast, and we try, as best we may, to honor the founders of our ancient families, and the saints and heroes of our history since the days when Father Junipero planted the cross at Monterey.

The leading features of old Spanish life at the Missions, and on the large ranches of the last century, have been described in many books of travel, and with many contradictions. I shall confine myself to those details and illustrations of the past that no modern writer can possibly obtain except vaguely, from hearsay, since they exist in no manuscript, but only in the memories of a generation that is fast passing away. My mother has told me much, and I am still more indebted to my illustrious uncle, General Vallejo, of Sonoma, many of whose recollections are incorporated in this article.

When I was a child there were fewer than fifty Spanish families in the region about the bay of San Francisco, and these were closely connected by ties of blood or intermarriage. My father and his brother, the late General Vallejo, saw, and were a part of, the most important events in the history of Spanish California, the revolution and the conquest. My grandfather, Don Ygnacio Vallejo, was equally prominent in his day, in the exploration and settlement of the province. The traditions and records of the family thus cover the entire period of the annals of early California, from San Diego to Sonoma.

What I wish to do is to tell, as plainly and carefully as possible, how the Spanish settlers lived, and what they did in the old days. The story will be partly about the Missions, and partly about the great ranches.

The Jesuit Missions established in Lower California, at Loreto and other places, were followed by Franciscan Missions in Alta California, with presidios for the soldiers, adjacent pueblos, or towns, and the granting of large tracts of land to settlers. By 1782 there were nine flourishing Missions in Alta California — San Francisco, Santa Clara, San Carlos, San Antonio, San Luis Obispo, San Buenaventura, San Gabriel, San Juan, and San Diego. Governor Fajés added Santa Barbara and Purissima, and by 1790 there were more than 7000 Indian converts in the various Missions. By 1800 about forty Franciscan fathers were at work in Alta California, six of whom had been among the pioneers of twenty and twenty-five years before, and they had established seven new Missions — San Jose, San Miguel, Soledad, San Fernando, Santa Cruz, San Juan Bautista, and San Luis Rey. The statistics of all the Missions, so far as they have been preserved, have been printed in various histories, and the account of their growth, prosperity, and decadence has often been told. All that I wish to point out is that at the beginning of the century the whole system was completely established in Alta California. In 1773 Father Palou had reported that all the Missions, taken together, owned two hundred and four head of cattle and a few sheep, goats, and mules. In 1776 the regular five years' supplies sent from Mexico to the Missions were as follows: 107 blankets, 480 yards striped sackcloth, 389 yards blue baize, 10 pounds blue maguey cloth,

A SPANISH WINDOW.

4 reams paper, 5 bales red pepper, 10 arrobas of tasajo (dried beef), beads, chocolate, lard, lentils, rice, flour, and four barrels of Castilian wine. By 1800 all this was changed: the flocks and herds of cattle of California contained 187,000 animals, of which 153,000 were in the Mission pastures, and large areas of land had been brought under cultivation, so that the Missions supplied the presidios and foreign ships.

No one need suppose that the Spanish pioneers of California suffered many hardships or privations, although it was a new country. They came slowly, and were well prepared to become settlers. All that was necessary for the maintenance and enjoyment of life according to the simple and healthful standards of those days was brought with them. They had seeds, trees, vines, cattle, household goods, and servants, and in a few years their orchards yielded abundantly and their gardens were full of vegetables. Poultry was raised by the Indians, and sold very cheaply; a fat capon cost only twelve and a half cents. Beef and mutton were to be had for the killing, and wild game was very abundant. At many of the Missions there were large flocks of tame pigeons. At the Mission San José the fathers' doves consumed a cental of wheat daily, besides what they gathered in the village. The doves were of many colors, and they made a beautiful appearance on the red tiles of the church and the tops of the dark garden walls.

The houses of the Spanish people were built of adobe, and were roofed with red tiles. They were very comfortable, cool in summer and warm in winter. The clay used to make the bricks was dark brown, not white or yellow, as the adobes in the Rio Grande region and in parts of Mexico. Cut straw was mixed with the clay, and trodden together by the Indians. When the bricks were laid, they were set in clay as in mortar, and sometimes small pebbles from the brooks were mixed with the mortar to make bands across the house. All the timber of the floors, the rafters and crossbeams, the doorways, and the window lintels were "built in" as the house was carried up. After the house was roofed it was usually plastered inside and out to protect it against the weather and make it more comfortable. A great deal of trouble was often taken to obtain stone for the doorsteps, and curious rocks were sometimes brought many miles for this purpose, or for gate-posts in front of the dwelling.

The Indian houses were never more than one story high, also of adobe, but much smaller and with thinner walls. The inmates covered the earthen floors in part with coarse mats woven of tules, on which they slept. The Missions, as fast as possible, provided them with blankets, which were woven under the fathers' personal supervision, for home use and for sale. They were also taught to weave a coarse serge for clothing.

It was between 1792 and 1795, as I have heard, that the governor brought a number of artisans from Mexico, and every Mission wanted them, but there were not enough to go around. There were masons, millwrights, tanners, shoemakers, saddlers, potters, a ribbonmaker, and several weavers. The blankets and the coarse cloth I have spoken of were first woven in the southern Missions, San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, and others. About 1797 cotton cloth was also made in a few cases, and the cotton plant was found to grow very well. Hemp was woven at Monterey. Pottery was

made at Mission Dolores, San Francisco. Soap was made in 1798, and afterwards at all the Missions and on many large ranches. The settlers themselves were obliged to learn trades and teach them to their servants, so that an educated young gentleman was well skilled in many arts and handicrafts. He could ride, of course, as well as the best cow-boy of the Southwest, and with more grace; and he could throw the lasso so expertly that I never heard of any American who was able to equal it. He could also make soap, pottery, and bricks, burn lime, tan hides, cut out and put together a pair of shoes, make candles, roll cigars, and do a great number of things that belong to different trades.

The California Indians were full of rude superstitions of every sort when the Franciscan fathers first began to teach them. It is hard to collect old Indian stories in these days, because they have become mixed up with what the fathers taught them. But the wild Indians a hundred years ago told the priests what they believed, and it was difficult to persuade them to give it up. In fact, there was more or less of what the fathers told them was "devil-worship" going on all the time. Rude stone altars were secretly built by the Mission Indians to "Cooksuy," their dreaded god. They chose a lonely place in the hills, and made piles of flat stones, five or six feet high. After that each Indian passing would throw something there, and this act of homage, called "pooish," continued until the mound was covered with a curious collection of beads, feathers, shells from the coast, and even garments and food, which no Indian dared to touch. The fathers destroyed all such altars that they could discover, and punished the Indians who worshiped there. Sometimes the more ardent followers of Cooksuy had meetings at night, slipping away from the Indian village after the retiring-bell had rung and the alcalde's rounds had been made. They prepared for the ceremony by fasting for several days; then they went to the chosen place, built a large fire, went through many dances, and called the god by a series of very strange and wild whistles, which always frightened any person who heard them. The old Indians, after being converted, told the priests that before they had seen the Spaniards come Cooksuy made his appearance from the midst of the fire in the form of a large white serpent; afterward the story was changed, and they reported that he sometimes took the form of a bull with fiery eyes.

Indian alcaldes were appointed in the Mission towns to maintain order. Their duty was that of police officers; they were dressed better than the others, and wore shoes and stockings, which newly appointed officers dispensed with as often as possible, choosing to go bare-foot, or with stockings only. When a vacancy in the office occurred the Indians themselves were asked which one they preferred of several suggested by the priest. The Mission San José had about five thousand Indian converts at the time of its greatest prosperity, and a number of Indian alcaldes were needed there. The alcaldes of the Spanish people in the pueblos were more like local judges, and were appointed by the governor.

The Indians who were personal attendants of the fathers were chosen with much care, for their obedience and quickness of perception. Some of them seemed to have reached the very perfection of silent, careful, unobtrusive service. They could be trusted with the most important matters, and they were strictly honest. Each father had his own private barber, who enjoyed the honor of a seat at the table with him, and generally accompanied him in journeys to other Missions. When the Missions were secularized, this custom, like many others, was abolished, and one Indian barber, named Telequis, felt the change in his position so much that when he was ordered out to the field with the others he committed suicide by eating the root of a poisonous wild plant, a species of celery.

The Indian vaqueros, who lived much of the time on the more distant cattle ranges, were a wild set of men. I remember one of them, named Martin, who was stationed in Amador Valley and became a leader of the full vaqueros, who were very different from the vaqueros of the large valley near the Missions. He and his friends killed and ate three or four hundred young heifers belonging to the Mission, but when Easter approached he felt that he must confess his sins, so he went to Father Narciso and told all about it. The father forgave him, but ordered him to come in from the hills to the Mission and attend school until he could read. The rules were very strict, whoever failed twice in a lesson was always whipped. Martin was utterly unable to learn his letters, and he was whipped every day for a month; but he never complained. He was then dismissed, and went back to the hills. I used to question Martin about the affair, and he would tell me with perfect gravity of manner, which was very delightful, how many calves he had consumed and how wicked the good father had punished him. He knew now, he used to say, how very hard it was to live in the town, and he would never steal again lest he might have to go to school until he had learned his letters.

It was the custom at all the Missions, during the rule of the Franciscan missionaries, to

keep the young unmarried Indians separate. The young girls and the young widows at the Mission San José occupied a large adobe building, with a yard behind it, inclosed by high adobe walls. In this yard some trees were planted, and a *zanja*, or water-ditch, supplied a large bathing-pond. The women were kept busy at various occupations, in the building, under the trees, or on the wide porch; they were taught spinning, knitting, the weaving of Indian baskets from grasses, willow rods and roots, and more especially plain sewing. The treatment and occupation of the unmarried women was similar at the other Missions. When heathen Indian women came in, or were brought by their friends, or by the soldiers, they were put in these houses, and under the charge of older women, who taught them what to do.

The women, thus separated from the men, could only be courted from without through the upper windows facing on the narrow village street. These windows were about two feet square, crossed by iron bars, and perhaps three feet deep, as the adobe walls were very thick. The rules were not more strict, however, than still prevail in some of the Spanish-American countries in much higher classes, socially, than these uneducated Indians belonged to; in fact, the rules were adopted by the fathers from Mexican models. After an Indian, in his hours of freedom from toil, had declared his affection by a sufficiently long attendance upon a certain window, it was the duty of the woman to tell the father missionary and to declare her decision. If this was favorable, the young man was asked if he was willing to contract marriage with the young woman who had confessed her preference. Sometimes there were several rival suitors, but it was never known that any trouble occurred. After marriage the couple were conducted to their home, a hut built for them among the other Indian houses in the village near the Mission.

The Indian mothers were frequently told about the proper care of children, and cleanliness of the person was strongly inculcated. In fact, the Mission Indians, large and small, were wonderfully clean, their faces and hair fairly shining with soap and water. In several cases where an Indian woman was so slovenly and neglectful of her infant that it died she was punished by being compelled to carry in her arms in church, and at all meals and public assemblies, a log of wood about the size of a nine-months'-old child. This was a very effectual punishment, for the Indian women are naturally most affectionate creatures, and in every case they soon began to suffer greatly, and others with them, so that once a whole Indian village begged the father in charge to forgive the poor woman.

The padres always had a school for the Indian boys. My mother has a *novena*, or "nine-days' devotion book," copied for her by one of the Indian pupils of the school at the Mission San José, early in the century. The handwriting is very neat and plain, and would be a credit to any one. Many young Indians had good voices, and these were selected with great care to be trained in singing for the church choir. It was thought such an honor to sing in church that the Indian families were all very anxious to be represented. Some were taught to play on the violin and other stringed instruments. When Father Narciso Duran, who was the president of the Franciscans in California, was at the Mission San José, he had a church choir of about thirty well-trained boys to sing the mass. He was himself a cultivated musician, having studied under some of the best masters in Spain, and so sensitive was his ear that if one string was out of tune he could not continue his service, but would at once turn to the choir, call the name of the player, and the string that was out of order, and wait until the matter was corrected. As there were often more than a dozen players on instruments, this showed high musical ability. Every prominent Mission had fathers who paid great attention to training the Indians in music.

A Spanish lady of high social standing tells the following story, which will illustrate the honor in which the Mission fathers were held:

Father Majin Catala, one of the missionaries early in the century, was held to possess prophetic gifts, and many of the Spanish settlers, the Castros, Peraltas, Estudillos, and others, have reason to remember his gift. When any priest issued from the sacristy to celebrate mass all hearts were stirred, but with this holy father the feeling became one of absolute awe. On more than one occasion before his sermon he asked the congregation to join him in prayers for the soul of one about to die, naming the hour. In every case this was fulfilled to the very letter, and that in cases where the one who died could not have known of the father's words. This saint spent his days in labor among the people, and he was loved as well as feared. But on one occasion, in later life, when the Mission rule was broken, he offended an Indian chief, and shortly after several Indians called at his home in the night to ask him to go and see a dying woman. The father rose and dressed, but his chamber door remained fast, so that he could not open it, and he was on the point of ordering them to break it open from without, when he felt a warning, to the

effect that they were going to murder him. Then he said, "To-morrow I will visit your sick: you are forgiven; go in peace." Then they fled in dismay, knowing that his person was protected by an especial providence, and soon after confessed their plans to the father.

Father Real was one of the most genial and kindly men of the missionaries, and he surprised all those who had thought that every one of the fathers was severe. He saw no harm in walking out among the young people, and saying friendly things to them all. He was often known to go with young men on moonlight rides, lassoing grizzly bears, or chasing deer on the plain. His own horse, one of the best ever seen in the valley, was richly caparisoned, and the father wore a scarlet silk sash around his waist under the Franciscan habit. When older and graver priests reproached him, he used to say with a smile that he was only a Mexican Franciscan, and that he was brought up in a saddle. He was certainly a superb rider.

It is said of Father Amoros of San Rafael that his noon meal consisted of an ear of dry corn, roasted over the coals. This he carried in his sleeve and partook of at his leisure while overseeing the Indian laborers. Some persons who were in the habit of reaching a priest's house at noontime, so as to be asked to dinner, once called on the father, and were told that he had gone to the field with his corn in his *manguilla*, but they rode away without seeing him, which was considered a breach of good manners, and much fun was made over their haste.

The principal sources of revenue which the Missions enjoyed were the sales of hides and tallow, fresh beef, fruits, wheat, and other things to ships, and in occasional sales of horses to trappers or traders. The Russians at Fort Ross, north of San Francisco, on Bodega Bay, bought a good deal from the Missions. Then too the Indians were sent out to trade with other Indians, and so the Missions often secured many valuable furs, such as otter and beaver, together with skins of bears and deer killed by their own hunters.

The *embarcadero*, or "landing," for the Mission San Jose was at the mouth of a salt-water creek four or five miles away. When a ship sailed into San Francisco Bay, and the captain sent a large boat up this creek and arranged to buy hides, they were usually hauled there on an ox-cart with solid wooden wheels, called a *carreta*. But often in winter, there being no roads across the valley, each separate hide was doubled across the middle and placed on the head of an Indian. Long files of Indians, each carrying a hide in this manner, could be seen trotting over the unfenced level land through the wild mustard to the *embarcadero*, and in a few weeks the whole cargo would "ship" be delivered. For such work the Indians always received additional gifts for themselves and families.

A very important feature was the wheat harvest. Wheat was grown more or less at all the Missions. If those Americans who came to California in 1849 had said that wheat would not grow here had only visited the Missions they would have seen beautiful large wheatfields. Of course at first many mistakes were made by the fathers in their experiments, not only in wheat and corn, but also in wine-making, in crushing olives for oil, in grafting trees, and in creating fine flower and vegetable gardens. At most of the Missions it took them several years to find out how to grow good grain. At first they planted it on too wet land. At the Mission San Jose a tract about a mile square came to be used for wheat. It was fenced in with a ditch, dug by the Indians with sharp sticks and with their hands in the rainy season, and it was so deep and wide that cattle and horses never crossed it. In other places stone or adobe walls, or hedges of the prickly pear cactus, were used about the wheatfields. Timber was never considered available for fences, because there were no sawmills and no roads to the forests, so that it was only at great expense and with extreme difficulty that we procured the logs that were necessary in building, and chopped them slowly, with poor tools, to the size we wanted. Sometimes low adobe walls were made high and safe by a row of the skulls of Spanish cattle, with the long curving horns attached. These came from the *matanza*, or slaughter-corrals, where there were thousands of them lying in piles, and they could be so used to make one of the strongest and most effective of barriers against man or beast. Set close and deep, at various angles, about the gateways and corral walls, these cattle horns helped to protect the inclosure from horse thieves.

When wheat was sown it was merely "scratched in" with a wooden plow, for the ground was so new and rich that the yield was great. The old Mission fields are now occupied by some of the best farms of the valley, showing how excellent was the fathers' judgment of good land. The old furrows which fenced it have been plowed in for more than forty years by American farmers, but their course can still be distinctly traced.

A special ceremony was connected with the close of the wheat harvest. The last dozen sheaves taken from this large field were tied to poles in the form of a cross, and were then brought by the reapers in the "harvest procession" to the church, while the bells were ringing, and the father, dressed in his robes,

carrying the cross and accompanied by boys with tapers and censers, chanting the Te Deum as they marched, went forth to meet the sheaves. This was a season of Indian festival also, and one-fifth of the whole number of the Indians were sometimes allowed to leave the Mission for a certain number of days, to gather acorns, dig roots, hunt, fish, and enjoy a change of occupation. It was a privilege that they seldom, or never, abused by failing to return, and the fact shows how well they were treated in the Missions.

Governor Neve proposed sowing wheat, I have heard, in 1776, and none had been sown in California before that time. At the pueblo of San José, which was established in 1777, they planted wheat for the use of the presidios, and the first sowing was at the wrong season and failed, but the other half of their seed did better. The fathers at San Diego Mission sowed grain on the bottom lands in the willows the first year, and it was washed away; then they put it on the mesa above the Mission, and it died; the third year they found a good piece of land, and it yielded one hundred and ninety-five fold.

As soon as the Missions had wheatfields they wanted flour, and mortars were made. Some of them were holes cut in the rock, with a heavy pestle, lifted by a long pole. When La Pérouse, the French navigator, visited Monterey in 1786, he gave the fathers in San Carlos an iron hand-mill, so that the neophyte women could more easily grind their wheat. He also gave the fathers seed-potatoes from Chili, the first that were known in California. La Pérouse and his officers were received with much hospitality at San Carlos. The Indians were told that the Frenchmen were true Catholics, and Father Palou had them all assembled at the reception. Mrs. Ord, a daughter of the De la Guerra family, had a drawing of this occasion, made by an officer, but it was stolen about the time of the American conquest, like so many of the precious relics of Spanish California. La Pérouse wrote: "It is with the sweetest satisfaction that I shall make known the pious and wise conduct of these friars, who fulfil so perfectly the object of their institution. The greatest anchorites have never led a more edifying life."

Early in the century flour-mills by water were built at Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, San José, and San Gabriel. The ruins of some of these now remain; the one at Santa Cruz is very picturesque. Horse-power mills were in use at many places. About the time that the Americans began to arrive in numbers the Spanish people were just commencing to project larger mill enterprises and irrigation ditches for their own needs. The difficulties with land titles put an end to most of these plans, and some of them were afterward carried out by Americans when the ranches were broken up.

One of the greatest of the early irrigation projects was that of my grandfather, Don Ygnacio Vallejo, who spent much labor and money in supplying San Luis Obispo Mission with water. This was begun in 1776, and completed the following year. He also planned to carry the water of the Carmel River to Monterey; this has since been done by the Southern Pacific Railway Company. My father, Don J. J. Vallejo, about fifty years ago made a stone aqueduct and several irrigation and mill ditches from the Alameda Creek, on which stream he built an adobe flour-mill, whose millstones were brought from Spain.

I have often been asked about the old Mission and ranch gardens. They were, I think, more extensive, and contained a greater variety of trees and plants, than most persons imagine. The Jesuits had gardens in Baja California as early as 1699, and vineyards and orchards a few years later. The Franciscans in Alta California began to cultivate the soil as soon as they landed. The first grapevines were brought from Lower California in 1769, and were soon planted at all the Missions except Dolores, where the climate was not suitable. Before the year 1800 the orchards at the Missions contained apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, cherries, figs, olives, oranges, pomegranates. At San Diego and San Buenaventura Missions there were also sugar canes, date palms, plantains, bananas, and citrons. There were orchards and vineyards in California sufficient to supply all the wants of the people. I remember that at the Mission San José we had many varieties of seedling fruits which have now been lost to cultivation. Of pears we had four sorts, one ripening in early summer, one in late summer, and two in autumn and winter. The Spanish names of these pears were the *Presidenta*, the *Bergamota*, the *Puna*, and the *Lechera*. One of them was as large as a Bartlett, but there are no trees of it left now. The apples, grown from seed, ripened at different seasons, and there were seedling peaches, both early and late. An interesting and popular fruit was that of the *Nopal*, or prickly pear. This fruit, called *tuna*, grew on the great hedges which protected part of the Mission orchards and were twenty feet high and ten or twelve feet thick. Those who know how to eat a *tuna*, peeling it so as to escape the tiny thorns on the skin, find it delicious. The Missions had avenues of fig, olive, and other trees about the buildings, besides the orchards. In later times American squatters and campers often cut down these trees for firewood, or built fires against the trunks, which

killed them. Several hundred large and valuable olive trees at the San Diego Mission were killed in this way. The old orchards were pruned and cultivated with much care, and the paths were swept by the Indians, but after the sequestration of the Mission property they were neglected and ran wild. The olive-mills and wine-presses were destroyed, and cattle were pastured in the once fruitful groves.

The flower gardens were gay with roses, chiefly a pink and very fragrant sort from Mexico, called by us the Castilian rose, and still seen in a few old gardens. Besides roses, we had pinks, sweet-peas, hollyhocks, nasturtiums which had been brought from Mexico, and white lilies. The vegetable gardens contained pease, beans, beets, lentils, onions, carrots, red peppers, corn, potatoes, squashes, cucumbers, and melons. A fine quality of tobacco was cultivated and cured by the Indians. Hemp and flax were grown to some extent. A fine large cane, a native of Mexico, was planted, and the joints found useful as spools in the blanket factory, and for many domestic purposes. The young shoots of this cane were sometimes cooked for food. Other kinds of plants were grown in the old gardens, but these are all that I can remember.

In the old days every one seemed to live out-doors. There was much gaiety and social life, even though people were widely scattered. We traveled as much as possible on horseback. Only old people or invalids cared to use the slow cart, or *carreta*. Young men would ride from one ranch to another for parties, and whoever found his horse tired would let him go and catch another. In 1806 there were so many horses in the valleys about San José that seven or eight thousand were killed. Nearly as many were driven into the sea at Santa Barbara in 1807, and the same thing was done at Monterey in 1810. Horses were given to the runaway sailors, and to trappers and hunters who came over the mountains, for common horses were very plenty, but fast and beautiful horses were never more prized in any country than in California, and each young man had his favorites. A kind of mustang, that is now seldom or never seen on the Pacific coast, was a peculiar light cream-colored horse, with silver-white mane and tail. Such an animal, of speed and bottom, often sold for more than a horse of any other color. Other much admired colors were dapple-gray and chestnut. The fathers of the Mission sometimes rode on horseback, but they generally had a somewhat modern carriage called a *volante*. It was always drawn by mules, of which there were hundreds in the Mission pastures, and white was the color often preferred.

Nothing was more attractive than the wedding cavalcade on its way from the bride's house to the Mission church. The horses were more richly caparisoned than for any other ceremony, and the bride's nearest relative or family representative carried her before him, she sitting on the saddle with her white satin shoe in a loop of golden or silver braid, while he sat on the bear-skin covered *anquera* behind. The groom and his friends mingled with the bride's party, all on the best horses that could be obtained, and they rode gaily from the ranch house to the Mission, sometimes fifteen or twenty miles away. In April and May, when the land was covered with wild-flowers, the light-hearted troop rode along the edge of the uplands, between hill and valley, crossing the streams, and some of the young horsemen, anxious to show their skill, would perform all the feats for which the Spanish-Californians were famous. After the wedding, when they returned to lead in the feasting, the bride was carried on the horse of the groomsman. One of the customs which was always observed at the wedding was to wind a silken tasseled string or a silken sash, fringed with gold, about the necks of the bride and groom, binding them together as they knelt before the altar for the blessing of the priest. A charming custom among the middle and lower classes was the making of the satin shoes by the groom for the bride. A few weeks before the wedding he asked his betrothed for the measurement of her foot, and made the shoes with his own hands; the groomsman brought them to her on the wedding-day.

But few foreigners ever visited any of the Missions, and they naturally caused quite a stir. At the Mission San José, about 1820, late one night in the vintage season a man came to the village for food and shelter, which were gladly given. But the next day it was whispered that he was a Jew, and the poor Indians, who had been told that the Jews had crucified Christ, ran to their huts and hid. Even the Spanish children, and many of the grown people, were frightened. Only the missionary father had ever before seen a Jew, and when he found that it was impossible to check the excitement he sent two soldiers to ride with the man a portion of the way to Santa Clara.

A number of trappers and hunters came into Southern California and settled down in various towns. There was a party of Kentuckians, beaver-trappers, who went along the Gila and Colorado rivers about 1827, and then south into Baja California to the Mission of Santa Catalina. Then they came to San Diego, where the whole country was much excited over their hunter clothes, their rifles, their traps, and the strange stories they told of the deserts, and fierce Indians, and things that no one in Cali-

fornia had ever seen. Captain Paty was the oldest man of the party, and he was ill and worn out. All the San Diego people were very kind to the Americans. It is said that the other Missions, such as San Gabriel, sent and desired the privilege of caring for some of them. Captain Paty grew worse, so he sent for one of the fathers and said he wished to become a Catholic, because, he added, it must be a good religion, for it made everybody so good to him. Don Pio Pico and Doña Victoria Dominguez de Estudillo were his sponsors. After Captain Paty's death the Americans went to Los Angeles, where they all married Spanish ladies, were given lands, built houses, planted vineyards, and became important people. Pryor repaired the church silver, and was called "Miguel el Platero." Laughlin was always so merry that he was named "Ricardo el Buen Mozo." They all had Spanish names given them besides their own. One of them was a blacksmith, and as iron was very scarce he made pruning shears for the vineyards out of the old beaver traps.

On Christmas night, 1828, a ship was wrecked near Los Angeles, and twenty-eight men escaped. Everybody wanted to care for them, and they were given a great Christmas dinner, and offered money and lands. Some of them staid, and some went to other Missions and towns. One of them who staid was a German, John Gronigen, and he was named "Juan Domingo," or, because he was lame, "Juan Cojo." Another, named Prentice, came from Connecticut, and he was a famous fisherman and otter hunter. After 1828 a good many other Americans came in and settled down quietly to cultivate the soil, and some of them became very rich. They had grants from the governor, just the same as the Spanish people.

It is necessary, for the truth of the account, to mention the evil behavior of many Americans before, as well as after, the conquest. At the Mission San José there is a small creek, and two very large sycamores once grew at the Spanish ford, so that it was called *la aliso*. A squatter named Fallon, who lived near the crossing, cut down these for firewood, though there were many trees in the cañon. The Spanish people begged him to leave them, for the shade and beauty, but he did not care for that. This was a little thing, but much that happened was after such pattern, or far worse.

In those times one of the leading American squatters came to my father, Don J. J. Vallejo, and said: "There is a large piece of your land where the cattle run loose, and your vaqueros have gone to the gold mines. I will fence the field for you at my expense if you will give me half." He liked the idea, and assented, but when the tract was inclosed the American had it entered as government land in his own name, and kept all of it. In many similar cases American settlers in their dealings with the rancheros took advantage of laws which they understood, but which were new to the Spaniards, and so robbed the latter of their lands. Notes and bonds were considered unnecessary by a Spanish gentleman in a business transaction, as his word was always sufficient security.

Perhaps the most exasperating feature of the coming-in of the Americans was owing to the mines, which drew away most of the servants, so that our cattle were stolen by thousands. Men who are now prosperous farmers and merchants were guilty of shooting and selling Spanish beef "without looking at the brand," as the phrase went. My father had about ten thousand head of cattle, and some he was able to send back into the hills until there were better laws and officers, but he lost the larger part. On one occasion I remember some vigilantes caught two cattle-thieves and sent for my father to appear against them, but he said that although he wanted them punished he did not wish to have them hanged, and so he would not testify, and they were set free. One of them afterward sent conscience money to us from New York, where he is living in good circumstances. The Vallejos have on several occasions received conscience money from different parts of the country. The latest case occurred last year (1889), when a woman wrote that her husband, since dead, had taken a steer worth twenty-five dollars, and she sent the money.

Every Mission and ranch in old times had its *calaveras*, its "place of skulls," its slaughter-corral, where cattle and sheep were killed by the Indian butchers. Every Saturday morning the fattest animals were chosen and driven there, and by night the hides were all stretched on the hillside to dry. At one time a hundred cattle and two hundred sheep were killed weekly at the Mission San José, and the meat was distributed to all, "without money and without price." The grizzly bears, which were very abundant in the country,— for no one ever poisoned them, as the American stock raisers did after 1849,— used to come by night to the ravines near the slaughter-corral where the refuse was thrown by the butchers. The young Spanish gentlemen often rode out on moonlight nights to lasso these bears, and then they would drag them through the village street, and past the houses of their friends. Two men with their strong rawhide reatas could hold any bear, and when they were tired of this sport they could kill him. But sometimes the bears would walk through the village on their way to or from the corral of the butchers, and so

scatter the people. Several times a serenade party, singing and playing by moonlight, was suddenly broken up by two or three grizzlies trotting down the hill into the trees, and the gay *caballeros* with their guitars would spring over the adobe walls and run for their horses, which always stood saddled, with a reata coiled, ready for use, at the saddle bow. It was the custom in every family to keep saddled horses in easy reach, day and night.

Innumerable stories about grizzlies are traditional in the old Spanish families, not only in the Santa Clara Valley, but also through the Coast Range from San Diego to Sonoma and Santa Rosa. Some of the bravest of the young men would go out alone to kill grizzlies. When they had lassoed one they would drag him to a tree, and the well trained horse would hold the bear against it while the hunter slipped out of the saddle, ran up, and killed the grizzly with one stroke of his broad-bladed *machete*, or Mexican hunting knife. One Spanish gentlemen riding after a large grizzly lassoed it and was dragged into a deep *barranca*. Horse and man fell on the bear, and astonished him so much that he scrambled up the bank, and the hunter cut the reata and gladly enough let him go. There were many cases of herdsmen and hunters being killed by grizzlies, and one could fill a volume with stories of feats of courage and of mastery of the reata. The governor of California appointed expert bear hunters in different parts of the country, who spent their time in destroying them, by pits, or shooting, or with the reata. Don Rafael Soto, one of the most famous of these men, used to conceal himself in a pit, covered with heavy logs and leaves, with a quarter of freshly killed beef above. When the grizzly bear walked on the logs he was shot from beneath. Before the feast-days the hunters sometimes went to the foothills and brought several bears to turn into the bull-fighting corral.

The principal bull-fights were held at Easter and on the day of the patron saint of the Mission, which at the Mission San Jose was March 19. Young gentlemen who had trained for the contest entered the ring on foot and on horseback, after the Mexican manner. In the bull and bear fights a hindfoot of the bear was often tied to the forefoot of the bull, to equalize the struggle, for a large grizzly was more than a match for the fiercest bull in California, or indeed of any other country. Bull and bear fights continued as late as 1855. The Indians were the most ardent supporters of this cruel sport.

The days of the *rodeo*, when cattle were driven in from the surrounding pastures, and the herds of the different ranches were separated, were notable episodes. The ranch owners elected three or five *jueces del campo* to govern the proceedings and decide disputes. After the rodeo there was a feast. The great feast-days, however, were December 12, the day of our Lady Guadalupe, Christmas, Easter, and St. Joseph's Day, or the day of the patron saint of the Mission.

Family life among the old Spanish pioneers was an affair of dignity and ceremony, but it did not lack in affection. Children were brought up with great respect for their elders. It was the privilege of any elderly person to correct young people by words, or even by whipping them, and it was never told that any one thus chastised made a complaint. Each one of the old families taught their children the history of the family, and reverence towards religion. A few books, some in manuscript, were treasured in the household, but children were not allowed to read novels until they were grown. They saw little of other children, except their near relatives, but they had many enjoyments unknown to children now, and they grew up with remarkable strength and healthfulness.

In these days of trade, bustle, and confusion, when many thousands of people live in the Californian valleys, which formerly were occupied by only a few Spanish families, the quiet and happy domestic life of the past seems like a dream. We, who loved it, often speak of those days, and especially of the duties of the large Spanish households, where so many dependents were to be cared for, and everything was done in a simple and primitive way.

There was a group of warm springs a few miles distant from the old adobe house in which we lived. It made us children happy to be waked before sunrise to prepare for the "wash-day expedition" to the *Agua Caliente*. The night before the Indians had soaped the clumsy carreta's great wheels. Family were placed in baskets, and the gentle oxen were yoked to the pole. We climbed in, under the green cloth of an old Mexican rug which was used as an awning, and the whitest-headed Indian, who had driven the carreta since his boyhood, plodded beside with his long *aguijada*, or ox-goad. The great piles of soiled linen were fastened on the backs of horses, led by other servants, while the girls and women who were to do the washing trooped about by the side of the carreta. All in all it was an imposing cavalcade, though our progress was slow, and it was generally sunset before we had fairly reached the springs. The oxen pulled us up the slope of the mesa, where it was so steep that we often cried, "Mother, let us dismount and walk, so as to make it easier." The steps of the carreta were so low that we could climb in or out without

stopping the oxen. The watchful mother guided the whole party, seeing that none strayed too far after flowers, or loitered too long talking with the others. Sometimes we heard the howl of coyotes, and the noise of other wild animals in the dim dawn, and then none of the children were allowed to leave the carreta.

A great dark mountain rose behind the hot spring, and the broad, beautiful valley, unfenced, and dotted with browsing herds, sloped down to the bay as we climbed the cañon to where columns of white steam rose among the oaks, and the precious waters, which were strong with sulphur, were seen flowing over the crusted basin, and falling down a worn rock channel to the brook. Now on these mountain slopes for miles are the vineyards of Josiah Stanford, the brother of Senator Leland Stanford, and the valley below is filled with towns and orchards

We watched the women unload the linen and carry it to the upper spring of the group, where the water was best. Then they loosened the horses, and let them pasture on the wild oats, while the women put home-made soap on the clothes, dipped them in the spring, and rubbed them on the smooth rocks until they were white as snow. Then they were spread out to dry on the tops of the low bushes growing on the warm, windless, southern slopes of the mountain. There was sometimes a great deal of linen to be washed, for it was the pride of every Spanish family to own much linen, and the mother and daughters almost always wore white. I have heard strangers speak of the wonderful way in which Spanish ladies of the upper classes in California always appeared in snow-white dresses, and certainly to do so was one of the chief anxieties of every household. Where there were no warm springs the servants of the family repaired to the nearest *arroyo*, or creek, and stood knee-deep in it, dipping and rubbing the linen, and enjoying the sport. In the rainy season the soiled linen sometimes accumulated for several weeks before the weather permitted the house mistress to have a wash-day. Then, when at last it came, it seemed as if half the village, with dozens of babies and youngsters, wanted to go along too and make a spring picnic.

The group of hot sulphur-springs, so useful on wash-days, was a famed resort for sick people, who drank the water, and also buried themselves up to the neck in the soft mud of the slope below the spring, where the waste waters ran. Their friends brought them in litters and scooped out a hole for them, then put boughs overhead to shelter them from the hot sun, and placed food and fresh water within reach, leaving them sometimes thus from sunrise to sunset. The Paso Robles and Gilroy Springs were among the most famous on the coast in those days, and after the annual *rodeos* people often went there to camp and to use the waters. But many writers have told about the medicinal virtues of the various California springs, and I need not enlarge upon the subject. To me, at least, one of the dearest of my childish memories is the family expedition from the great thick-walled adobe, under the olive and fig trees of the Mission, to the *Agua Caliente* in early dawn, and the late return at twilight, when the younger children were all asleep in the slow carreta, and the Indians were singing hymns as they drove the linen-laden horses down the dusky ravines.

Guadalupe Vallejo.

CALIFORNIANA.

Trading with the Americans.

IN the autumn of 1840 my father lived near what is now called Pinole Point, in Contra Costa County, California. I was then about twelve years old, and I remember the time because it was then that we saw the first American vessel that traded along the shores of San Pablo Bay. One afternoon a horseman from the Peraltas, where Oakland now stands, came to our ranch, and told my father that a great ship, a ship "with two sticks in the center," was about to sail from Yerba Buena into San Pablo and Suisun, to buy hides and tallow.

The next morning my father gave orders, and my brothers, with the peons, went on horseback into the mountains and smaller valleys to round up all the best cattle. They drove them to the beach, killed them there, and salted the hides. They tried out the tallow in some iron kettles that my father had bought from one of the Vallejos, but as we did not have any barrels, we followed the common plan in those days. We cast the tallow in round pits about the size of a cheese, dug in the black adobe and plastered smooth with clay. Before the melted tallow was poured into the pit an oaken staff was thrust down in the center, so that by the two ends of it the heavy cake could be carried more easily. By working very hard we had a large number of hides and many pounds of tallow ready on the beach when the ship appeared far out in the bay and cast anchor near another point two or three miles away. The captain soon came to our landing with a small boat and two sailors, one of whom was a Frenchman who knew Spanish very well, and who acted as interpreter. The captain looked over the hides, and then asked my father to get into the boat and go to the vessel. Mother was much afraid to let him go, as we all thought the Americans were not to be trusted unless we knew them well. We feared they would carry my father off and keep him a prisoner. Father said, however, that it was all right: he went

and put on his best clothes, gay with silver braid, and we all cried, and kissed him good-by, while mother clung about his neck and said we might never see him again. Then the captain told her: "If you are afraid, I will have the sailors take him to the vessel, while I stay here until he comes back. He ought to see all the goods I have, or he will not know what to buy." After a little my mother let him go with the captain, and we stood on the beach to see them off. Mother then came back, and had us all kneel down and pray for father's safe return. Then we felt safe.

He came back the next day, bringing four boat-loads of cloth, axes, shoes, fish-lines, and many new things. There were two grindstones and some cheap jewelry. My brother had traded some deerskins for a gun and four tooth-brushes, the first ones I had ever seen. I remember that we children rubbed them on our teeth till the blood came, and then concluded that after all we liked best the bits of pounded willow root that we had used for brushes before. After the captain had carried all the hides and tallow to his ship he came back, very much pleased with his bargain, and gave my father, as a present, a little keg of what he called Boston rum. We put it away for sick people.

After the ship sailed my mother and sisters began to cut out new dresses, which the Indian women sewed. On one of mine mother put some big brass buttons about an inch across, with eagles on them. How proud I was! I used to rub them hard every day to make them shine, using the tooth-brush and some of the pounded egg-shell that my sisters and all the Spanish ladies kept in a box to put on their faces on great occasions. Then our neighbors, who were ten or fifteen miles away, came to see all the things we had bought. One of the Moragas heard that we had the grindstones, and sent and bought them with two fine horses.

Soon after this I went to school, in an adobe, near where the town of San Pablo now stands. A Spanish gentleman was the teacher, and he told us many new things, for which we remember him with great respect. But when he said the earth was round we all laughed out loud, and were much ashamed. That was the first day, and when he wrote down my name he told me that I was certainly "La Cantinera, the daughter of the regiment." Afterward I found out it was because of my brass buttons. One girl offered me a beautiful black colt she owned for six of the buttons, but I continued for a long time to think more of those buttons than of anything else I possessed.

MARTINEZ. *Prudencia Higuera.*

"The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite."

YOUR correspondent, Mr. Bunnell, in the September CENTURY, writes an interesting account of his discovery of the Yosemite, March 5, 1851. I am sorry to despoil him of the honor of being the *first* discoverer, but a truthful regard for history makes it my duty to fix an earlier date.

During the month of January, 1851, I was making a tour of observation along the western slope of the Sierra of California in company with Professor Forrest Shepard of New Haven, Conn., and Professor Nooney, formerly of Western Reserve College, Ohio. Between the 12th and 15th of January we halted at the trading post established by Coulter, who was then and there doing a prosperous business in selling supplies to the gold miners in the vicinity. The locality, I believe, is now known as Coulterville, and is about twenty-five miles west of the Yosemite Canon. We stopped there overnight, and during our stay heard from some of the men assembled in Coulter's store the following incidents, of which they said they had been witnesses or participants.

There had been some friction and disturbance in the relations of Indians and whites, but the open and general hostility which gave occasion for the subsequent movements of the "Mariposa Battalion" had not commenced at the time of our visit. The first serious quarrel occurred a few days before, when six Indians came to a trading tent in the Coulter camp and a drunken ruffian from Texas, without any reasonable cause, stabbed to the heart the chief of their party. The other five Indians with their bows and arrows at once shot the Texan, and having killed him retreated to the forest. Two nights later a pack of sixteen mules were stolen from Coulter's corral and driven off into the mountains by Indians.

Great excitement prevailed, and a company of about one hundred men from the camp and vicinity armed themselves and started on the trail. They followed the tracks into the great cañon and surprised the Indians, who had already converted the mules into jerked meat and had hung it up to dry. They had the satisfaction of slaughtering a large number of the Indians, with their squaws and papooses. They noticed especially the grandeur that surrounded the battlefield. They had returned from the expedition just before our arrival. In narrating their story they gave no name to the cañon, but gave us a description such as could apply to no place on earth other than the Yosemite. I made no record of the names of these discoverers, for what with the big trees, big lumps of gold, and other wonders that were seen and heard of daily, a big rift in the mountains would not be thought exceptional or extraordinary.

If Mr. Coulter or any of his associates are still living they can probably give the names, besides adding other valuable information.

I fix the date of the sight at the Yosemite, and thus of the discovery by the company of men who went from Coulter's January 10, 1851, as proximate, if not exact, both from memory and from corroborative records.

MOSAIC, N. J. *Julius H. Pratt.*

SOME VIEWS ON ACTING.[1]

BY TOMMASO SALVINI.

TO my quiet country villa among the woods of Vallombrosa some echoes reached of the friendly controversy which seems to have been waged in American and English magazines and newspapers regarding one of the underlying principles of the art to which I have devoted my life; a controversy in which were ranged on opposite sides two such eminent actors as Mr. Henry Irving and M. Constant Coquelin. These echoes have remained ringing in my ears until, despite the fact that I think an actor is as a rule better employed in studying the words of others than in committing phrases of his own to paper, I have ventured to shape, as briefly and simply as possible, my own views on the point in dispute. This point, if I have rightly understood it, resolves itself mainly into the simple question, Should an actor feel positively and be moved by the emotions he portrays, or should he be entirely negative and keep his own emotion at arm's length, as it were, and merely make his audience believe that he is moved?

Let me, in the first place, frankly state my own opinion, warning my readers first of all that it is merely an opinion (for questions of art can never be solved definitely, like a mathematical problem), and then I can at greater length strive to show why I hold such views. I believe, then, that every great actor ought to be, and is, moved by the emotion he portrays; that not only must he feel this emotion once or twice, or when he is studying the part, but that he must feel it in a greater or less degree — and to just that degree will he move the hearts of his audiences — whenever he plays the part, be it once or a thousand times, and that he must cultivate this susceptibility to emotion as carefully as he cultivates the development of his vocal organs, or the habit of moving and walking easily and gracefully. This is what I believe and always have believed, and I think it must be acknowledged that my position as to the point at issue is no doubtful one.

M. Coquelin, on the other hand, maintains, if I rightly interpret his extremely well and forcibly put expression of opinion, that an actor should remain perfectly calm and collected however stormy may be the passion he is portraying; that he should merely make believe, as it were, to feel the emotion he strives to make the audience believe he really feels, and that he should act entirely with his brain and not with his heart, to typify by physiological organs two widely differentiated methods of artistic work. That M. Coquelin really and truly believes this somewhat paradoxical theory and endeavors to put his theory into practice, I do not for one moment doubt. Accomplished and versatile artist as he is, I have been struck more than once, as I have enjoyed the pleasure of his performances, with the thought that something amid all the brilliancy of execution was lacking; and this want, so apparent, was due, I apprehend, to the fact that one of the most skillful artists in the world was deliberately trying to belittle himself and the art of which it was in his power to raise the interpretation to such lofty heights. The actor who does not feel the emotion he portrays is but a skillful mechanician, setting in motion certain wheels and springs which may give to his lay figure such an appearance of life that the observer is tempted to exclaim: "How marvelous! Were it only alive 't would make me laugh or weep." He who feels, on the contrary, and can communicate this feeling to the audience, hears the cry: "That *is* life! That *is* reality! See — I laugh! I weep!" It is, in a word, the power of feeling that marks the artist; all else is but the mechanical side which is common to all the arts. There are many born actors who have never faced an audience, as there are many true poets who have never written a verse, and painters who have never taken a palette in hand. To some only is given the power of expression as well as of feeling, and they become artists in the sight of the world as the others are in the sight of our semi-divine mistress, the Art universal.

It is at this point that I approach more closely to M. Coquelin. "The actor," he says in effect, "must carry self-restraint so far that where the creature he simulates would burn, he must be cold as ice. Like callous scientist, he must dissect each quivering nerve and lay bare each throbbing artery, all the time keeping himself impassive as one of the gods of old Greece, lest a rush of hot heart's blood

[1] Translated by Alexander Salvini and Horace Townsend.

PIONEER SPANISH FAMILIES IN CALIFORNIA.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE VALLEJOS.

DON ARTURO LANDINI IN THE OLD SPANISH RIDING DRESS OF HIS FATHER.

THE most attractive literary material left in California is to be found in the recollections and traditions of descendants of the pioneer Spanish families. But these men and women must be met with sympathy for their misfortunes, and with an unfeigned interest in the old ranch and Mission days. As soon as their confidence is fairly won they tell all they know, with almost childlike eagerness to help in the restoration of the past. One immediately observes the great stress laid upon family connections, the pleasure taken in stories of former times, and the especial reverence for the founders of the province, the governors and other officials, and the heads of the Missions. Politics, though of course on an extremely small scale, occupies a large part of the recollections of the older men, and the animosities of the petty revolutions of half a century ago, of the years just before the American conquest, and of the conquest itself, still divide families from each other. A glance at the subjoined list of the governors of California will show the reader how closely united were the social and political features of the life of the province. At first the governors had much power; the great families were hardly established in their almost feudal relations to the soil; and the long terms of office,—fourteen years in one case,—and the peaceful progress of events, show that it was the age of settlement. As the Mexican revolution of 1835 approached the Californians grew restive and gave their governors more and more trouble; at last every noted ranchero family had a different candidate for the governorship, and that "year of revolutions," 1836, saw four successive occupants of the office. Picos, Castros, Alvarados, and a dozen other families, with

THE [illegible] RANCH,—THE [illegible] FROM [illegible]

DON JUAN B. CASTRO.

their adherents and relatives, were struggling for social and political supremacy.[1]

The great families of the Spanish pioneer period have mostly representatives at the present day; some of them have retained wealth and influence, especially in the southern counties. Don Romualdo Pacheco, whose mother was Ramona Carrillo, became State senator, lieutenant-governor, and one of the leaders of the Republican party. The grandson of Captain Antonio del Valle, who came from Mexico to California in 1819, is now one of the most prominent politicians in the State. Don Juan B. Castro has held many offices of trust and profit in Monterey County. Don Ignacio Sepulveda, a thoroughly educated lawyer, married an American wife, and was long a superior judge in Los Angeles. A number of similar cases might be mentioned in which individuals of the conquered race have found their opportunity in the material development of the Pacific coast. Still, these were but exceptions; most of the old families sank into obscurity, and it is now difficult to trace their connections. Only about thirty Spanish families of California have retained any wealth or influence.

Among the families of the first rank as regards wealth, influence, dignity, and pride of birth were the Castros, Picos, Arguellos, Bandinis, Carrillos, Alvarados, Vallejos, Avilas, Ortegas, Noriegas, Peraltas, Sepulvedas, Pachecos, Yorbas, and their numerous connections. The Estradas, for instance, were relatives of the Alvarados, and Don José Abrego, of Monterey, treasurer of the province from 1839 to 1846, married an Estrada. This made the Abregos allies of the Alvarados. Don José's son married a daughter of Jacob P. Leese, the American, son-in-law of General Vallejo; his daughter married Judge Webb of Salinas: the Alvarado-Vallejo connection had drawn the Abregos towards the Americans. The founder of the Alvarado family was Juan B., a settler of 1769, whose son José was sergeant at Monterey, and whose grandson was the governor. The mother of the governor was Maria Josefa Vallejo; his wife was Martina Castro. The founder of the Arguello family was Don José Dario, who arrived in 1781; his wife was a daughter of the Moragas, and their children intermarried with the best families of the province. One daughter was the famous Maria de la Concepcion Marcela, born in 1790, and remembered because of her romance, of which Bret Harte has told the story. There is little to add to the outlines of the poem, except that the tale of the lady Concepcion Arguello is familiar to all the Spanish families, and one often hears it used to illustrate the "simple faith of the ancient days." One of the ladies of the Vallejo family retired to a convent. The lady Apolinaria Lorenzana, of Santa Barbara and San Diego, whose lover died, devoted her

DON MANUEL CASTRO.

life to teaching and to charity, and was known for half a century as "*La Beata*," to whom all doors were open and all sorrows brought. She

[1] The Spanish and Mexican governors of California and the dates of their accession were as follows: Gaspar de Portola, 1767; Felipe de Barri, 1771; Felipe de Neve, 1774; Pedro Fages, 1782; José Antonio Romen, 1790; José J. de Arrillaga, 1792; Diego de Borica, 1794; José J. de Arrillaga, 1800; José Dario Arguello, 1814; Pablo Vicente de Sola, 1815; Luis Antonio Arguello, 1823; José Maria de Echeandia, 1825; Manuel Victoria, 1831; Pio Pico, 1832; José Figueroa, 1833; José Castro, 1835; Nicolas Gutierrez, 1836; Mariano Chico, 1836; Nicolas Gutierrez, 1836; Juan B. Alvarado, 1836; Manuel Micheltorena, 1842; Pio Pico, 1845.

planted the famous grapevine of Montecito, long known as the largest in the world, and bearing six thousand clusters in a single season.

PIO PICO, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA IN 1845
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BUCKNELL & SUMMERS.)

There were other women as worthy of saintship, of whom the elders still speak.

The well-known family of Pico was founded in 1782, by Don José Maria, the father of the governor. The northern branch of this family sprang from Don José Dolores, who arrived in 1790. The first of the Sotos was Don Ignacio, a pioneer of 1776; and the Moraga family date from the same year, their founder being Comandante José Joaquin, of San Francisco Presidio and San José Pueblo. A large and prominent Los Angeles family, that of the Avilas, was founded by Cornelio Avila in 1783. Alcalde Avila was killed in the revolution of 1836. Several daughters married Americans. The Lugos are often spoken of in histories. They descend from a Mexican soldier, Francisco Lugo, who arrived in 1769, the date which ranks among Spanish Californians as 1849 does among American pioneers. His four daughters married into the four prominent families of Ruiz, Cota, Vallejo, and Carrillo. The town of Martinez, near Monte Diablo, takes its name from the Martinez family, whose founder was an early alcalde of San Francisco, and three of whose daughters married Americans. A far later arrival was the Jimeno family, one of whom was Governor Alvarado's Secretary of State, whose widow became the wife of Dr. Ord, and whose two sons were taken to the Atlantic States by Lieutenant Sherman in 1850 to be educated. An intimate friend of this famous secretary was Don José M. Romero, the most widely known teacher and author of the province, who wrote and printed the "Catecismo de Ortología" at Monterey in 1836, and established an advanced school, the best in California until the days of Enrique Cambuston and José Maria Campina, whom Governor Alvarado brought from Mexico.

The Bandinis descended from an Andalusian family of high rank, and were in California by 1771. Old Captain José Bandini was the first to raise the Mexican flag, which he did on the ship *Reina*, at San Blas, in 1821. His son Juan married Dolores Estudillo, and, after her death, Refugio Arguello, and was very prominent in the province from 1825 to 1845. The extensive Carrillo family and also the great Ortega family date their Californian record from 1769. The Ortegas founded Santa Barbara. The Carrillos in the second generation married into the Vallejos, Castros, Pachecos, and many other proud families. At the time of the conquest they had connections in every part of the province. The late Judge Covarrubias, of Santa Barbara, one of the most prominent jurists of Southern California, was connected by marriage with the Carrillos. Captain Noriega, of Santa Barbara, also married a Carrillo, and when he died, in 1858, he left more than a hundred descendants. There were large families in those days of simple,

healthy outdoor life; one often reads in the old documents of from twelve to twenty sons and daughters of the same parents. Don Cristobal Dominguez, who owned the Las Virgenes ranch, left fourteen living children, and one hundred and ten living descendants.

The founders of the early families came from all parts of the Spanish dominions. The Castros were from Sinaloa, and so were the Lugos. Old Don Aguirre, a wealthy ship-owner and merchant, who first came in his vessel the *Guipuscuana*, was a Basque, and his family is still represented in San Diego and Santa Barbara. Another Basque pioneer was Don José Amesti, a rough, honest fellow, alcalde of Monterey, and afterwards the governor's secretary, who married Prudencia Vallejo. General Castro once told me that Don José "would even say 'carajo' before his children," a thing which "astonished all his friends," for it was not seemly; no other Californian did so. The officer who founded Branciforte, Colonel Pedro Albertia, was a Catalan. The first of the Alvisos, the Valencias, and the Peraltas were from Sonora. José Mariano Bonilla, from the city of Mexico, was one of the first lawyers in the province. The Vacas, descendants of the famous *conquistadore* Captain Vaca, who was under Cortez, came from New Mexico. Don Manuel Requena of Los Angeles came to California from Yucatan. The Suñols, who owned one of the most beautiful of valleys, were from Spain, and the sons were sent to Paris to be educated. Lieutenant Valdez, who was in the Malaspina expedition of 1791, returned to Europe and was killed at Trafalgar. This noted expedition, under Alejandro Malaspina, consisted of two royal corvettes of Spain, which left Cadiz in 1789, reached California in 1791, and went around the world. In ways like these, and from a thousand channels of commerce and adventure, every province of Spain and Mexico became represented among the pioneer families of California.

MARIA DE JESUS VALLEJO (SISTER MARIA TERESA).

The Vallejo family traces its descent from soldiers and nobles of the heroic days of Spain, and is as well known in the mother country as in California. A copy of the genealogical record of the family, which has been kept with great precision, was filed in 1806 in the Spanish archives of Alta California. It states that Don Alonzo Vallejo commanded the Spanish troops on board the vessel which brought the royal commissioner Bobadilla to America with orders to carry Columbus a prisoner to Spain. Another famous Vallejo was a captain under Cortez, followed that illustrious cutthroat to the complete conquest of Mexico, and became governor of the province of Panuco, lord of great silver mines, and master of peons innumerable.

Bilbao, the ancient capital of Burgos, Spain, was the place from which the branch of the Vallejos that is known in California started for the New World. Of this branch came Don

THE MOTHER OF GENERAL VALLEJO, BORN MARIA ANTONIA LUGO

Ignacio Vicente Vallejo, born in 1748, in the city of Guadalaxara, Mexico, and designed, as were many of the family before him, for holy orders and the service of the Church. The young man rebelled, volunteered under Captain Rivera y Moncada in Padre Junipero Serra's famous expedition, landing at San Diego in 1769, and thus became a pioneer among the Spanish pioneers themselves. He soon became prominent in the colony, and was not only made military commander of various towns, but was long the only civil engineer in the province, laying out most of the greater irrigation works of the Missions and pueblos, and becoming the owner of extensive and valuable estates.

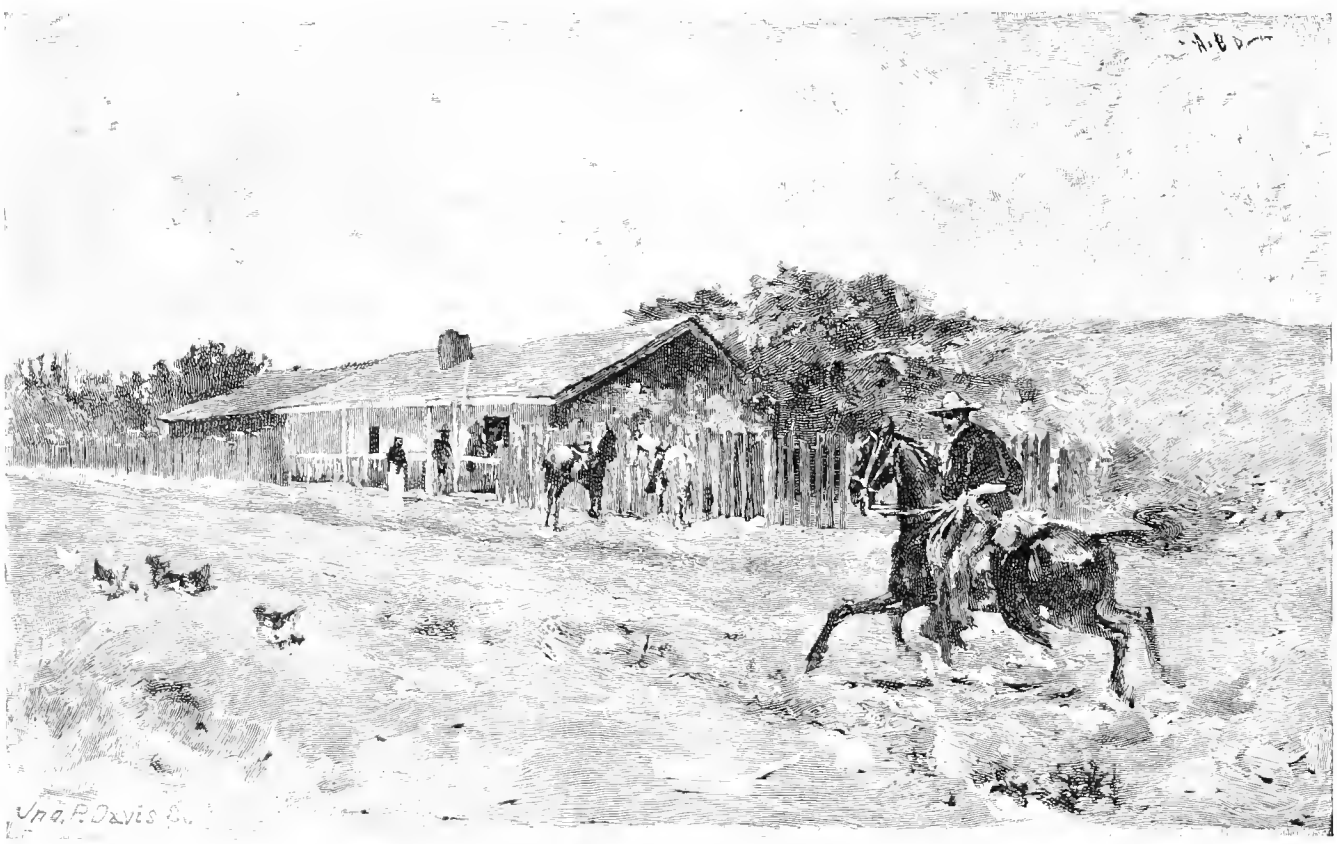
Don Ignacio's engagement and marriage are noted in most of the chronicles of the period. The great Missions were being founded, and, outside of priests and Indians, few people were in the country; California, as late as in the "golden prime of '49," was a masculine community, and women of the better sort were hard to find. When, therefore, the young soldier of fortune saw, at San Luis Obispo, in 1776, on the day of her birth, an infant daughter of the Lugo family, then as now prominent among the Spanish families of Southern California, he did not delay his wooing. Using all the dignity and formality that the aristocratic *gentils de razon* of the period considered essential in such matters, he obtained an interview with the parents, and negotiated a solemn contract of engagement with the day-old Señorita Maria Antonia Lugo, subject to the girl's future consent. She grew up to be an exceedingly attractive and intelligent young woman, and in due season they were married. It proved an extremely happy and fortunate union, and the success of the founder of the Vallejo family in California in speaking for an infant in arms became almost a family proverb from San Diego to Sonoma. Don Ignacio's home was notable, even in that pioneer age, for its patriarchal simplicity, and he maintained to the day of his death, in 1831, a noble and dignified leadership of the family. Señora Vallejo survived her husband until 1851, and a painting made a short time before her death shows the almost puritanical severity and strength of character of this old Spanish lady of the Arcadian period of California.

None of the Spanish pioneer families have more carefully preserved the traditions and

DE LA GUERRA MANSION

relics of the past than have the Vallejos. With them, as with others, the time of greatest prosperity was between 1820 and 1846. Among the great families with which they were closely connected by marriage or friendship were the De la Guerras, whose founder, Don José de la Guerra y Noriega, was born in Santander, Spain, of a family which dates back to the Moorish wars. Early in the century the family owned no fewer than eight large ranches, and as late as 1850 Don José sold nearly $100,000 worth of cattle annually, and was one of the great men of the pastoral period, with hundreds of herdsmen scattered over leagues of territory. His wife, Maria Antonia Carrillo, the daughter of Don Raymundo, one of the first commanders at San Diego and Santa Barbara, was called in common speech "that most benevolent lady." The seventh of their eleven children was several times mayor of Santa Barbara. The eldest daughter married W. P. Hartnell, of London. The youngest daughter, Antonia, afterwards Mrs. Oreña, was called in her day the greatest beauty on the Pacific coast.

It is remarkable how many of the daughters of the best families of the old Californian towns married Americans and Englishmen of standing. In the Carrillo family four daughters married foreigners; the Ortegas, Noriegas, and many others showed a similar record. The grace, beauty, and modesty of the women of the time were the admiration of every visitor. The freedom from care, the outdoor life and constant exercise, and the perfect climate of California had re-created the Andalusian type of loveliness. In the Ortega family, for instance, the women, who all had brown hair and eyes and were of pure Castilian stock, were so renowned for their beauty that their fame extended to the city of Mexico, and General Ramirez came from there with letters of introduction to win a daughter of the Ortegas. Another of the famous beauties of her day was the Señora Maria Isabel Cota de Pico, who was born in 1783 and died in 1869, leaving over three hundred living descendants. Señorita Guadalupe Ortega married young Joseph Chapman, a New Englander who landed on the coast in 1818 from the Buenos Ayrean privateer which Bouchard commanded, and who was captured by Corporal Lugo, whose sister married Don Ignacio Vallejo. With true Spanish hospitality Lugo made him a guest of the family, and in a year or two secured his social recognition among the leading families. Chapman became prominent at the Mission San Gabriel, and at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, where he died in 1849.



ADOBE HOUSE, SONOMA, ERECTED BY GENERAL VALLEJO, 1834.

A multitude of stories of the social life of the Spanish period might be told here, but it is sufficient to give the outline as told by the descendants of those old families. Each town on the coast was the center of the hide and tallow trade for a hundred miles or more. The

low adobe stores there held piles of costly and beautiful goods in the days of which Farnham and Dana wrote—the days when the great cattle princes came from their ranches to hold festival. The young cavaliers rode in on fiery but well-trained and gaily caparisoned horses, and all the wonderful feats of horsemanship of as fine a race of riders as the world has ever seen were performed daily on mesa and sea-beach and plaza. But the home life of these great families was simplicity itself. In many a Spanish house there was no fireplace, window, or chimney. The fire for cooking was built on a clay floor, partly roofed, outside of the main building. The household utensils were few—a copper or iron kettle, a slab of rock on which to pound corn or wheat, a soapstone griddle for the tortillas. Dishes, tableware, and furniture came slowly, and were of the most simple description. For years a raw hide stretched on the floor with a blanket spread over it formed the usual bed in early California. Everything was kept exquisitely clean, and though the Spanish families learned to spend more on their houses and belongings, they seemed to look upon such things as only affording opportunities for a more generous hospitality.

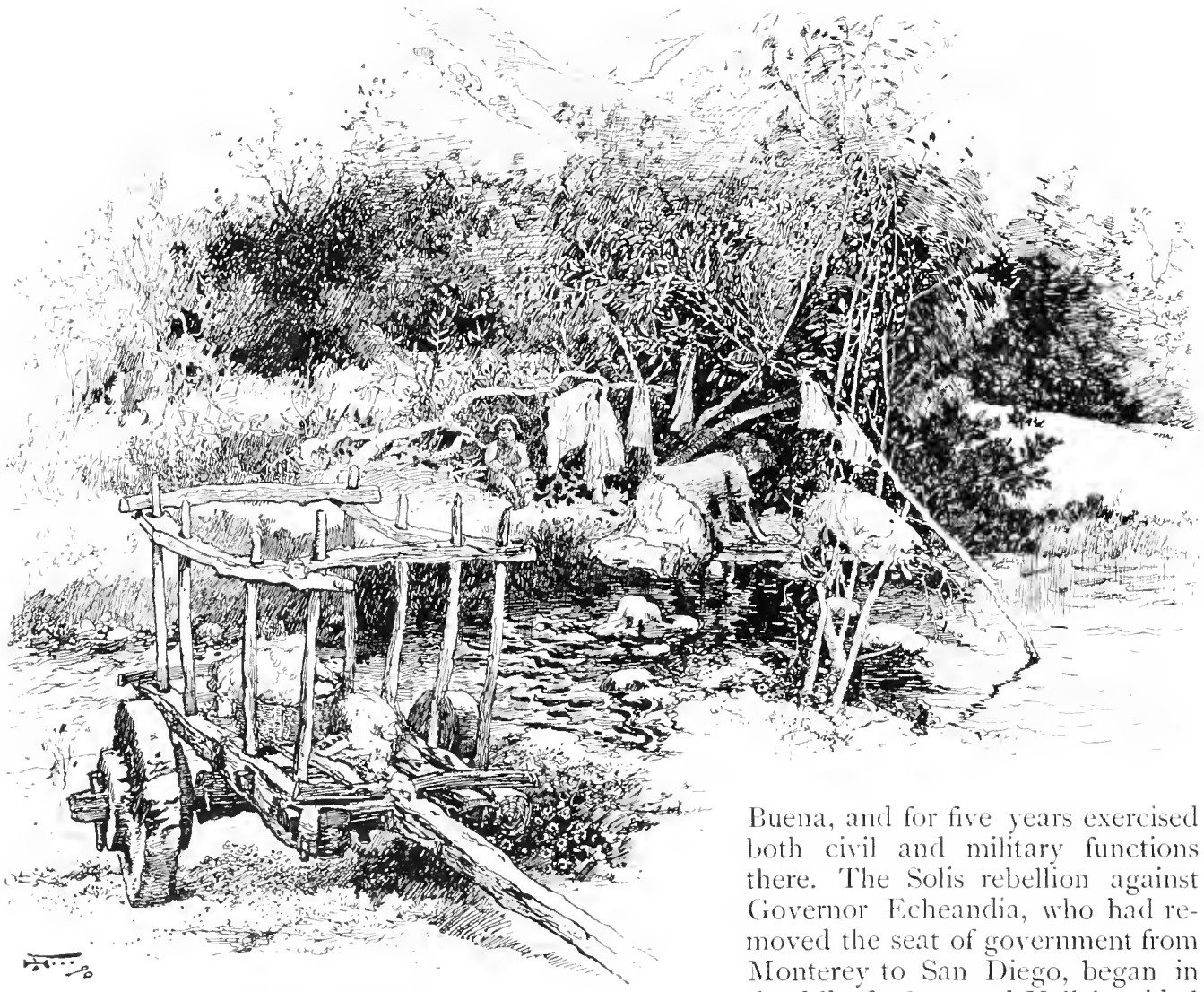
DOÑA VALLEJO, WIDOW OF GENERAL VALLEJO, FORT FRANCIS ASTE, SAN CARLOS.

In the old days there was not a hotel in California, and it was considered a grievous offense even for a stranger, much more for a friend, to pass by a ranch without stopping. Fresh horses were always furnished, and in many cases on record when strangers appeared to need financial help a pile of uncounted silver was left in the sleeping apartment, and they were given to understand that they were to take all they needed. This money was covered with a cloth, and it was a point of honor not to count it beforehand nor afterwards. It was "guest silver," and the custom continued until its abuse by travelers compelled the native Californians to abandon it. Among themselves no one was ever allowed to suffer or struggle for lack of help. The late Dr. Nicholas Den, of Santa Barbara, who married into the Ortega family, once needed money to carry through a speculation, and thought of going to Los Angeles to borrow it. Old Father Narciso, hearing of the matter, sent his Indian boy to him with a "cora," or four-gallon tule basket, full of gold, and the message that he ought to come to his priest whenever he needed help.

The collections of "Documents relating to the History of California" made by General Vallejo and his brother Don J. J. Vallejo, and now in the Bancroft library, and the very graphic and careful series of manuscript notes and memoranda by General Vallejo, entitled "Historia de California," all cast light upon the social and economic conditions in these Arcadian days. A very large number of the old families, such as the Castros, Picos, Arces, and Peraltas, and many of the Americans who had married native Californians, furnished manuscripts, letters, and various documents of permanent value. In fact it may be doubted if

the pioneer period of any other American State has had a more complete mass of original authoritative data made ready for the historian's use. Much still remains to be collected from first hands, and many minor historical questions will probably be solved by documents still held by the native Californian families, who treasure every scrap of written paper.

The link between the old and the new, between the quiet and happy pastoral age of the beginning of the century and the age of American growth and change that followed fast on the conquest, was that remarkable man, General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo,[1] whose children, as he once told me, "were born under three administrations — Spanish, Mexican, and American." One of his daughters said, "Two of us, when we were small, were called by our brothers and sisters 'the little Yankees.'" General Vallejo, the eighth of the thirteen children of Don Ignacio, was born in 1808, in the old seaport town of Monterey, long the capital of the province, and died January 18, 1890, in Sonoma, once the northern fortress of the province and guarded by the young general's soldiers. At the age of sixteen he was an officer in the army and the private secretary of the governor of California. In 1829, when only twenty-one, he became lieutenant-commander of the northern department, which included all the country north of Santa Cruz, and made his headquarters at the presidio. Here he organized the first town government of Yerba Buena, and for five years exercised both civil and military functions there. The Solis rebellion against Governor Echeandia, who had removed the seat of government from Monterey to San Diego, began in the fall of 1829, and Vallejo aided in the defeat of the insurgents at Santa Barbara. He was a member of the territorial deputation in 1831, and brought articles of impeachment against Governor Victoria, who was defeated and driven from California in the revolution which followed. The next year General Vallejo married Señorita Francisca Benicia Carrillo, by whom he had seventeen children, nine of whom are now living.[2]



WASHING-DAY ON A RANCH.

By 1840 the young lieutenant had reached

[1] See portrait in THE CENTURY for December, 1890.

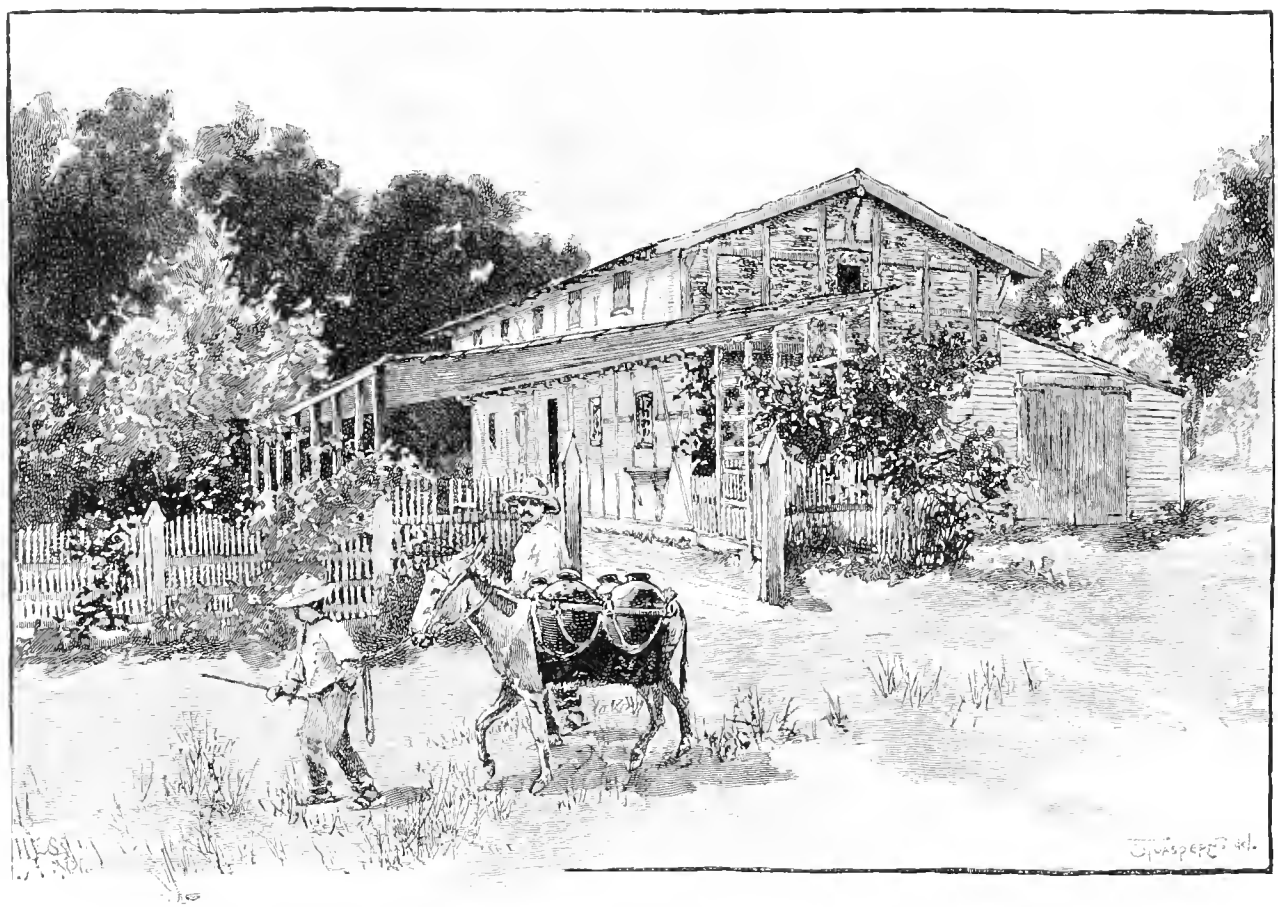
[2] The eldest became the wife of General John B. Frisbie; the others are the wife of Dr. Frisbie, Mrs. Attila Haraszthy, Mrs. E. Emperan, Mrs. J. Henry Cutter, Dr. Platon Vallejo, Andronica Vallejo, Ulla Vallejo, and Napoleon Vallejo.

THE FANDANGO.

the rank of lieutenant-general, and was the one man in California to whom the entire province turned with perfect confidence in every emergency. When Gutierrez was deposed Vallejo took control of affairs, and he made his nephew Alvarado civil governor, retaining military control himself. Micheltorena, who succeeded him as governor, confirmed all his acts, and appointed him military commander of the whole territory north of Monterey. Vallejo then founded the town of Sonoma, making it his military headquarters, and spent more than a quarter of a million dollars there. He sent to Mexico for a printing press and type, set up with his own hands his orders and proclamations, and printed and bound several pamphlets. This was in 1839. The famous Zamorano press of Monterey, which began work in November, 1834, with carnival ball invitations, had printed the "Catecismo" and many public documents, which are much prized by collectors. Paper was so scarce that the proof sheets and defective prints were saved and used for fly-leaves of the curious little *arithmeticas* and other text-books that were issued a few years later for the schools of the province.

One has to go back to the days of the famous Spanish "marches," or frontier towns built and defended in Spain's heroic age by her proudest knights, to find a fit parallel in history to the position held by General Vallejo during the closing years of the Mexican rule in California. He had absolute sway for a hundred miles or more, and he "kept the border." His men rode on horseback to Monterey and to Captain Sutter's fort on the Sacramento, bringing him news and carrying his letters. Spanish families colonized the fertile valleys under his protection, and Indians came and built in the shadows of the Sonoma Mission. He owned, as he believed by unassailable title, the largest and finest ranch in the province, and he dispensed a hospitality so generous and universal that it was admired and extolled even among the old Spanish families. J. Quinn Thornton, who visited the coast in 1848 and published his experiences, says: "Governor-General Vallejo owns 1 horses that are broken to the saddle and bridle, and 9000 that are not broken. Broken horses readily bring one hundred dollars apiece, but the unbroken ones can be purchased for a trivial sum." More and more in the closing years of the epoch and the days of the conquest General Vallejo became the representative man of his people, and so he has received, among many of the old families, the reproachful name of a traitor to California and to his nation. The quiet intensity of this bitterness, even to-day, is a startling thing. I have seen men of pure blood, famous in provincial history, leave the room at the name of Vallejo.

In 1844–45 the native Californians drove out Governor Micheltorena, and began to discuss the feasibility of establishing a separate government. In 1846 the famous Santa Barbara convention of leading residents occurred, and, according to General Vallejo's memo-



OLD SWISS HOUSE OF GENERAL VALLEJO AT SONOMA, IMPORTED IN PARTS FROM SWITZERLAND.

randa, English influences were very strong. He exerted all his personal influence, and secured an adjournment of the convention to Monterey, where that fine old American, Consul Thomas O. Larkin, helped him in his struggle. Here Vallejo made a bold speech against an English protectorate, against a separate republic, and in favor of annexation to the United States and ultimate statehood. He was thoroughly equipped for the task, the best educated man among the native Californians, and inspired by the American ideal. The convention closed with its leaders, such as his nephews Castro and Alvarado, ready to adopt the views of Vallejo, and the way seemed prepared for a hearty welcome to the Americans. But the Bear Flag episode followed, Vallejo was carried a prisoner to Sutter's Fort, and the opportunity of peaceful conquest was lost. Nevertheless, as soon as he was released he threw himself heart and soul into the work of organizing a government. He aided in framing a temporary code of laws, and in securing its support by the Spanish population. He laid out the town sites of Benicia and Vallejo on the strait of Carquinez, and he was a leading member of the constitutional convention. General Vallejo's whole career showed that he was actuated by a large and noble ambition to be recognized as the foremost citizen of the State. Nothing marked this element in his nature more clearly than the magnificent plans for his proposed capital at Vallejo. He offered to construct public buildings and give large areas of land. The long-forgotten scheme, which was laid before the legislature of 1850, who accepted, and was ratified by the people, was in every respect worthy of his magnificent liberality. He began to build his new city, but, contrary to the pledges of the State, the capital was removed to Sacramento at the next session of the legislature. Squatters began to settle upon his great Suscol and Petaluma ranches, and ultimately the Supreme Court of the United States rejected the title to the larger part of his estates. He spent the rest of his life on a comparatively small homestead, "Lachryma Montis," near the old town of Sonoma.

Lachryma Montis is one of the few historical mansions of the Pacific coast. The dwelling house, built in 1850–51, cost nearly $60,000 and came from all parts of the world — the mantelpieces from Honolulu, the iron from China, the bricks from South America. Carpenters' wages were then seventeen dollars a day, and the great redwoods that were hewn in the Sonoma forests were "whip-sawed" by hand for the plank required. The spring on the mountain side that gave the mansion its name was walled in, and a lake which supplied the town with water and fed fountains in the orange, lemon, and olive groves was thus formed. More nopal hedges were planted, and the old ones extended. A chalet imported in parts from Switzerland was erected near the man-

sion. Farther away were the old adobes. A pavilion of iron, glass, and bamboo, imported from China, cost, as members of the family tell me, more than a hundred thousand dollars. When the estates were lost the beautiful grounds began to fall into ruins, through lack of means to keep them up, and in 1890 General Vallejo died a comparatively poor man.

Sonoma Valley is full of stories of his generosity. Father Lorenzo Waugh, an early Methodist circuit-rider of the region, saw the squatters taking up land in the valley while waiting for a decision respecting Vallejo's title. He went to the general, and was told to go ahead and settle on a quarter-section, and he would do all in his power to secure him a title. Father Waugh did so, and nine years later, while Vallejo was away, the lines of this particular district were settled, and his lawyer, against orders, sold the tract on which Waugh lived. As soon as Vallejo learned this he gave him a title to three hundred acres of better land, a part of the home estate. No one will ever know how many hundreds of American pioneers owed their start in the world to General Vallejo, even while he was struggling against immense financial difficulties and losing his lands, not by acres, but by square leagues.

AN ADOBE IN SONOMA

Many others of the old Californians made a distinction between the "Gringo thieves" and the pleasant, manly pioneers who were good neighbors. A volume could be written about the unsolicited gifts of land — fifty acres here, a hundred there — made to young Americans to whom the great rancheros had taken a fancy, or who had rendered them a service. "Take the land," said Don Alviso to a Connecticut man in 1849, in Alameda County. "You can keep it; I cannot."

After General Vallejo found his estate slipping away he devoted himself more and more to horticulture and to the education of his children. He occasionally appeared in public, and the greatness of his services to the commonwealth was recognized by every thoughtful citizen. The general's name is mentioned in nearly every book of travels or magazine article relating to early California. In his later years he gathered up and put on record a surprising wealth of material relating to the old Spanish days of California. From him the historians have drawn most of their important details. His manuscript, now in the Bancroft collection, is written with such exquisite care and fidelity to truth that, like General Bidwell's recollections of early days in the Sacramento Valley, it has become the primary authority upon all within its range.

General Vallejo's readiness of apt anecdote was always remarkable. Patti once dined with him, and asked the old soldier if he enjoyed the first opera he ever heard.

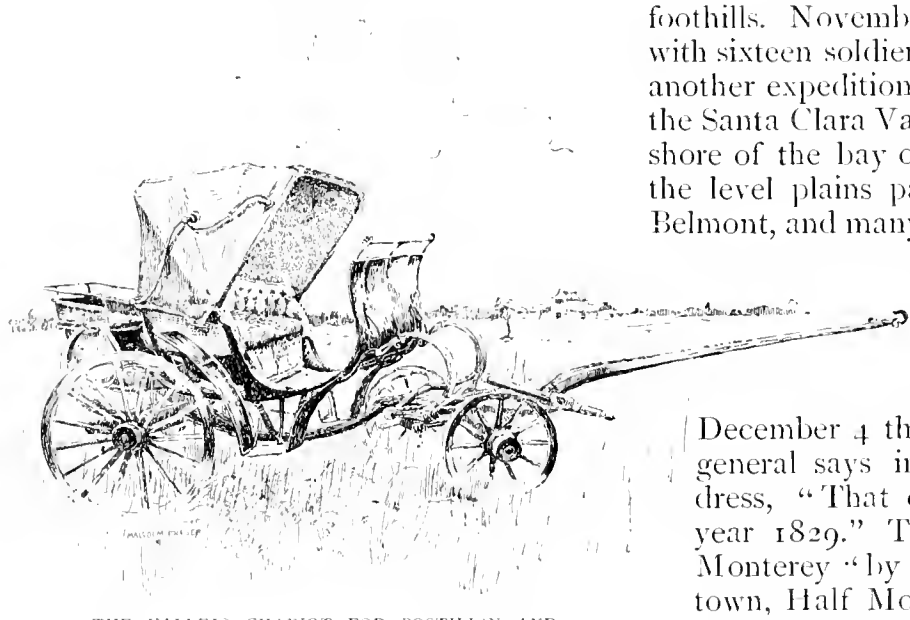
"Why, no," said Vallejo; "and yet I confess I shall never forget it."

This reply aroused Patti's curiosity, and he demanded when and where the event took place.

"In 1828, on the site of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco."

"Indeed! And who was the prima donna so long ago as that?"

"Well, I can't say," was the smiling answer; "but there were at least five hundred coyotes in the chorus."



THE VALLEJO CHARIOT FOR POSTILION AND FOOTMAN, BROUGHT FROM MEXICO EARLY IN THIS CENTURY.

A volume of description could not give a more complete picture of the loneliness of the peninsula at that time.

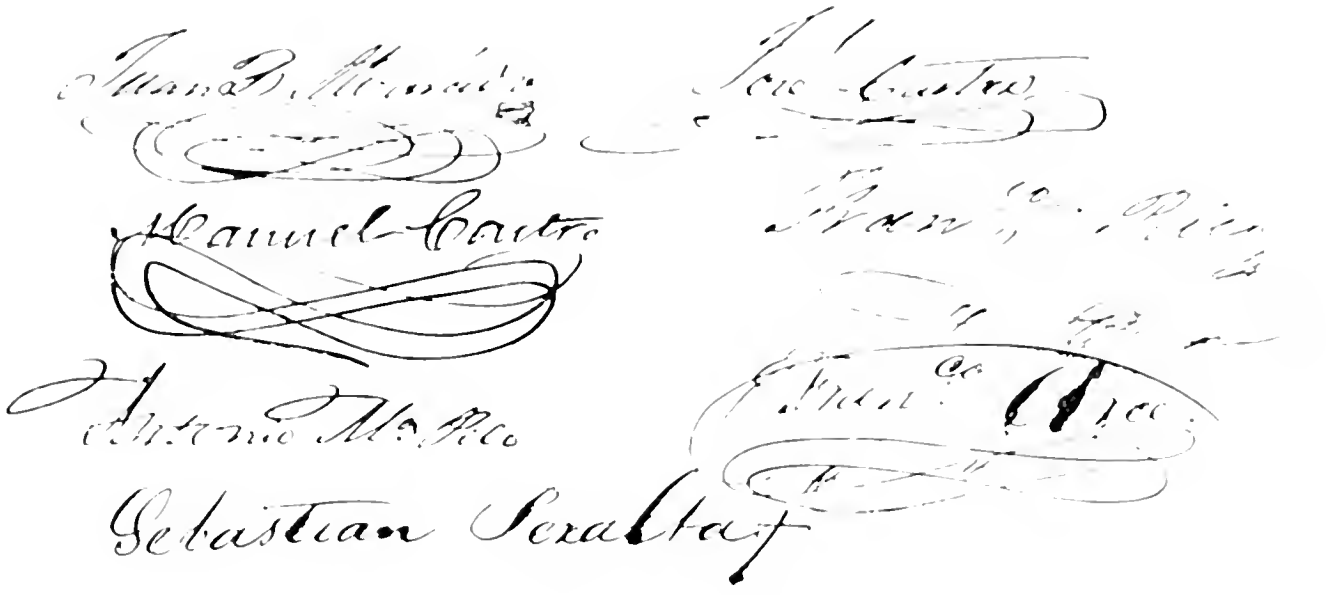
In his younger days General Vallejo not only knew almost every one of the five thousand Spanish Californians in the province, the greater part of the Mission Indians, and the chiefs of the wild tribes, but he gathered up, even in his youth, the traditions of the pioneers, and tested their accuracy by every possible documentary and other evidence. His journals are full of variety, and form a complete picture of the entire Spanish period. One of his memoranda speaks of the galleon *San Augustin*, which was wrecked in Tomales Bay in 1595, and of which portions drifted into the Golden Gate in 1830, where they were found by Don José Antonio Sanches and identified by General Vallejo! He has traced the track of every exploring expedition from the earliest settlement, and determined most of their camps. His story of the discovery of San Francisco Bay illustrates the slowness of the progress of settlement. It was late in 1769 that the Portala party and Captain Rivera, with whom was Don Ignacio Vallejo, worked northward from San Diego, past Monterey, and down the San Mateo peninsula, till, on November 2, two hunters of the expedition first looked upon the bay of San Francisco, and November 4 the whole party saw the great bay. In March, 1772, Captain Fages and Father Crespi made that notable exploration which extended from Monterey across the Salinas Valley, through the hills to the Santa Clara Valley, up the east side of the bay past San José and Oakland, and along the shores of San Pablo and Suisun to where Antioch now stands. The San Joaquin River was crossed at this point, and recrossed by the expedition, which returned to Monterey through the Monte Diablo foothills. November 23, 1774, Captain Rivera, with sixteen soldiers and Father Palou, made another expedition to the bay. They entered the Santa Clara Valley and skirted the western shore of the bay of San Francisco, following the level plains past the sites of Palo Alto, Belmont, and many other towns of to-day, and crossing to the ocean beach at Laguna de la Merced, they reached Point Lobos, and climbed the cliff to look down on the Golden Gate. December 4 they planted the cross. The general says in his commemoration address, "That cross I saw myself in the year 1829." The expedition returned to Monterey "by way of San Pedro, Spanishtown, Half Moon Bay, Point New Year, Santa Cruz, Watsonville, Castroville, and Salinas." In 1775 Captain Ayala sailed the *San Carlos* into the bay of San Francisco, and "remained forty days, exploring it in all directions." In the spring of 1776 Colonel Anza and Lieutenant Moraga led another land expedition to the region and returned to Monterey.

Then came the foundation of the Mission and the Presidio. The military force, under Lieutenant Moraga, consisted, says General Vallejo, of one sergeant, two corporals, and ten soldiers, with their wives and children. These conveyed Fathers Palou and Cambon, with two Indian servants and three neophyte Indians, who cared for eighty-six head of Mission cattle, partly their own, partly belonging to the king. June 27, 1776, they camped at the lagoon or lake of Dolores, near where the Mission was soon afterwards built. The soldiers erected barracks of tule, soon replaced by wood. The day of the foundation of the Mission was fixed at October 4, the day of St. Francis, and October 8 the actual building was begun. Among those present were Don Ignacio Vallejo, Lieutenant Moraga, and members of the families of Briones, Galindo, Castro, Pacheco, Bojorques, Bernal, Peralta, Higuera, and others of prominence in Spanish California.

The historians of Spanish Californian days must draw on such traditions as these, obtained from General Vallejo's conversations, or written in his memoranda. A single magazine article can contain only a small part of the wealth of tradition that has gathered about the old Sonoma homestead of the Vallejos — that homestead which is in the highest degree typical of all Spanish homesteads of the first rank on the Pacific coast. Everywhere, in the most picturesque portions of California, are the old adobes that once were social centers of the stately life of nearly a century ago. Most of them are merely ruins, but many are still the homes of the descendants of the first fami-

lies of the province. The years that brought such change and wreck to the old days have now carried them so far back into the mists of tradition that they seem centuries away. Vallejo's fortress on the frontier is now a town, as dull and unromantic as Yonkers. About the ancient pueblo of Los Angeles has sprung up an intensely modern city. A railroad extends through the very graveyard of San Miguel Mission. Much needs to be done by California to preserve the memorials of that past that was so fair and so fruitful. The agency through which this is to be accomplished is likely to be the association known as the Native Sons of the Golden West, under whose public spirited direction was conducted the recent successful celebration of the admission of California.

Charles Howard Shinn.



THE MISSIONS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA.[1]

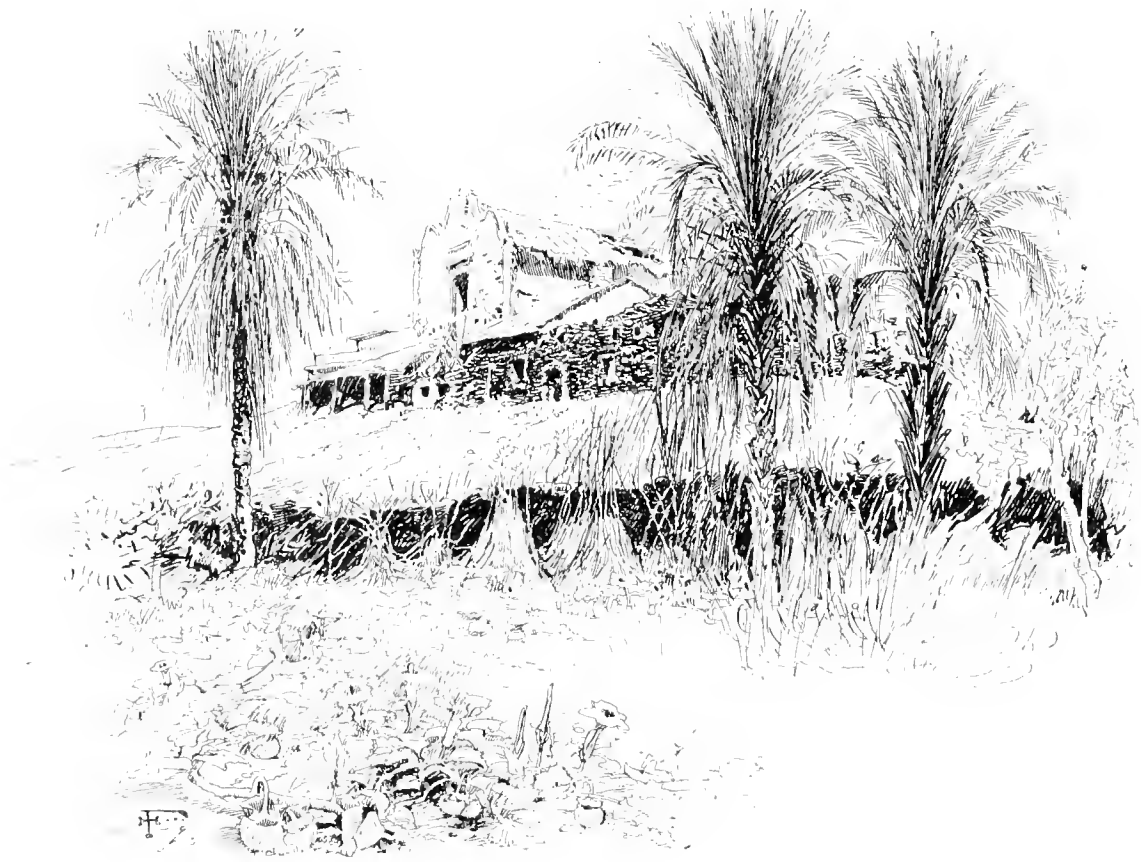
ALTHOUGH the peninsula of Lower California was discovered as early as 1534, and many attempts were made to colonize it, it remained wholly unoccupied by Spain down to 1697. In February of that year two Jesuit fathers, Juan Maria Salvatierra and Francisco Eusebio Kino, asked permission to attempt the spiritual conquest of the country, which was granted on condition that the king should not be called on for any part of the expense involved, and that possession should be taken distinctly in the name of the Spanish crown. Armed with this authority and the sanction of their superiors in the order, the two missionaries set about collecting funds for their undertaking, and in a short time succeeded in obtaining sufficient means to commence it. These funds, subscribed by charitable individuals, whose names and contributions the gratitude of the fathers has preserved for us to this day, increased, in progress of time, to an aggregate of sufficient importance to find frequent mention in Mexican legislation and history, under the name of the "Pious Fund of the Californias." It constituted afterwards the endowment and support of the Missions on all the west coast of the continent as far north as claimed by Spain, the whole of which was called by the general name of the Californias.

The thirteen Missions founded by the Jesuits

[1] See also "Father Junipero and his Work: A Sketch of the Foundation, Prosperity, and Ruin of the Franciscan Missions in California," by "H. H.," in this magazine for May and June, 1883.—EDITOR.

in Lower California extended from Cape San Lucas, at the extremity of the peninsula, northwards. Details regarding them are deemed out of place here: they were in a flourishing condition at the time of the expulsion of the order in 1768, and the establishments remain to the present day; ruined indeed and deserted by the population that once clustered round them, but attesting still the pious zeal of their founders.

In 1767 the Spanish monarch, by a "pragmatic sanction," directed that the Society of Jesus should be expelled from his dominions. With a refinement of cruelty this decree was directed to be put into force in every part of the kingdom at the same instant. At a given hour of the night, long after the inmates were in profound sleep, a train of vehicles was drawn up at the door of every Jesuit college, novitiate, or other establishment of any kind, and the porter was roused from sleep and directed, in the name of the king, to summon all the members of the community to instant assembly in the chapel or refectory. Hastily putting on their garments, the members obeyed the summons, bewildered to conjecture its cause. The roll was called, the laggards, if there were any, were brought in, and the assembled members were then informed that his Majesty had been pleased to banish them forever from his dominions. Carriages were awaiting them below, and relays of animals were provided for their transportation to the nearest seaport, where vessels were prepared to convey them abroad. A few moments only were allowed to them to snatch their breviaries, beads, prayer-books, and necessary clothing, and within an hour after the first knock at the door of the establishment the whole body of inmates was in motion towards the coast, where they were with equal suddenness and despatch shipped off to Rome. During their journey to the point of embarkation no intercourse was allowed either with friends or with persons casually met on the road. They vanished from Spain, and from all the European possessions of Spain, as silently and as rapidly as a morning mist.



THE FIRST MISSION IN CALIFORNIA (SAN DIEGO).

It was not possible to enforce this barbarous decree with the same cruel precision in California. The place was too remote, and its resources inadequate. It was necessary to supply the Missions with other missionaries, else the Indians, who had been with so much trouble and effort reduced to habits of civilization, would infallibly have relapsed again into savagery and paganism, and the whole work of conquest would have to be recommenced. Thus the necessities of the situation somewhat modified the cruelty of the proceedings in California. The missionaries were assembled in La Paz in February, 1768, and amid the tears and lamentations of their Indian flocks, who, from every Mission in the peninsula, sent delegations to accompany their spiritual fathers, they finally embarked, and, after a toilsome pilgrimage across Mexico, finally took ship at Vera

MISSION OF SAN JOSÉ. (DRAWN AFTER A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN 1853, NOW OWNED BY J. L. BLAKE.)

BELLS AND CENSER AT SAN J[illegible]

Cruz on the 13th of April. From the magnitude of the Pious Fund the hungry politicians, who hoped to profit by their expulsion, looked for large amounts of money from the plunder of the California Missions. The total of all sums found at them proved less than a hundred dollars.

Arrangements had been made by the viceroy by which Franciscan friars, drawn from the convent of San Fernando de Zacatecas, took the place of the expelled Jesuits in the several Missions; and adopting the rules and practices of their predecessors they gradually slid into the confidence of the simple-hearted natives, and carried on the work as it had been commenced.

At this time the Marquis de Croix was Viceroy of New Spain, and José de Galvez was sent over from the mother country as Visitador General, armed with extraordinary powers. Apprehensions of an attempt by the English to enlarge their possessions in America and to obtain a foothold on the Pacific made it appear unsafe to permit the northwest coast to remain longer unoccupied, and Galvez determined to colonize it on a large scale. He was a man of immense zeal and untiring industry, well chosen for an occasion requiring energetic action. Fortunately he met with an ecclesiastic to second his movements who possessed the same qualities in as high a degree, perhaps in a higher, and who joined to them a humble piety, a zealous devotion to duty, and a self abnegation even more remarkable. This was Father Junipero Serra, president of the Missions.

Father Michael Joseph Serra was born in the island of Majorca, in the year 1713. After pursuing his studies in the Lullian University there he evinced a preference for a religious life, and was admitted to the order of St. Francis, taking instead of his baptismal names that of Junipero, by which only he is known in history. The Franciscans and Dominicans were, about that period, extending their Missions among the Indians of America in rivalry with the Jesuits, and Father Serra with three of his fellow-mem-

bers became inflamed with the desire to take part in these pious enterprises. The other associates were Fathers Rafael Verger, Francisco Palou, and Juan Crespi. They obtained permission to join a body of missionaries which in 1749 was assembled at Cadiz to embark for the New World, and after a ninety-nine days' voyage they landed in Vera Cruz. Palou has left us a quaint history of their journey, which in these days of rapid transit is rather amusing. The voyage from Majorca to Malaga was made in a small English coaster,

> the captain of which [says he] was a stubborn, cross-grained heretic, of a disposition so aggravating that, during the fifteen days our passage to Malaga lasted, he gave us not a minute's peace. We scarce had time to read our office, from his everlasting and

missionaries overboard, and on one occasion clapped a dagger at Father Serra's throat, threatening his life. It is not surprising that the missionaries rejoiced at again reaching *terra firma* after fifteen days of tossing in a Mediterranean vessel and enjoying from the officers these social amenities.

After many years' successful missionary efforts in the Sierra Gorda, Father Serra was selected to take principal charge of the Missions of California, now confided to the Franciscans, and he arrived at the port of Loreto with fifteen associates on the 2d of April, 1768. After having made the necessary dispositions for occupying the various establishments of the peninsula — a task which occupied many months, as they extended over a territory seven hundred

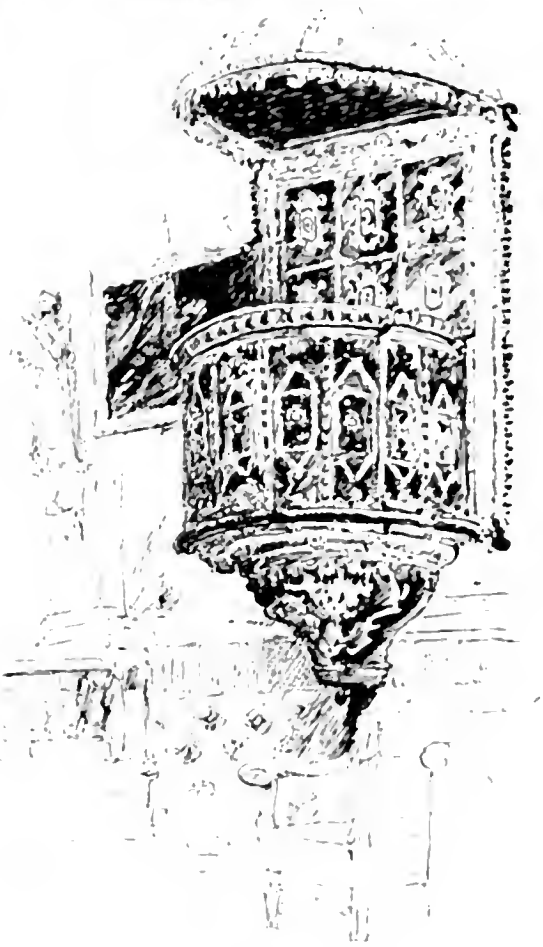
MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO OF PADUA, ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM MONTEREY.

persistent craving to dispute about religion and wrangle over doctrinal points. He understood no language save English and a mere smattering of Portuguese, and in the latter he conducted his disputations. With the English version of the Bible in his hand he would read a text of the Holy Scripture and proceed to interpret it according to his own ideas. But our Father Junipero was so well versed in dogmatic theology and so familiar with the Holy Scriptures that he would at once point out the error and misinterpretation, and frequently refer to another text in confirmation. The captain would thereupon rummage his greasy old Bible, and when he could find no other escape would declare that the leaf was torn and he could n't find the verse he wanted.

The captain, as Father Palou states, remained "doggedly perverse" till the last, and in fact the disputes waxed so hot at times that he more than once threatened to throw the

mile. in length — he was ready to coöperate with Galvez in the subjection of Upper California to the practical dominion of the crown of Spain and the Christian religion. Two expeditions were organized for the purpose, one by sea and the other by land. The latter was formed into two detachments, which, after a toilsome march from San Fernando de Vellicata, on the Indian frontier of Lower California, were, on the 1st of July, 1769, reunited at the bay of San Diego, where the schooners *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*, which had come up the coast to meet them, were also safely anchored. San Diego was a place of which at that time nothing more was known than that there was an excellent harbor, which had been visited by Sebastian Vizcayno in his voyage of 1601–2. This journey to San Diego occupied ninety-three days, during which Father Serra suffered

MISSION OF SAN BUENAVENTURA



excruciatingly from an injury to one of his legs, so that at times he could neither walk nor ride.

The first Mission of Upper California was founded at San Diego, and before the lapse of a fortnight a second expedition was organized, under Don Gaspar de Portola, which was directed to proceed up the coast as far as Monterey and to found a Mission there. Monterey was also a place made known to Spanish geographers by Vizcayno's voyage of 1602, in his report of which he had described it in glowing terms as a magnificent harbor, fit to shelter the navies of the world. Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez were the chaplains of this expedition, which was also to have the coöperation of the two schooners, which were directed to the same destination.

How this land expedition toiled up the coast from San Diego, of its "moving accidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth 'scapes, ... of antres vast and deserts idle, rough quarries, rocks and hills," of how in its search for Monterey it stumbled on the bay of San Francisco and first made known to civilized man the garden of the present State of California, I have related elsewhere and will not here repeat. Suffice it to say, that having penetrated as far up the coast and over the Coast Range as to look down from the crest over what is now Searsville on the broad expanse of the Santa Clara Valley, and on the great estuary which its historian described as a "Mediterranean sea," the expedition, compelled by the approach of winter, the scarcity of food, and the increasing hostility of the aborigines, turned on the 11th of November to retrace its steps to San Diego.

On again reaching Point Pinos and the supposed place of the bay of Monterey, nearly a

fortnight was devoted to a vigorous exploration of the rugged coast in search of the magnificent port described by Vizcayno, but in vain. The locality did not correspond in any degree to the traveler's glowing description of it. Failing to discover the harbor they were looking for, the leaders concluded it had been either destroyed by some convulsion of nature, or filled with silt, and so obliterated. They erected a large wooden cross at the north and another at the south side of Point Pinos as a memorial of their visit, and for the purpose of attracting the attention of the expedition by sea, which had been despatched to coöperate with them. On the cross erected at the south side was cut the legend: "Dig at the foot of this and you will find a writing"; and at its foot accordingly they buried a brief account of their journey. Its text is set forth in the diary of Father Crespi as follows:

The overland expedition which left San Diego on the 14th of July, 1769, under the command of Don Gaspar de Portola, Governor of California, reached the channel of Santa Barbara on the 9th of August and passed Point Concepcion on the 27th of the same month. It arrived at the Sierra de Santa Lucia on the 13th of September, entered that range of mountains on the 17th of the same month, and emerged from it on the 1st of October. On the same day caught sight of Point Pinos and the harbors on its north and south sides without discovering any indications or landmarks of the bay of Monterey. Determined to push on farther in search of it, and on the 30th of October got sight of Point Reyes and the Farallones at the bay of San Francisco,[1] which are seven in number. The expedition strove to reach Point Reyes, but was hindered by an immense arm of the sea, which, extending to a great distance inland, compelled it to make an enormous circuit for that purpose. In consequence of this and other difficulties, the greatest of all being the absolute want of food, the expedition was compelled to turn back, believing that it must have passed the harbor of Monterey without discovering it.

Started on return from the estuary of San Francisco on the 11th of November, passed Point Año Nuevo on the 19th, and reached this point and harbor of Pinos on the 27th of the same month. From that date until the present, 9th of December, we have used every effort to find the bay of Monterey, searching the coast thoroughly notwithstanding its ruggedness, but in vain. At last undeceived, and despairing of finding it after so many efforts, sufferings, and labors, and having left of all our provisions but fourteen small sacks of flour, we leave this place to-day for San Diego. I beg of Almighty God to guide it, and for you, traveler, who may read this, that he may guide you to the harbor of eternal salvation.

Done in this harbor of Pinos, the 9th of December, 1769.

NOTE.—That Don Michael Constanzo, the engineer, observed the latitude of various places on the coast, and the same are as follows.

MISSION OF SAN MIGUEL, SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY.

Here follow the latitudes of various points, after which the letter continues:

If the commanders of the schooners, either the *San José* or the *Principe*, should reach this place within a few days after this date, on learning the contents of this writing, and the distressed condition of this expedition, we beseech them to follow the coast closely towards San Diego, so that, if we should be happy enough to catch sight of them, we may be able by signals of flags or firearms to apprise them where succor and provisions may reach us.

"Glory be to God," says the pious chronicler, "the cross was erected on a little hillock, close to the beach of the small harbor on the south side of Point Pinos, and at its foot we buried the letter."

The cross erected at the north side of the Point bore the simple inscription, cut on its transverse arm with a razor: "The overland expedition from San Diego returned from this place on the 9th of December, 1769, starving."

Their prayer for succor was in vain; it never reached those to whom it was addressed. The schooners, after beating up the coast as far as the latitude of Monterey, were driven back by adverse winds, and, after months of fruitless effort to make port there, returned to San Diego, arriving just in time

[1] The bay of San Francisco of the old Spanish geographers and navigators was what we now call "Sir Francis Drake's Bay."

to relieve the infant colony from starvation. The land party plodded its weary way down the coast, encountering sickness, suffering, privation, and occasionally death, until on the 21st of January, 1770, its surviving members reached San Diego, whence it had set out six months and twelve days before.

MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.

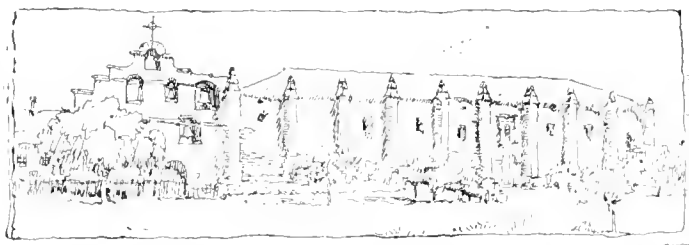
The effort at missionary colonization was not, however, abandoned. In 1770 another expedition moved up the coast, following the track of the first explorers, whose diary was their guide, and founded the Mission of San Carlos on the bay of Monterey, close to which was established the presidio of the same name. The place first selected proved unsuitable for the site of a Mission, and before the close of 1771 the establishment was removed a few miles to the southward and planted on the banks of the Carmel River, overlooking the charming little bay of the same name. This new foundation was called "El Carmelo." The presidio retained its site and subsequently became the capital city of the department.

Monterey has become in our day a famous watering-place frequented by visitors from the ends of the earth, and the ancient Mission, El Carmelo, now little better than a ruin, continues to attract the attention of travelers from its picturesque site and from the fact that it contains the remains of the venerable men whose pious efforts created the Missions and laid the foundations of civilization in California. There were interred the remains of Fathers Junipero Serra, Juan Crespi, and Rafael Verger.

San Diego and Monterey served to mark the extremes of the first Spanish occupancy; the interval was filled up and the area of missionary conquest gradually extended by other similar establishments. The names of these institutions, founded in rapid succession, are as follows:

1771.—San Gabriel, San Fernando, San Antonio.
1772.—San Luis Obispo.
1776.—San Juan Capistrano, San Francisco de Assisi.
1777.—Santa Clara.
1782.—San Buenaventura.
1786.—Santa Barbara.
1787.—La Purissima.
1791.—La Soledad, and Santa Cruz.
1797.—San Juan Bautista, San José, San Miguel.
1798.—San Luis Rey.
1802.—Santa Ynez.

After this missionary efforts seem to have relaxed, but a revival at a later date led to the foundation of San Rafael in 1817, and



MISSION AND BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL, NEAR LOS ANGELES.

San Francisco Solano in 1823. Sonoma, at which this last was located, was as far north as the missionaries penetrated.

These Missions were, of course, designed for the instruction of the rude aborigines in the truths of Christianity and in the arts of civilized life. The scheme of life and discipline was devised by the Jesuits, who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries organized and carried on the most extensive system of missions in every quarter of the heathen and pagan world. India, China, Japan, both coasts of Africa, a large part of Central Asia, and both North and South America were the scenes of their indefatigable labors.

The Franciscans, who succeeded the Jesuits in California, followed their system. In order to induce the Indians to abandon their nomadic tribal life, and to exchange their reliance for food on the fruits of the chase and the spontaneous products of the forest for the ways of civilized men, they were at first supplied by the missionaries with food and clothing and afterwards taught to cultivate the earth and support themselves. Timber was felled wherever accessible and transported to a suitable site, where, with unburned brick and tiles, the Mission church and buildings were erected. The following description of San Luis Rey, condensed from the account of an intelligent traveler who saw it in its palmy days, will convey a fair idea of the establishments of which it was a type.

The Mission building is in the form of a hollow square of about one hundred and fifty yards front, along which a gallery extends. The church forms one of the wings. The edifice, a single story in height, is elevated a few feet above the ground. In the interior is a court adorned with a fountain and planted with trees, on the corridor extending around which open the apartments of the friars and the major-domo as well as those used for workshops, schoolrooms, and storehouses, and the chambers set apart for the accommodation of travelers and guests.

The male and female infirmaries, as well as the schoolrooms, are placed in the most quiet portions of the premises. The young Indian girls occupy a set of apartments secluded from the rest and commonly called the "nunnery," and they themselves are familiarly styled the "nuns." They are thus entirely protected from intrusion, and, being placed under the guardianship of staid and trustworthy matrons of their own race, are taught to spin and weave wool, flax, and cotton, and do not leave the nunnery until marriageable.

The Indian children attend the same schools with those of the white colonists, and are educated with them. Those who exhibit the most talent are taught some music, as the plain chant of the church, as well as the violin, flute, horn, violoncello, and other instruments. Such as attain superior proficiency, either as carpenters, smiths, or even agricultural laborers, are made foremen, by the name of alcaldes, and placed in charge of the other workmen.

Two ecclesiastics are stationed at each Mission; the elder is charged with the internal administration and the duty of religious instruction, the

MISSION OF SAN FERNANDO, LOS ANGELES.

[illegible]

younger, with the direction of the agricultural and mechanical labor. The Franciscans assiduously cultivate the study of the Indian dialects, of which they have compiled dictionaries and grammars, some of which are still extant.

Industry is inculcated and encouraged by the constant example of the Fathers, who are always the first to put their hands to the work; and considering the meagerness of their resources, and the absence of European labor, the works they have executed with the aid of unskilled savages, of low intelligence, are marvels of architecture and mechanical skill. These comprise mills, machinery, bridges, roads, and canals for irrigation, besides extensive agricultural labors. For the erection of nearly all the Mission buildings large beams had to be transported from the mountains eight and ten leagues off, and the Indians taught to burn lime, cut stone, make bricks, tiles, etc.

Opposite the Mission building is usually a guard-house for lodging the escort of the priests, consisting of four cavalry soldiers, under command of a sergeant, who act as couriers, carrying correspondence and orders from one Mission to another, besides protecting the Mission from the incursions of hostile Indians.

The following is a summary of the ordinary day's work at a Mission. At sunrise the bell sounded for the Angelus and the Indians assembled in the chapel, where they attended morning prayers and mass and received a short religious instruction. Then came breakfast, after which, distributed in squads as occasion required, they repaired to their work. At 11 A. M. they ate dinner, and after that rested until 2 P. M. Work was then resumed, and continued until an hour before sunset, when the bell again tolled for the Angelus. After prayers and the rosary the Indians supped, and then were free to take part in a dance or some such innocent amusement. Their diet consisted of fresh beef or mutton in abundance, with vegetables and tortillas made of flour or corn meal. They made drinks of the same ingredients, which were called *atole* and *pinole* respectively. Their dress consisted of a shirt of linen, a pair of pantaloons, and a woolen smock. The alcaldes and head workmen had also cloth clothes like those of the Spaniards; the women received every year two changes of underclothing, a smock, and a new gown.

The Indians of California were not the sturdy warlike race of the eastern side of the

continent, nor did they possess the intelligence or partial civilization of the natives of the tableland of Mexico. They were originally of low intelligence and brutish habits. Besides what they obtained from fishing and hunting — in which they do not appear to have been specially dexterous — their food consisted largely of acorns, pine nuts, and the like, and their clothing was practically *nil*. Though neither as subtle nor as fierce as the Iroquois, Algonquins, and Hurons of Canada, with whom Parkman's brilliant pages have made us familiar, they were not wanting in cunning, treachery, or ferocity, and on more than one occasion the missionaries sealed their faith with their blood — a sacrifice from which, to their honor be it said, the Franciscans never flinched, any more than the followers of Ignatius.

As conversions made progress among the natives, and the young people, instructed from their childhood, came to maturity, they were taught various industries, besides farming. Ordinary smith's and carpenter's work they learned to do fairly well; their saddlery was of a superior sort, and is still sought for. As weavers, tailors, and shoemakers they would not perhaps have obtained recognition in Paris, London, or New York, but they made serviceable blankets, serapes, cloth, and shoes, and I have seen creditable specimens of their work in silver. Domestic animals were introduced and they increased with astonishing rapidity, and in the care and management of them the Indians became very dexterous and serviceable — in fact, some of the most skillful horsemen in the world.

Hides, tallow, grain, wine, and oil were sold to ships visiting the coast. From the proceeds the friars distributed to the Indians handkerchiefs, clothing, tobacco, rosaries, trinkets, etc., and employed the surplus profits in the embellishment of the churches, the purchase of musical instruments, pictures, ornaments for the altar, etc. Where lands were found suitable for the purpose the fathers established outlying farms as appurtenances of the particular Mission on which they were made to depend. At these were gathered considerable colonies of civilized Indians selected from the most reliable.

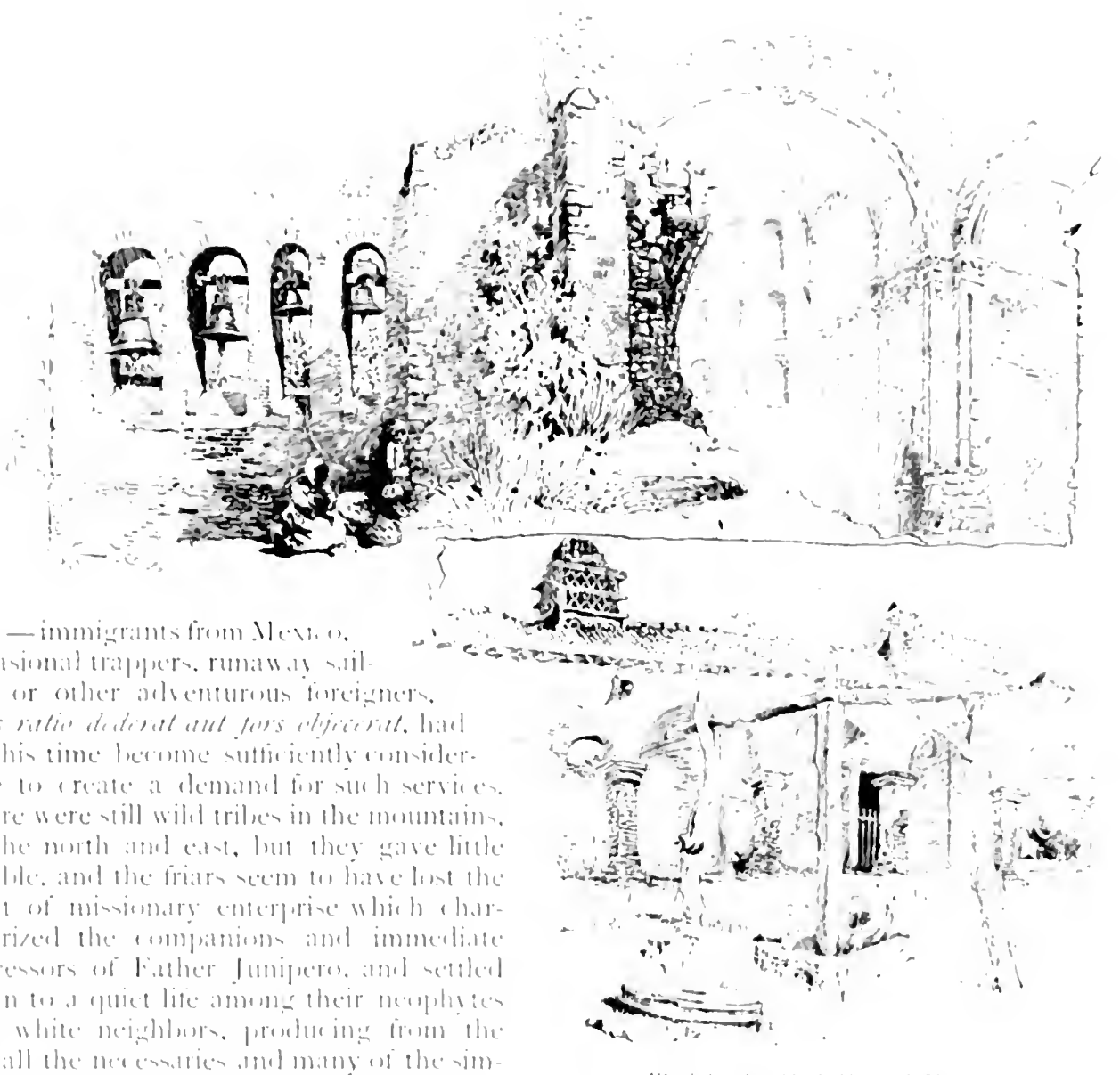
Besides instructing the natives and incidentally fulfilling the duties of parochial clergy, the Missions extended a bountiful hospitality to all travelers and wayfarers. Planted at intervals of about a day's journey, on the natural route of travel along the coast, they became the usual resting-place for all travelers in either direction. Horses were the only means of locomotion, and at the end of his hard day's ride the weary traveler stopped at the door of the Mission building as naturally, and with as little thought of intrusion, as one might now at a public hotel. Throwing his rein to an Indian *arriero*, he was received by the missionary priest, or in his absence by the sacristan, with the patriarchal hospitality that Abraham extended to Lot. A bath was provided, followed by a plentiful meal and a comfortable bed. He was at liberty to stay as long as his convenience required, and on leaving was provided with a fresh horse and directions, or, if needed, a guide, for his further journey. Perhaps it is a tradition from these early days, but travelers still speak kindly of the hospitality of California.

PRESENT CHAPEL OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

Serus in cœlum redeat!

The Missions in this State were in all twenty-one. They may be said to have attained their maximum of prosperity during the first quarter of the present century. The Indian tribes of the coast, as far north as Sonoma, had by that time been reduced to pupilage at the various establishments described, and those of the younger generations had been sufficiently in-

structed in the simple arts of domestic life not only to carry on the various industries mentioned, but to make useful servants to the rancheros and white settlers, whose numbers, recruited from discharged and superannuated soldiers, a few voluntary — and some involuntary — immigrants from Mexico, occasional trappers, runaway sailors, or other adventurous foreigners, *quos ratio dederat aut fors ejecerat*, had by this time become sufficiently considerable to create a demand for such services. There were still wild tribes in the mountains, to the north and east, but they gave little trouble, and the friars seem to have lost the spirit of missionary enterprise which characterized the companions and immediate successors of Father Junipero, and settled down to a quiet life among their neophytes and white neighbors, producing from the soil all the necessaries and many of the simple luxuries of life, and accumulating, for the Indian communities they governed, pastoral wealth, in the shape of countless herds of cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and swine.



MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

The grain raised on the Mission ranches was threshed out, just as in Egypt and Mesopotamia twenty-five hundred or three thousand years ago, by spreading it on the ground and turning in a band of horses to trample it. A rude mill, generally turned by hand or by horse-power, furnished flour, though at two or three of the Missions water-power was utilized for this purpose. At each Mission gardens and orchards were inclosed, wherein, besides ordinary vegetables, fruits of various sorts were cultivated, including the fig, the orange, the olive, and the vine. The last two gave the missionaries oil and wine in abundance, for use and sale. The cattle were valued mainly for their hides and tallow, which with soap and other exportable products were sold to vessels trading along the coast, and paid for in dry goods, cutlery, tools, clothing, etc. The archives contain a good deal of statistical information as to Mission products, but I am not aware that it has ever been tabulated. An idea of them may be formed from the statement that in the year 1820 the Mission cattle are quoted at 140,000 head; the horses at 18,000, the sheep at 190,000, etc. The average annual product of grain, from 1811 to 1821, is given at over 113,000 bushels.

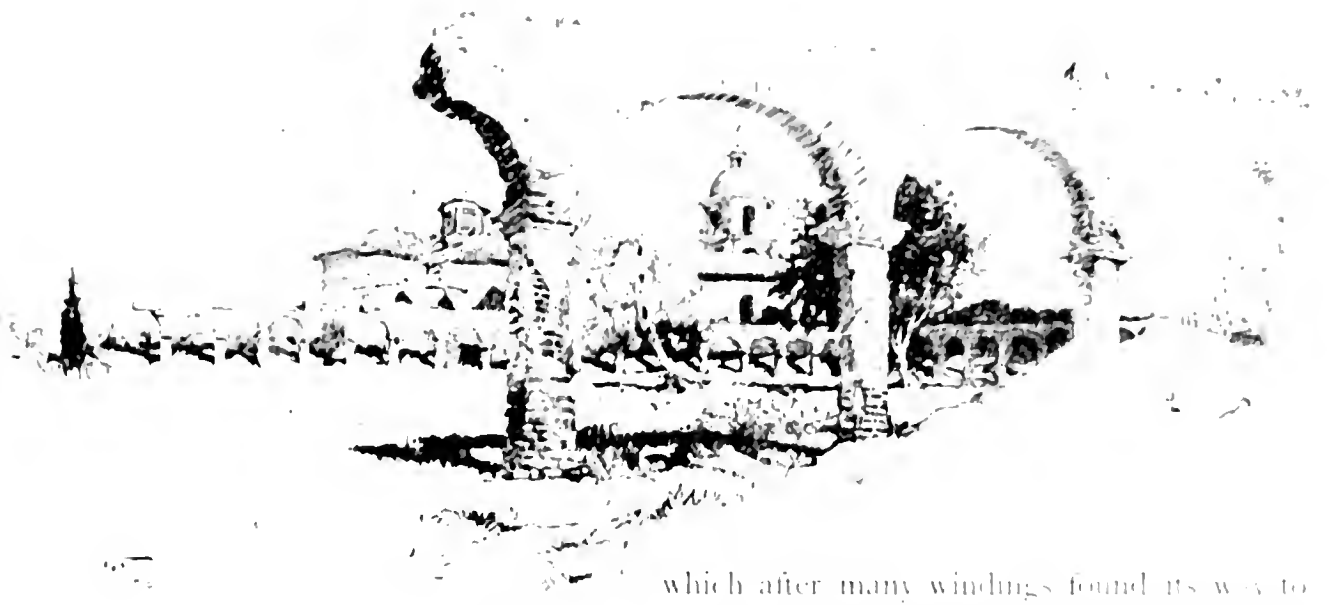
But the increase of white settlers, bringing with them the wants, ambitions, and freedom of modern life, was incompatible with the continued success of institutions based, as the Missions were, on paternal authority. The Indians were infants in all respects except age and capacity for evil; and the settlers were subject to no restraint except those of the civil authority, which was of the weakest kind.

Contact and intercourse with them corrupted the Indians and relaxed the bonds of discipline among them. Moreover the broad acres and the vast herds of the Missions excited the cupidity of the settlers, who did not regard the property of the friars and Indians in the same light as that of white people. Under these influences the Mexican congress, in 1833, passed a law for secularizing the Missions, converting them into parishes, replacing the missionary priests by curates, and emancipating the Indians from their pupilage to the Church. Administrators were to be appointed for the temporalities of the Missions, the proceeds of which, after a small allowance for the maintenance of the priest and the charges of public worship, were to be applied to public purposes.

INTERIOR OF SAN LUIS REY.

Under this law the greedy politicians of the day were enabled to plunder the Missions pretty nearly to their heart's content. Administrators were appointed, who administered away the tangible property in favor of themselves and their friends with marvelous industry and celerity. People whose names were held in esteem among the colonists, members of the "first families," leaders in public opinion and public affairs, are recorded as having despoiled the Missions of their lands and cattle by wholesale. The desolation wrought was so rapid and complete, and its effects on the Indian population so malign, that the Government became alarmed and suspended the operation of the law. But it was too late; the mischief had been accomplished and the establishments thenceforth visibly decayed. A traveler of 1840–41 says that at the Mission of San José as late as 1837 Father Gonzales turned over to the administrators 17,000 head of cattle, of which as many as 8000 remained unappropriated in 1840, as well as 200 horses and 9000 sheep, while four hundred Indians remained even at that late day gathered about the Mission. He was also much interested by a school, still in existence, where sixty Indian children surprised him by their progress in elementary studies, especially arithmetic. In 1834 (after the secularization) San Luis Rey had an Indian population of 3500 and possessed over 24,000 cattle, 10,000 horses, and 100,000 sheep. It harvested 14,000 fanegas of grain and 200 barrels of wine. In the same year San José had 2300 neophytes, 20,000 cattle, 11,000 horses, and 19,000 sheep, and harvested 10,000 fanegas of grain and 60 barrels of wine.

The ruin of the Missions was completed by the American conquest. The few remaining Indians were speedily driven or enticed away, for the rough frontiersmen who came over the plains knew nothing of missionary friars or civilized Indians; they came here to squat on public land and respected no possession beyond 160

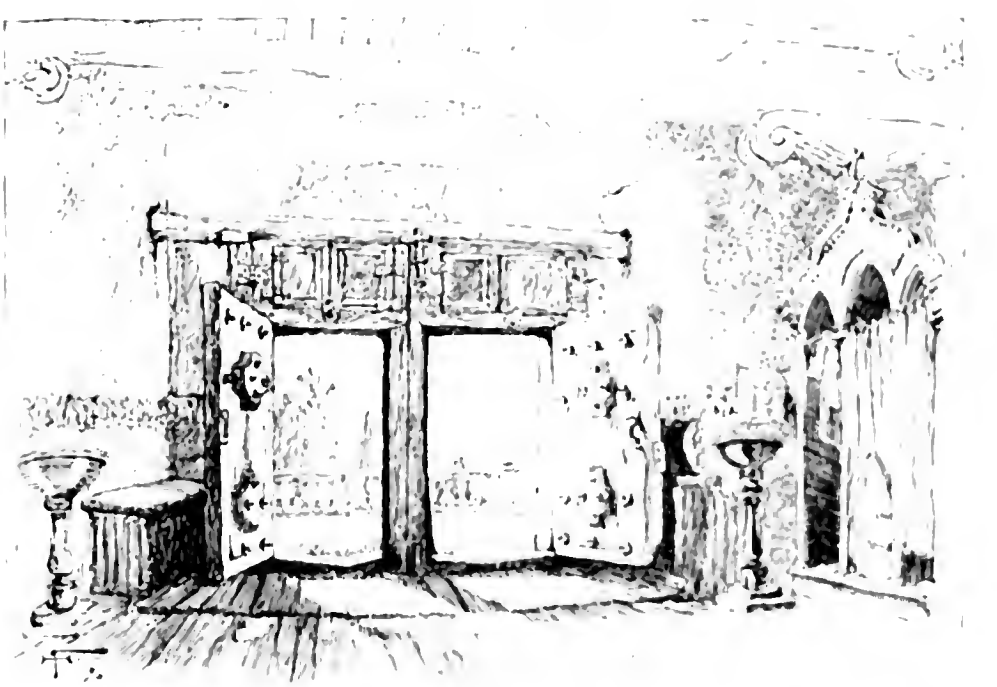


THE MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY, AS IT IS NOW.

acres, and that only in the hands of one familiar with the English language and modern weapons. None of the establishments retains its original character. Where population has grown up around the site, as at Santa Clara, San Francisco, and San Rafael, they became parish churches. At other places squatters took possession of them, extruding priest and mayor-domo impartially, and in more than one case even the churches were sacrilegiously degraded to the use of stables and the like. In others many parts of the buildings were demolished for the sake of the timber, tiles, and other building material they afforded.

The most extensive of the old establishments was that of San Luis Rey. I visited it with a companion in the summer of 1862. We left San Juan Capistrano at an early hour, and reached San Luis at about 2 P. M., without meantime meeting a human being or seeing a house or a fence. Our way had taken us along a faintly marked wagon trail in the rugged foothills of the Sierra, through tangled chemisal and underbrush, crossed by many steep barrancas, which out of California would scarce be deemed practicable for wheels. After many hours of this monotonous travel we suddenly emerged from the chain of hills to the prospect of a charming valley, through which meandered a little stream of crystal water, which after many windings found its way to the sea, which then opened on our right, bounding the western horizon. In the middle of the valley, on a slight elevation, rose the tower of the old church, the red tiled roof of which, and of the adjoining buildings of the ancient Mission, shone bright and ruddy in the glare of an almost tropical sun.

The landscape was magnificent, and we paused a short time to enjoy it before hastening on to examine the spot. The walls of the quadrangle remained in fair condition, and the graveled approach to the main entrance appeared so neat that I was persuaded it had lately been swept, and that I should find some inhabitants within. I effected an entrance without much difficulty, and wandered through the interior rooms and corridors searching for the aged sacristan my imagination had suggested; but I searched in vain. No shadow was cast there except my own. I heard no sound but the echo of my own footsteps. The inte-

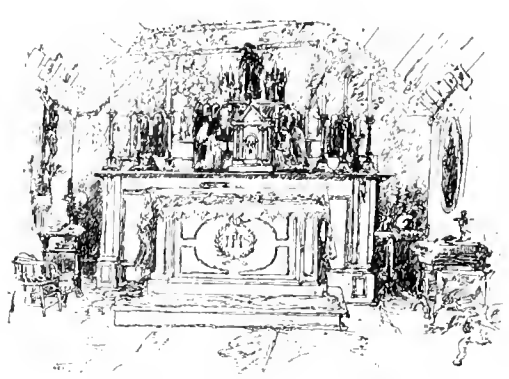


SANTA YNEZ, SANTA BARBARA COUNTY.

rior court, once a garden, bright with flowers and the lustrous leaves of the orange and lemon tree, was rank with weeds and spontaneous vegetation; the fountain was dried up, and the walls which confined its basin split by the swelling roots of neglected and overgrown trees. Great spider webs hung from the columns of the corridor, and the stillness was broken only by the drowsy hum of dragon-flies and humming-birds. I entered the venerable old church, and while endeavoring to accustom my eyes to the dim, uncertain light which shrouded its interior I was disturbed by the startled cry and hasty flight of an enormous owl, which left its perch over where the high altar had stood and rustled over to a window at the opposite end. I ascended one of the towers to the belfry, where I provoked another flight of unclean birds. The old chime of bells still hung there inscribed with the maker's name and "Boston, 1820," telling plainly of the intercourse of the old missionaries with the whaling fleets and the hide drogers which half a century ago wintered on the coast. Probably the order for these bells had been given in 1818, and they had been received, in pursuance of it, in 1821 or 1822. There was no express in those days between Boston and California; the journey was made *via* Cape Horn, and a couple of years elapsed between the departure and the return of a vessel. The Mission gardens, particularly that in front of the main building, retained many traces of former beauty. But the hedgerows, once carefully trimmed, now grown rank and wild; the old rustic seats crumbling to decay; the vines and fruit trees, which for want of pruning had ceased to produce; and the garden flowers growing neglectedly — all told of decay and ruin. From the remains of the fountain two clear streams of water still issued, and from the little rivulet they formed, bordered with cress as green as an emerald, a lazy fish looked deliberately up at me without moving — so unaccustomed to man as not to fear him. Just before the American conquest this Mission had harbored an industrious Indian population of several thousand. It had been occupied by our troops as a military post during the Mexican war and for some time after its close. When it ceased to be so used the Government, as I have heard General Beale say, caused an estimate to be made of the expense of repairing and restoring it to its former condition. The figures were two millions of dollars, and the project of repairing was, of course, given over.

It stands there to-day, magnificent, even in its ruins, a monument of the piety, devotion, industry, and disinterestedness of the venerable monks who wear the habit and cord of St. Francis, and who were the first colonists of Alta California.

John T. Doyle.



A FAMILY CHAPEL (CAMULOS).

"Yes, Jonathan Rogers," stammered Mr. Beech, grasping his hand with an agitated heartiness; "they expected you all along; yes, Jonathan."

The smart of an honest pity lent a curious awkwardness to Mr. Beech's attitude, as he stood divided between hospitality and apprehension.

The stranger shrank slightly from the cold wind, and shivered again, as it with a deeper chill.

"I want to see the old folks; I want my mother!" he stammered brukly, with an eagerness that struggled pitifully with shame.

There was silence, which I presently interrupted.

"You can see the old folk," I said good, planting myself before him. "I saw them just now, in the front room. They've been down and covered up their fire to go to bed, but Mrs. Beech says they've gone to be over," I ended, debating.

Mrs. Beech, with a motherly cry, hid her face in her apron, and rocked herself to and fro. The sailor trotted, not made certain step. Mr. Beech caught him, and him within, and S by me. I followed him with our eyes as he peered into the silent room for him and closed the door.

Esther Howe Carpenter.

CALIFORNIANA.

A California Lion and a Pirate.

[The lady Maria Antonia Pico, who afterwards became the mother of General Manuel Castro and Don Juan B. Castro, was born in Monterey, in 1802. She told to her children and grandchildren the following story of the arrival of the privateer Bouchard, who frightened all the Spanish settlers in 1818. The story is given here exactly as taken by me from the lips of an old Spanish woman in Castroville, who had often heard it related by Mrs. Castro, the mother of the general.—Charles Howard Shinn.]

It was about the middle of November, 1818, and I was sixteen years of age. A vessel brought the report to Monterey that a whole fleet of pirates were coming. Every one, in great fright, commenced to move and hide the most valuable things. Carts were used to carry them to the ranches. My father was not at home, but my mother and I packed many articles in rawhide bags, to send them twelve miles inland to the *rancheria*, or ranch-house. My brother, sister, and myself went with the carts, mother was to come next day, with servants. Night came on before we fairly started, and it began to rain, for it was late in the year, and the first frosts were in the deeper canons. As we went on the rain grew worse; the oxen would not turn about because of the rain in their faces, but we little children pushed on to carry out our mother's orders. About midnight were [illegible], Indian oak trees where our mother had told us to camp. We let the oxen loose to graze, and crawled under the cart, wet to the skin.

My little sister was afraid of bears in the chaparral. I tried to comfort her, but she would not listen; she was sure we would be eaten up, and at last her persistence frightened my little brother till he cried out. In an hour or so they were to sleep beside me, but I lay awake and wished that my father and the men servants had been at home. They were all in the hills, gathering up the cattle. The night had been over the road many times, it had never before seemed at all dangerous. While I was thinking of these things a wild, strange noise was heard approaching, and one of our oxen, running through the thicket, fell over the tongue of the cart, rose, fell [illegible] fell, with a scream. The [illegible] attacked the animals; [illegible] We heard the other oxen [illegible] all three sat up and said our prayers [illegible] be delivered from *El Oso*, which [illegible] hunters had given to a very large [illegible] that was known to roam about [illegible] oak. I did not remember it [illegible] there, or indeed until [illegible] but now I was very sure it was [illegible]

The morning was dawning [illegible] in a few minutes I could see [illegible] often. An old ox [illegible] and [illegible] as we soon saw, was a large [illegible] pulling them out from [illegible] that mother, and [illegible] carts, [illegible] We did [illegible] we did in the wild animal, but we could see [illegible] helpless. I left [illegible] see [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

asleep. The sun was now high, and we were very hungry and thirsty, but when we moved a little to rest our limbs the lion opened his eyes and looked very bad.

We lay there under the cart all the morning, and until about the middle of the afternoon, and the lion lay under the shade of a tree, watched us, ate some more beef, and went to the spring as often as he chose. Then about three o'clock mother and José, the peon, came down from the coast way, and when they were on the ridge they could look into the cañon and see the whole situation at a glance — the lion, the dead ox, the cart, and the three of us huddled together under it. José ran forward and fired two shots, wounding the lion, but he got away in the rocks.

Since one of our oxen was dead, and the other had escaped, we hid our goods as best we could in the bushes. Then mother told me, as we made a camp, that she had forgotten a family book, with writing of her father's in it. It was on a shelf in the house, and she wanted to ride back to obtain it. I told her that I was not afraid to go; so, after we had our meal, I mounted her horse, and galloped off for Monterey. After a little time I heard a cannon shot, then another, and then a great many. I thought that now the pirates had come, and would perhaps land, and burn the town and our house; so I rode faster. At last I reached the *lomita* near the Plaza de Doña Brigida, and there were boats and men on the beach. Some of the houses were on fire, and that seemed dreadful. I turned a little and rode across the ridge, and down a cañon to our own house, which was about a mile from the beach, and I ran in and found the old book where mother said, and wrapped it in a piece of calfskin to tie behind the saddle. But when I went out of the door I saw my horse running off, frightened at the noise of the firing.

It was very hard to know what to do. There was no other horse at the house — all had been turned loose. I ran over a little hill to the next ranch house, but all the people had gone. Then the firing stopped, and pretty soon I heard a band of music, and the next minute a man dashed by on horseback and shouted to me that Ignacio Vallejo was a prisoner and that all the people had fled. I determined to catch a horse somehow, but just as I was planning how it might be done two men came out of the bushes and spoke to me. They were armed strangers, and very wild, so I fell on my knees and prayed them to do me no harm. One of them asked me my name, and why I was there; so I told him and showed the book, but I did not reveal the course to our other ranch. He laughed and said I was a good girl, and he sent his man to catch my horse. Then he dismounted while I still knelt there by the doorway of the deserted *adobe*, hardly believing my own eyes, and he came up to me and kissed me on the forehead and called me Señorita, which frightened me very much. Then the man came up with my horse, and I looked at the leader of the two, and asked what he was going to do with me?

He looked at me and swore a great oath. "My girl," he said, "you are more brave than some of your people were on the beach when we landed. You shall go back." He put me on my horse, and kissed my hand, and said, "Ride fast; there are others of Bouchard's men who would not treat you so well." I thanked him briefly, and he added as he let go the bridle that his name was Pedro Condré, and that he already had two wives on board his ship, or he would have taken me there. This last saying made me ride in great terror and with frightful speed down the gulches and up the hills. When I reached mother's camp I was crying, and so terribly excited that I could not say anything but "Hasten, hasten!" We left all our things hidden in the bushes, and went on to the Salinas. We met many families of fugitives. For nearly two weeks we lived in huts near the river, but early in December the frightened people began to move back to Monterey.

The padres had the floors and walls of all the houses sprinkled with holy water before any one would live there again. At Christmas time the good padre called me out before the congregation and gave me a gold cross because of what he called my courage with the lion and with the pirate. It does not seem to me that I was very brave, for I only took things as they happened, but I was very much pleased with the cross and the words of praise.

[After the narrative of the late

Maria Antonia Castro.]

A Carnival Ball at Monterey in 1829.[1]

THE first carnival ball that I ever attended took place near Monterey about 1829, when I was Señorita Brigida Cañes. I do not remember my age at the time, but I think I was about eighteen. I was invited by a friend in Monterey to visit her, as she had arranged to give a carnival ball, as was the custom of the country. I left my home with the usual attendants at about eleven o'clock the day before, for our ranch was many miles distant. We met numbers of persons going to the party, all on horseback, and full of gaiety and youthfulness such as only a race that lives outdoors in such a climate as California, and without cares or troubles, can show. The pranks of the gentlemen were so numerous and so amusing that it makes me laugh now to think of them. Every one could ride perfectly, and could pick up a leaf or a flower from the ground as he galloped past. Good riding was expected as a matter of course. On this occasion they all had red, black, and green paint (for the most part colored earths, powdered), and *cascarones* (egg-shells filled with finely cut gold and silver paper), and vials of different colored liquids, all harmless. It was the great sport to ride against each other, each endeavoring to stain his opponent's face while himself escaping. As we neared Monterey the carnival spirit grew wilder, and the ladies' dresses and faces suffered, but we all took it in good part.

On our arrival at the ranch near Monterey where the festivities took place we found every one already dancing. The assembled guests, rushing to us, lifted us from our horses and led us in, smearing our faces with more paint and breaking cascarones on our heads with much laughter, while we defended ourselves in the same manner. It was my first experience of so wild a scene, and the red, green, and black paint on my face made me uglier than a Yuma Indian. But as long as others were in as bad a case, I could not complain.

A few minutes later a Mexican colonel came in and was immediately surrounded by ten or twelve ladies,

[1] See "The Cascarone Ball," by Mary Hallock Foote, in THE CENTURY for August, 1879 (Old Series).— EDITOR.

and in a moment his face, cravat, and vest looked like a rainbow. There was a severe struggle between his politeness and his dignity; but he remembered the old adage, yielded to the inevitable, allowed himself to be carried by the whimsical current, and played his part in the grotesque farce. I also had a little courage, and I went up and cracked a cascarone on the young officer's head, but he was so busy rubbing the paint from his face that my faint hearted attack passed unnoticed.

Next came the old alcalde of Monterey, a very stiff and dignified man. The first one to attempt to meddle with him was the governor's secretary, who was so awkward that he hurt the alcalde's face, and they retired to the courtyard of the ranch house. This frightened the hostess, who feared a quarrel, and she went out at once. Of course their warm words stopped immediately and they came in together, but the old alcalde kept his face and dignity unchanged the rest of the night and no one lifted a cascarone against him.

The next arrival was a beautiful lady, almost a stranger to us all, but known in Monterey as "La Española," because she had recently come from Spain. She came to me, and in a very sweet voice asked me to uncork a cologne bottle that she carried in her hands, which I in my simplicity did. Then every one laughed as she sprinkled me from head to foot with the contents. She came in an elegant ball dress, but in a moment the roses and lilies of her beautiful face and neck were hidden under red, black, and green paint laid on heavy. She broke many cascarones, and she also had two bottles, one of cologne for the ladies, and one of scented ammonia for the gentlemen who were most conspicuous in the assault. At last she made her prayer, "*Por el amor de Dios*," and every one ceased, with gracious bows and smiles, leaving her to put on her dancing slippers.

All this was in the afternoon. Then we washed our hands and faces and sat down to a banquet in the old adobe. After that came more dancing. The annual carnival ball was a great feature of the social life of the times, and often lasted all night. The wild revel of the earlier part of the ball was succeeded by the most courtly behavior.

Brigida Bronte.

A Spanish Girl's Journey from Monterey to Los Angeles.

EARLY in the winter of 1829 my father, who had long expected an appointment under the governor, received a letter from Los Angeles saying that his papers were in the hands of the authorities there, and would only be delivered in person. He decided to take my mother and myself with him and go overland, without waiting for the yearly vessel from Yerba Buena which would soon be due at Monterey, where we were staying. It was nearly Christmas when we began the journey. Word was sent ahead by a man on horseback to some of the smaller ranches at which we meant to stop, so that we were expected. A young American who had reached the coast with letters from the city of Mexico heard of our plans, and came to my father to ask if he might travel with us to Los Angeles, which was easily arranged. He did not know a word of Spanish, and I have often laughed at some of his experiences on the road, owing to his ignorance of our ways and speech. At one house the señora gave him some fruit, whereupon he handed her two reals, which she let fall on the floor in surprise, while the old lady, her husband, fell upon his knees and said in Spanish, "Give us no money, no money at all; everything is free in a gentleman's house!" A young lady who was present exclaimed in great distress, "*Mi Dios! Es Inglés!*" "The English give us everything!" Afterward told the American what they had said, and explained the matter as well as I could, but he never got it quite straight. Of course, not even a beggar will take money for service. We several times met Indian people, and heads of families, who had never been in a language except Spanish, and who did not know, in fact, that any other language existed. They were not afraid of our American, and once I was asked if there were any other people like him.

Our route took us up the Salinas Valley and over the mountains to the coast valleys and the Mission. At San Miguel we found everything prepared for a jubilee over the prosperous year. The men worked about and tired out their carbines and horses with fireworks, while the padres' servant swung a tremendous oaken brand in the air, and lighted a few rockets. Inside the church the Indian choir was singing. We saw it all, until about ten o'clock that night; then the alcalde of the village came with fresh horses, and we went on, as it was very pleasant traveling.

The young American picked up some words of Spanish; he could say "*Gracias*," "*Si, Señor*," and a few other phrases. One day we passed a very ugly Indian woman, and he asked me how to ask her how old she was. Out of mischief I whispered, "*Diga usted*," which he said at once, and she, poor creature, immediately rose from her seat on the ground and replied, "*Quarenta, Señor, pero soy indio*" "but I am an Indian"; which gave us sport till long after. The next day our companion gave me a lesson in English by way of revenge. It was the day before Christmas, as I well remember, and we had reached San Buenaventura. It was a holiday for every one. After mass all the men and boys assembled on horseback in front of the church, with the padre and the alcalde at their head. They rode about in circles like a circus, fired guns, beat drums, and shouted. I thought it was very fine, and by signs I asked my American friend how he liked it, and he answered, "Damn fools!" with such energy that I supposed they were words of praise. Indeed, I used the bad words as very proper English for a year or two, until I learned better, when I was of course much mortified.

When near Los Angeles we had the most eventful to an adventure of our whole journey. We [illegible] night at a ranch-house. As I was the youngest [illegible] the party, the hostess gave up her own private room to me. At the end of it was an alcove with a window, and in front of the window stood a shrine, with wax figures of the Holy Virgin and the Child Christ. Before them were vases, and fresh wild flowers from the hills—the golden poppies, the rare blue "baby eyes," and the white "star flowers," that bloom at Christmas time.

To judge from appearances the only home to which our host was devoted was the cockpit, for the entire yard of the adobe was fairly lined with rows of the "blooded birds" so popular at that time with many wealthy rancheros, each one tied to a stake by his leg, and being trained for the battlefield. The young American, who, like many other foreigners, took up with our bad customs more easily than with our good ones, was

greatly delighted when he saw the rows of fighting cocks in the yard. He offered to buy one, but the owner thought them too precious to sell. At last, by signs, he wagered a dollar on the homeliest of the lot. The host, accepting the wager, released his favorite. Instead of fighting, the two birds went through the window into the room I had occupied, and that with such force that there was a crash, and a mixture of feathers, wax saints, and flowers on the floor. Our host turned pale, and rushed in to disentangle his pets, while the American jumped up and down on a porch, shouting, "*Bueno! bueno!*" The birds were now fighting in earnest, but the host separated them, gave them to a servant, mounted the saddled horse which always stood ready, day or night, and, with a faint "*Adios*" to me, disappeared. He knew what he was about, as events proved, for the rage of his wife when she saw the broken shrine was something terrible. The moment she came on the scene she cried out, "Where is he?" and going into the inner courtyard she began to release the game-cocks, which hastened to hide in the nearest shelter. The next morning, when we took our departure, the master of the house had not yet returned, and the mistress was endeavoring to restore the shrine.

Amalia Sibrian.

A Glimpse of Domestic Life in 1827.

THE ladies of Monterey in 1827 were rarely seen in the street, except very early in the morning on their way to church. We used to go there attended by our servants, who carried small mats for us to kneel upon, as there were no seats. A tasteful little rug was considered an indispensable part of our belongings, and every young lady embroidered her own. The church floors were cold, hard, and damp, and even the poorer classes managed to use mats of some kind, usually of tule woven by the Indians.

The dress worn in the mornings at church was not very becoming; the *rebozo* and the petticoat being black, always of cheap stuff, and made up in much the same way. All classes wore the same; the padres told us that we must never forget that all ranks of men and women were equal in the presence of the Creator, and so at the morning service it was the custom to wear no finery whatever. One mass was celebrated before sunrise, for those whose duties compelled them to be at work early; later masses took place every hour of the morning. Every woman in Monterey went daily to church, but the men were content to go once a week.

For home wear and for company we had many expensive dresses, some of silk, or of velvet, others of laces, often of our own making, which were much liked. In some families were imported laces that were very old and valuable. The rivalry between beauties of high rank was as great as it could be in any country, and much of it turned upon attire, so that those who had small means often underwent many privations in order to equal the splendor of the rich.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs for a generation in Mexico and in all the provinces, and the great difficulty of obtaining teachers, most of the girls of the time had scanty educations. Some of my playmates could speak English well, and quite a number knew something of French. One of the gallants of the time said that "dancing, music, religion, and amiability" were the orthodox occupations of the ladies of Alta California. Visitors from other countries have said many charming things about the manners, good health, and comeliness of these ladies, but it is hardly right for any of us to praise ourselves. The ladies of the province were born and educated here; here they lived and died, in complete ignorance of the world outside. We were in many ways like grown-up children.

Our servants were faithful, agreeable, and easy to manage. They often slept on mats on the earthen floor, or, in the summer time, in the courtyards. When they waited on us at meals we often let them hold conversations with us, and laugh without restraint. As we used to say, a good servant knew when to be silent and when to put in his *cuchara* (or spoon).

Brigida Briones.

A Letter from General Sutter.

THE following letter from General Sutter to Governor Alvarado has been furnished us for publication by the kindness of the family of the latter. It gives a glimpse of the relation of the two men in 1841. The "body of American farmers" referred to were evidently the party whose experiences General Bidwell has narrated in the November CENTURY, the "young man" being "Jimmy" John.

A su Excelencia Señor Don Juan Bauptistta Alvarado, Gobernador Constitutional de las dos Californias, en Monterey.

EXCELLENT SIR! Allow me to write you this time in English, because I like not to make mistakes in an expression.

I have the honour to send you with this an Act, of a comitted Crime on this place; please give me your Orders what I have to do with the Delinquent which is keept as a Prisoner here.

Delinquent Henry Bee was put in Irons, but his friends bound themselves for 1000 Dollars Security, when I would take the irons from him, in which their Wishes I consented.

John Wilson, Black Jack, is well known as at life he was a bad Character, which may be something in Bee's favour.

Waiting for your Orders, I shall keep the Delinquent in Prison.

The Trapping party from the Columbia River will be here in about 8 Days, under Command of Mr. Ermatinger, I am also waiting for one of my friends a German Gentleman with the same party, I believe he travels for his pleasure.

A strong body of American farmers are coming here; a young Man of the party got lost from the party since 10 Days, nearly starved to death and on foot, he don't know which Direction the party took, I believe the will come about the Direction of the Pueblo.

I was also informed that an other Company is coming stronger than this under Mr. Fanum [Farnum].

Some very curious Rapports came to me, which made me first a little afraid, but after two hours I get over the fit.

I remain, Excellent Sir!
Very Respectfully
Your
Most Obedient Servant,
J. A. SUTTER.

NUEVA HELVETIA, November 4 de 1841.

P. S.—In a short time I will have a Secretary who is able to write Spanish.

"The undersigned hereby agree to organize for the purpose of gaining and maintaining the independence of California".

THE BEAR FLAG STATIONS, DRAFTED BY GENERAL BIDWELL [illegible]

FRÉMONT IN THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA.[1]

BY JOHN BIDWELL (PIONEER OF '41).

IN the autumn of 1845 Fremont came on his second exploring expedition to California. This time he divided his party east of the Sierra Nevada and sent the greater portion to come in through a gap supposed to exist farther to the south, while he followed substantially what is now the emigrant road, or Truckee route, and came direct to Sutter's Fort with about eight or nine men. At that time I was in charge of Sutter's Fort and of Sutter's business, he being absent at the bay of San Francisco. Fremont camped on the American River about three miles above the fort. The first notice of his return to California was his sudden appearance, with Kit Carson, at the fort. He at once made known to me his wants, namely, sixteen mules, six pack-saddles, some flour and other provisions, and the use of a blacksmith's shop to shoe the mules, to enable him to go in haste to meet the others of his party. I told him precisely what could and could not be furnished — that we had no mules, but could let him have horses, and could make the pack-saddles; that he might have the use of a blacksmith's shop, but we were entirely out of coal. He became reticent, and, saying something in a low tone to Kit Carson, rose and left without saying good day, and returned to his camp. As they mounted their horses to leave, Fremont was heard to say that I was unwilling to accommodate him, which greatly pained me; for, of course, we were always glad of the arrival of Americans, and especially of one in authority. Besides, I knew that Captain Sutter would do anything in his power for Fremont. So I took with me Dr. Gildea, a recent arrival from St. Louis, across the plains, and hastened to Fremont's camp and told him what had been reported to me. He stated, in a very formal manner, that he was the officer of one government and Sutter the officer of another; that difficulties existed between those governments; and hence his inference that I, representing Sutter, was not willing to accommodate him. He reminded me that on his first arrival here, in 1844, Sutter had sent out and in half an hour had brought him all the mules he wanted. I protested my willingness to do anything in my power, but was obliged to plead inability to do more than stated, telling him that in 1844 Sutter was in far better circumstances; that on that occasion a man (Peter Lassen) had just arrived with a hundred mules, of which Sutter had bought what Fremont needed. But he had not been able to pay for them, because Frémont's drafts had to go East before Sutter could realize on them the money which had been promised to Lassen. In a few days Sutter returned, but could not furnish anything more than I had offered. Then Fremont concluded to go down to the bay and get supplies. He went with his little party of eight or nine men, including Kit Carson, but without success; so he sent the men back to Sutter's Fort to go, as best they could, to find the main party. Meanwhile he himself had made his way to Monterey to see the American consul, Thomas O. Larkin. After several weeks Fremont and his entire party became united in the San Joaquin Valley. While [illegible]

[1] See the preceding papers by the present writer: "The First Emigrant Train to California" and "Life in California before the Gold Discovery," in THE CENTURY for November and December, 1890, respectively. — EDITOR.

[2] His men in the mountains had suffered considerably. Fremont had given positive orders for them to wait at a certain gap or low divide till he should meet them with supplies, but the place could not be found. The men got out of provisions and bought from the Indians. The kind they most relished was a sort of brown meal, which was [illegible] much intent [illegible] After a while the Indians [illegible] of this wonderful meal, when it was [illegible] full of the broken wings [illegible] It was simply dried grasshoppers [illegible] The men said it was rich and [illegible] like gingerbread, and that they [illegible] and fat. But after the discovery they [illegible] tites. How hard it is [illegible] dice!

"Penelope?" she said.

"We all have been mistaken, sister," was the quick answer. "I was doing my best to please you; but — I 'm afraid — I feel relieved."

ONE year after these events Gay's heart's desire was realized. There came into the still Belhaven streets such a stir and marshaling of troops that the town was born again to be the war-post of the days of Washington. And when presently the boys in gray who had been rallied from Belhaven's homes marched out, the boys in blue marched in. Needless to say that, drawn from its rusty scabbard, the sword he had carried in Mexico was offered by Major Garnett to his Virginia. As colonel of a regiment of infantry he served at the two battles of Manassas, and for several campaigns was heard of wherever there was fighting for his corps. Then the eager, yearning friends shut up in Belhaven, and meeting in secret to pray for the armies of the South, learned that General Garnett had lost both an arm and a foot in battle, and was lying, not expected to survive, at a hospital in Richmond. For the first time in her life Gay saw a blue light of fixed determination burn in the placid orbs of Aunt Penelope. Overcoming all obstacles, and braving danger and distress, Miss Penelope Berkeley pushed through the lines and went to Richmond.

"Do you know me, David?" she asked, at the moment when it was believed his gallant soul was passing to its reward.

"Know you, Pen?" he answered. "Why, I must be in heaven."

"THERE is n't much of me left, ma'am," he remarked, in the course of a few weeks, to his devoted nurse; "but there 's a body to hold my heart, and a hand to put the ring upon your finger. Nothing should part us now, Pen. Come, say you 'll be Mistress Garnett."

"O David! As if I had n't loved you all my life," sighed Miss Penelope.

Gay's own romance came to her after General and Mrs. Garnett had gone back to live in the old house, whence Aunt Finetta had been gathered to her fathers. But long before this she had given to Major Daisy the enthusiastic homage of her heart. "Between Pen and Gay," the dear old boy used to say, "I 've more hands and feet and coddling than any one man, much less half a man, deserves."

The Reverend Joshua espoused a widow with six children, three farms, and a temper locally renowned. Old Peggy died firmly believing that her incantations, if not her diplomacy, had secured two husbands to the ancient house of Berkeley.

Constance Cary Harrison.

TO GEORGE B. BUTLER.

FULL many an artist, Butler, have I known
In golden days gone by, but none like thee;
For thou dost paint what no one else can see,
What should be seen, but hath not yet been shown —
Secrets whose meaning has forever flown,
Things doubtful once which now authentic be,
The selfhood which all children christen "me,"
And which discovered is by thee alone.
Whence is this marvelous craft wherein we find,
Thou by the pencil, I, my poorer pen,
What slumbers in the cradle of the heart,
Or suddenly is awakened in the mind?
Through Song at last have I deciphered men,
Man from the first thou hast discerned by Art.

R. H. Stoddard.

Monterey he had obtained permission from Jose Castro, the commandant-general, to winter in the San Joaquin Valley, away from the settlements, where the men would not be likely to annoy the people. He had in all in the exploring party about sixty well-armed men. He also had permission to extend his explorations in the spring as far south as the Colorado River.

Accordingly early in the spring (1846) Frémont started south with his party. When Castro gave him permission to explore towards the Colorado River he no doubt supposed he would go south or southeast from where he was camped in the San Joaquin Valley, and on through the Tejon Pass and the Mojave Desert; but, instead, Frémont with his sixty armed men started to go west and southwest through the most thickly settled parts of California, namely, the Santa Clara, Pajaro, and Salinas valleys. As he was approaching the last valley Castro sent an official order by an officer warning Frémont that he must leave, as his action was illegal. The order was delivered March 5. Fremont took possession of an eminence called Gavilan Peak, and continued to fortify himself for several days, perhaps a week or more, Castro meantime remaining in sight and evidently increasing his force day by day. Frémont, enraged against Castro, finally abandoned his position in the night of March 9, and, gaining the San Joaquin Valley, made his way rapidly northward up the Sacramento Valley and into Oregon, leaving Sutter's about March 24.

A little over four weeks after Frémont left I happened to be fishing four or five miles down the river, having then left Sutter's service with the view of trying to put up two or three hundred barrels of salmon, thinking the venture would be profitable. An officer of the United States, Lieutenant A. H. Gillespie, of the marines, bearing messages to the explorer, came up the river in a small boat and at once inquired about Frémont. I told him he had gone to Oregon. Said he: "I want to overhaul him. How far is it to the fort?" And receiving my reply, he pushed rapidly on. He overtook Fremont near the Oregon line. Fremont, still indignant against Castro, who had compelled him to abandon his explorations south, returned at once to California. It so happened that Castro had sent Lieutenant Arce to the north side of the bay of San Francisco to collect scattered Government horses. Arce had secured about one hundred and fifty and was taking them to the south side of the bay, *via* Sutter's Fort and the San Joaquin Valley. This was the only way to transfer cattle or horses from one side of the bay to the other, except at the Straits of Carquinez by the slow process of swimming one at a time, or of taking one or two, tied by all four feet, in a small boat or launch. Arce, with the horses and seven or eight soldiers, arrived at Sutter's Fort, staid overnight as the guest of Sutter, and went on his way to the Cosumne River, about fifteen or eighteen miles, and camped for the night.

Frémont's hasty departure for Oregon and Gillespie's pursuit of him had been the occasion of many surmises. Fremont's sudden return excited increased curiosity. People flocked to his camp: some were settlers, some hunters; some were good men, and some about as rough specimens of humanity as it would be possible to find anywhere. Frémont, hearing that the horses were passing, sent a party of these promiscuous people and captured them. This of course was done before he had orders or any positive news that war had been declared. When Gillespie left the United States, or the bearer of a despatch to Larkin and Fremont and of letters to the latter, war had not been declared. The letters included one from Senator Benton, who had the confidence and knew the purposes of the Administration. As Gillespie had to make his way through Mexico, he committed the despatch and his orders to memory, destroyed them, and rewrote them on the vessel which took him, *via* the Sandwich Islands, to the coast of California. There had been no later arrival, and therefore no later despatches to Frémont were possible. Though Frémont was reticent, whatever he did was supposed to be done with the sanction of the United States. Thus, without giving the least notice even to Sutter, the great friend of Americans, or to Americans in general, scattered and exposed as they were all over California, he precipitated the war.

Sutter was always outspoken in his wish that some day California should belong to the United States; but when he heard that the horses had been taken from Arce (who made no resistance, but with his men and with the resulting messages was permitted to go on his way to Castro at Santa Clara), he expressed surprise that Captain Fremont had consented to an act without his knowledge. What Sutter had said was reported to Fremont, perhaps with some exaggeration.

As soon as the horses arrived at Fremont's camp, the same party — about twenty-five in number — were sent to Sonoma. By this party General Vallejo, the most prominent Californian north of the bay, his brother Salvador, his brother-in-law Jacob P. Leese, and Victor Prudon were surprised at night, made prisoners, and conveyed to Fremont's camp, over eighty miles distant by the traveled route on the Sacramento River. The prisoners were

sent to Sutter's Fort, Frémont arriving at the same time. Then Sutter and Frémont met, face to face, for the first time since Frémont, a month before, had passed on his way towards Oregon. I do not know what words passed between them; I was near, but did not hear. This, however, I know, that Sutter had become elated, as all Americans were, with the idea that what Frémont was doing meant California for the United States. But in a few minutes Sutter came to me greatly agitated, with tears in his eyes, and said that Frémont had told him he was a Mexican, and that if he did not like what he (Frémont) was doing he would set him across the San Joaquin River and he could go and join the Mexicans. But, this flurry over, Sutter was soon himself again, and resumed his normal attitude of friendship towards Frémont, because he thought him to be acting in accordance with instructions from Washington. For want of a suitable prison, the prisoners were placed in Sutter's parlor,—a large room in the southwest corner of the second story of the two-story adobe house,[1]—which had but one door, and this was now guarded by a sentinel. Frémont gave me special directions about the safety of the prisoners, and I understood him to put them under my special charge. Some of Frémont's men remained at the fort.

Among the men who remained to hold Sonoma was William B. Ide, who assumed to be in command. In some way (perhaps through an unsatisfactory interview with Frémont which he had before the move on Sonoma) Ide got the notion that Frémont's hand in these events was uncertain, and that Americans ought to strike for an independent republic. To this end nearly every day he wrote something in the form of a proclamation and posted it on the old Mexican flagstaff. Another man left at Sonoma was William L. Todd,[2] who painted, on a piece of brown cotton, a yard and a half or so in length, with old red or brown paint that he happened to find, what he intended to be a representation of a grizzly bear. This was raised to the top of the staff, some seventy feet from the ground. Native Californians looking up at it were heard to say "*Coche*," the common name among them for pig or shoat.

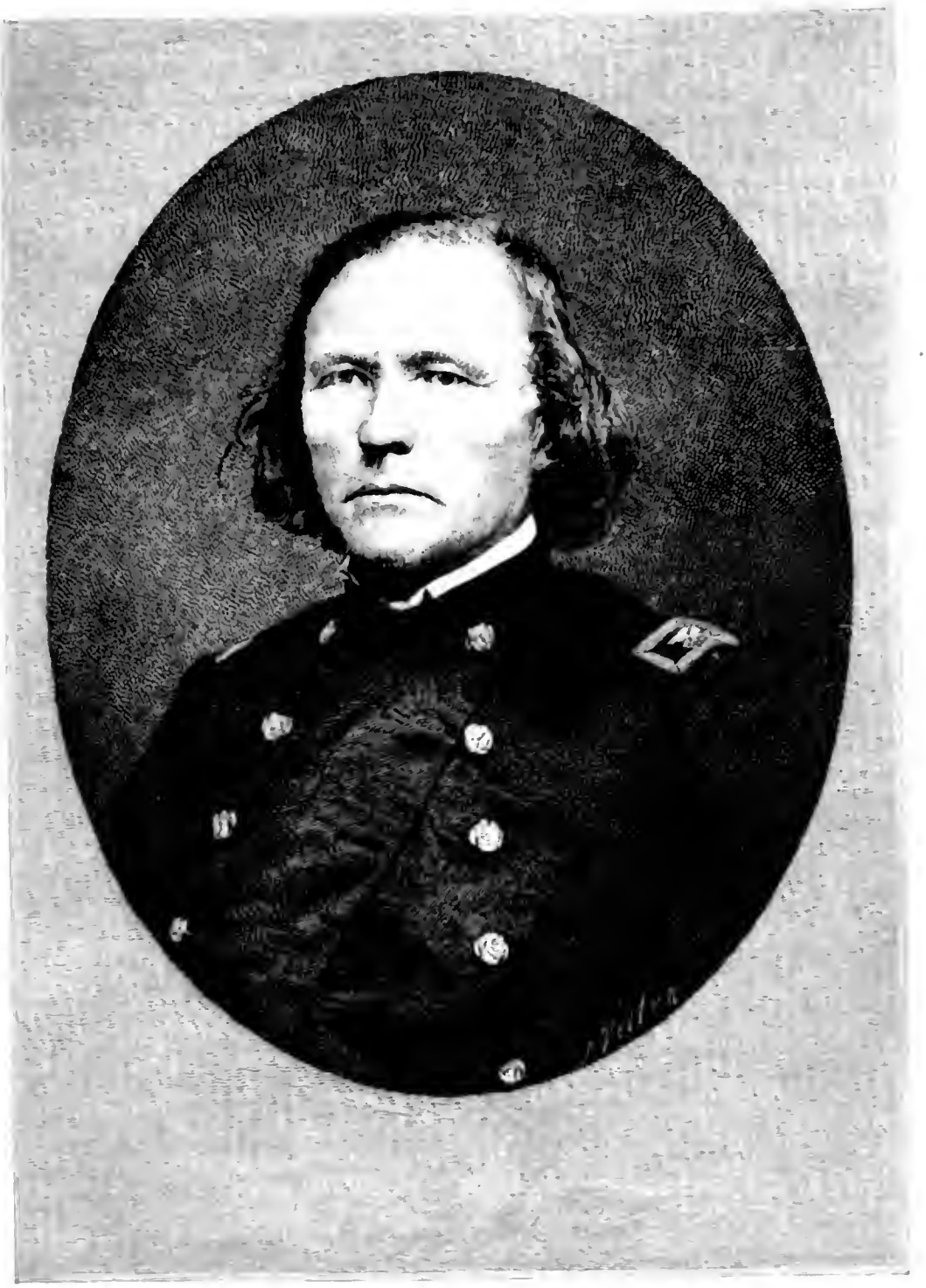
The party at Sonoma now received some accessions from Americans and other foreigners living on the north side of the bay. Rumors began to reach them of an uprising on the part of the native Californians, which indeed began under Joaquin de la Torre. Henry L. Ford and other Americans to the number of thirty met De la Torre — whose force was said to number from forty to eighty — near the Petaluma Ranch, and four or five of the Californians were said to have been killed or wounded. The repulse of the Californians seems to have been complete, though reports continued alarming, and a man sent from Sonoma to Russian River for powder was killed. A messenger was sent in haste to Sacramento for Frémont, who hurried to Sonoma with nearly all his exploring party and scoured the country far and near, but found no enemy.

I tried to make the prisoners at Sacramento as comfortable as possible, assisting to see that their meals were regularly and properly brought, and sometimes I would sit by while they were eating. One day E. M. Kern, artist to Frémont's exploring expedition, called me out and said it was Frémont's orders that no one was to go in or speak to the prisoners. I told him they were in my charge, and that he had nothing to say about them. He asserted that they were in his charge, and finally convinced me that he had been made an equal, if not the principal, custodian. I then told him that, as both of us were not needed, I would go over and join Frémont at Sonoma. Just at this time Lieutenant Washington A. Bartlett of the United States Navy arrived from the bay, inquiring for Frémont. The taking of the horses from Arce, the capture of the prisoners, and the occupation of Sonoma, had been heard of, and he was sent to learn what it meant. So he went over to Sonoma with me.

On our arrival Frémont was still absent trying to find the enemy, but that evening he returned. The Bear Flag was still flying, and had been for a week or more. The American flag was nowhere displayed. There was much doubt about the situation. Frémont gave us to understand that we must organize. Lieutenant Gillespie seemed to be his confidential adviser and spokesman, and said that a meeting would be held the next day at which Frémont would make an address. He also said that it would be necessary to have some plan of organization ready to report to the meeting; and that P. B. Reading, W. B. Ide, and myself were requested to act as a committee to report such a plan. We could learn nothing from Frémont or Gillespie to the effect that the United States had anything to do with Frémont's present movements.

[1] This adobe house is still standing, within the limits of the city of Sacramento, and is the only relic left of Sutter's Fort. [See sketch on page 169, THE CENTURY for December, 1890.] It was built in 1841 — the first then, the last now.

[2] More than thirty years afterwards I chanced to meet Todd on the train coming up the Sacramento Valley. He had not greatly changed, but appeared considerably broken in health. He informed me that Mrs. Lincoln was his own aunt, and that he had been brought up in the family of Abraham Lincoln.



(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1863, IN POSSESSION OF [illegible] HALL.)

C. Carson
Late 1 Cav Lyc M. Vols
Bvt Brig General

PORTRAIT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY K. L. [illegible]

In past years rumors of threats against Americans in California had been rather frequent, several times causing them and other foreigners to hasten in the night from all places within one or two hundred miles to Sutter's Fort, sometimes remaining a week or two, drilling and preparing to resist attack. The first scare of this kind occurred in 1841, when Sutter became somewhat alarmed; the last, in 1845. But in every case such rumors had proved to be groundless, so that Americans had ceased to have apprehensions, especially in the presence of such an accessible refuge as Sutter's Fort. And now, in 1846, after so many accessions by immigration, we felt entirely secure, even without the presence of a United States officer and his exploring force of sixty men, until we found ourselves suddenly plunged into a war. But hostilities having been begun, bringing danger where none before existed, it now became imperative to organize. It was in every one's mouth (and I think must have come from Frémont) that the war was begun in defense of American settlers! This was simply a pretense to justify the premature beginning of the war, which henceforth was to be carried on in the name of the United States.[1]

JACOB P. LEESE.

Under these circumstances on the Fourth of July our committee met. We soon found that we could not agree. Ide wished to paste together his long proclamations on the flagstaff, and make them our report. Reading wrote something much shorter, which I thought still too long. I proposed for our report simply this: "The undersigned hereby agree to organize for the purpose of gaining and maintaining the independence of California." Unable to agree upon a report, we decided to submit what we had written to Lieutenant Gillespie, without our names, and ask him to choose. He chose mine. The meeting took place, but Frémont's remarks gave us no light upon any phase of the situation. He neither averred nor denied that he was acting under orders from the United States Government. Some men had been guilty of misconduct in an Indian village, and he reprimanded them — said he wanted nothing to do with the movement unless the men would conduct themselves properly. Gillespie made some remarks, presented the report, and all present signed it.

The organization took place forthwith, by the formation of three companies. The captains elected were Henry L. Ford, Granville P. Swift, and Samuel J. Hensley. Thus organized, we marched into the Sacramento Valley. The men who had not been at Sonoma signed the report at the camp above Sutter's Fort, except a few who soon after signed it at the Mokelumne River on our march to Monterey. This was, so far as I know, the last seen or heard of that document, for Commodore Sloat had raised the American flag at Monterey before our arrival, and soon it waved in all places in California where American influence prevailed.

As yet Frémont had received advices from Washington no later than those brought by Gillespie. His object in going to Monterey must have been to confer with Commodore Sloat and get positive information about the war with Mexico, which proved to be a reality, as we learned even before our arrival there. There was now no longer uncertainty; all were glad. It was a glorious sight to see the Stars and Stripes as we marched into Monterey. Here we found Commodore Sloat. The same evening, or the next, Commodore Stockton, a chivalrous and dashing officer, arrived around Cape Horn to supersede him. Plans were immediately laid to conquer California. A California Battalion was to be organized, and Frémont was to be lieutenant-colonel in command. Stockton asked Frémont to nominate his own officers. P. B. Reading was chosen paymaster, Ezekiel Merritt quartermaster, and,

[1] So much has been said and written about the "Bear Flag" that some may conclude it was something of importance. It was not so regarded at the time: it was never adopted at any meeting or by any agreement; it was, I think, never even noticed, perhaps never seen, by Frémont when it was flying. The naked old Mexican flagstaff at Sonoma suggested that something should be put on it. Todd had painted it, and others had helped to put it up, for mere pastime. It had no importance to begin with, none whatever when the Stars and Stripes went up, and never would have been thought of again had not an officer of the navy seen it in Sonoma and written a letter about it.

GOVERNOR JUAN B. ALVARADO, OF 1836

GOVERNOR MANUEL MICHELTORENA, OF 1842

TWO MEXICAN GOVERNORS OF CALIFORNIA[1]

I think, King commissary. The captains and lieutenants chosen at Sonoma were also commissioned. Though I did not aspire to office, I received a commission as second lieutenant.

Merritt, the quartermaster, could neither read nor write. He was an old mountaineer and trapper, lived with an Indian squaw, and went clad in buckskin fringed after the style of the Rocky Mountain Indians. He chewed tobacco to a disgusting excess, and stammered badly. He had a reputation for bravery because of his continual boasting of his prowess in killing Indians. The handle of the tomahawk he carried had nearly a hundred notches to record the number of his Indian scalps. He drank deeply whenever he could get liquor. Stockton said to him: "Major Merritt" (for he was now major), "make out a requisition for some money, say two thousand dollars. You will need about that amount at the start. Bring your requisition on board, and I will approve, and direct the purser to honor it." Major Reading wrote the requisition and Merritt got the money, two thousand Mexican silver dollars. That afternoon I met him in Monterey, nearly as drunk as he could be. He said, "Bidwell, I am rich; I have lots of money"; and putting both hands into the deep pockets of his buckskin breeches he brought out two handfuls of Mexican dollars, saying, "Here, take this, and if you can find anything to buy, buy it, and when you want more money come to me, for I have got lots of it."

Merritt was never removed from his office or rank, but simply fell into disuse, and was detailed, like subordinate officers or men, to perform other duties, generally at the head of small scouting parties. Merritt's friends — for he must have had friends to recommend him for quartermaster — in some way managed to fix up the accounts relating to the early administration of his office. In fact, I tried to help them myself, but I believe that all of us together were never able to find, within a thousand dollars, what Merritt had done with the money. How he ever came to be recommended for quartermaster was to every one a mystery. Perhaps some of the current theories that subsequently prevailed might have had in them just a shade of truth, namely, that somebody entertained the idea that quartermaster meant the ability and duty to quarter the beef!

The first conquest of California, in 1846, by the Americans, with the exception of the skirmish at Petaluma and another towards Monterey, was achieved without a battle. We simply marched all over California from Sonoma to San Diego and raised the American flag without opposition or protest. We tried to find an enemy, but could not. So Kit Carson and Ned Beale were sent East, bearing despatches from Commodore Stockton announcing the entire conquest of California by the United States. Frémont was made governor by Stockton at Los Angeles, but could not enter upon the full discharge of the duties of his office till he had visited the upper part of California and returned. He sent me to take charge of the Mission of San Luis Rey, with a commission as magistrate over the larger portion of the country between Los Angeles and San Diego. Stockton and all his forces retired on board of their vessels. Frémont went north, leaving part of his men at Los Angeles under Gillespie, part at Santa Barbara under Lieutenant Talbot, and some at other points. Pio Pico and

[1] For a portrait of Pio Pico, the successor of Micheltorena and the last Mexican governor, see THE CENTURY for January, p. 379.

José Castro, respectively the last Mexican governor and commander-in-chief, remained concealed a while and then withdrew into Mexico.

Suddenly, in about a month, Frémont being in the north and his troops scattered, the whole country south of Monterey was in a state of revolt.[1] Then for the first time there was something like war. As there were rumors of Mexican troops coming from Sonora, Merritt was sent by Gillespie to reconnoiter towards the Colorado River. Gillespie was surrounded and reorganized the forces, composed of sailors, marines, men of Frémont's battalion under Gillespie and Merritt, volunteers at San Diego, including some native Californians and that portion of the regular troops under General S. W. Kearney that had escaped from the field of San Pascual[2] — in all between 700 and 800 men. Of these forces I was commissioned and served as quartermaster. This work of preparation took several months. Finally, on the 29th of December, 1846, the army set out to retake

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE LOOKING TOWARDS THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

at Los Angeles, and made to capitulate. I fled from San Luis Rey to San Diego. Merritt and his party, hearing of the outbreak, also escaped to San Diego. Meanwhile Frémont enlisted a considerable force (about four hundred), principally from the large Hastings immigration at Sacramento, and marched south. Commodore Stockton had landed and marched to retake Los Angeles, and failed. All the men-of-war, and all the scattered forces, except Frémont's new force, were then concentrated at San Diego, where Commodore Stockton collected Los Angeles. It fought the battles of San Gabriel and the Mesa, which ended the insurrection. The enemy fled, met Frémont at San Fernando, and surrendered to him the next day. The terms of surrender were so lenient that the native Californians from that time forth became the fast friends of Frémont.

Unfortunate differences regarding rank had arisen between Stockton and Kearney. Frémont was afterwards arrested in California by Kearney for refusing to obey his orders, and was taken to Washington and court-martialed. Stockton,

[1] Royce, in his history of California, says that the immediate cause of this revolt was the intolerant and exasperating administration of affairs by Gillespie at Los Angeles. — EDITOR.

[2] Time does not permit me to do more than allude to the arrival at San Diego of General Kearney with one hundred soldiers, and with Kit Carson and Beale, from New Mexico; or to his repulse at San Pascual.

however, was largely to blame. He would not submit to General Kearney, his superior in command on land, and that led Frémont to refuse to obey Kearney, his superior officer. Frémont's disobedience was no doubt owing to the advice of Stockton, who had appointed him governor of California.[1]

The war being over, nearly all the volunteers were discharged from the service in February and March, 1847, at Los Angeles and San Diego. Most of us made our way up the coast by land to our homes. I had eleven horses, which I swam, one at a time, across the Straits of Carquinez at Benicia, which J. M. Hudspeth, the surveyor, was at the time laying out for Dr. Robert Semple, and which was then called "Francisca," after Mrs. Vallejo, whose maiden name was Francisca Benicia Carrillo.

John Bidwell.

THE RUSH TO CALIFORNIA: A CARICATURE OF THE TIME FROM "PUNCH" BY RICHARD DOYLE

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

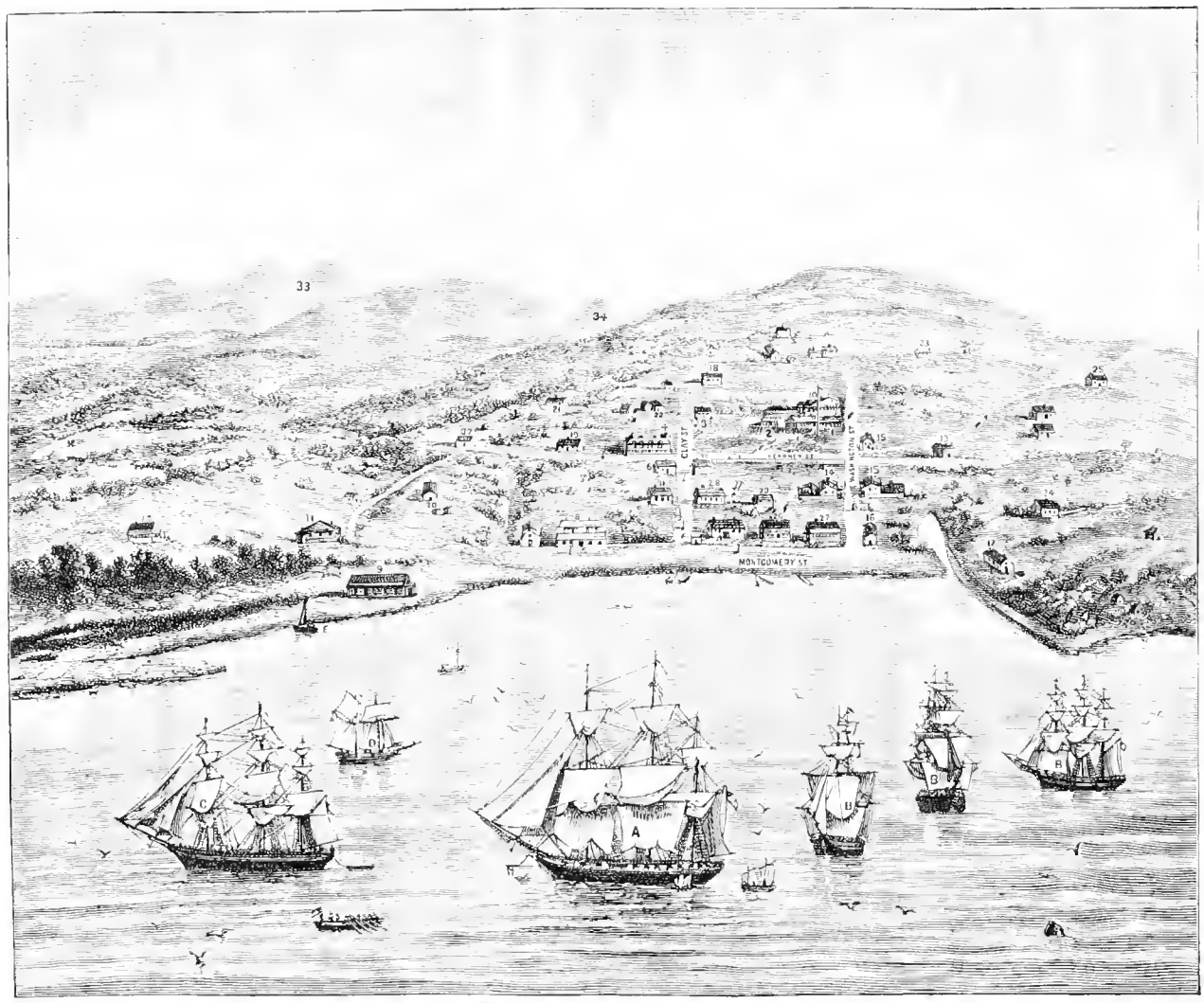
THE MOST APPROPRIATE PORTRAIT OF JOHN A. SUTTER FROM "PUNCH"

IN the summer of 1847 the American residents of California, numbering perhaps two thousand, and mostly established near San Francisco Bay, looked forward with hope and confidence to the future. Their government held secure possession of the whole territory, and had announced its purpose to hold it permanently. The Spanish Californians, dissatisfied with the manner in which Mexico had ruled them, and convinced that she could not protect them, had abandoned the idea of further resistance. Notwithstanding the unsettled condition of political affairs, the market prices of cows, horses, and land, which at that time were the chief articles of sale in the country, had advanced, and this enhancement of values was generally regarded as a certain proof of the increased prosperity that would bless the country under the Stars and Stripes when peace, which seemed near at hand, should be finally made.

It so happened that at this time one of the leading representatives of American interests in California was John A. Sutter, a Swiss by his parentage; a German by the place of his birth in Baden; an American by residence and naturalization in Missouri; and a Mexican by subsequent residence and naturalization in California. In 1839 he had settled at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, near the site of the present city of Sacramento.

When he selected this site it was generally considered very undesirable, but it had advantages which soon became apparent. It was the head of navigation on the Sacramento River for sailing vessels, and steam had not yet made its appearance in the waters of the Pacific. It had a central position in the great interior valley. Its distance of sixty miles from the nearest village, and its situation on one of the main

[1] Mr. Charles H. Shinn informs us that General Vallejo in one of his letters tells of having received on the same day communications from Commodore Stockton, General Kearney, and Colonel Frémont, each one signing himself "Commander in chief of California." — EDITOR.



VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO (FORMERLY YERBA BUENA) IN MARCH, 1847. (AFTER A LITHOGRAPH DESIGNED AND PUBLISHED BY W. F. SWAZEY.)

A, U. S. S. *Portsmouth*; B, U. S. Transports *Loo Choo*, *Susan Drew* and *Thomas H. Perkins* — which brought the Stevenson regiment; C, Ship *Vandalia* — merchantman consigned to Howard & Mellus; D, Coasting schooner; E, Launch *Luce* (belonging to James Lick); 1, Custom-house; 2, Calaboose; 3, School-house; 4, Alcalde's office; 5, City hotel owned by Wm. A. Leidesdorff; 6, Portsmouth hotel; 7, Wm. H. Davis's store; 8, Howard & Mellus's store (the old Hudson Bay Co.'s building); 9, Leidesdorff's warehouse; 10, Samuel Brannan; 11, Leidesdorff; 12, Russ; 13, John Sullivan; 14, Peter T. Sherback; 15, Juan C. Davis; 16, G. Reynolds; 17, Ellis's boarding-house; 18, Fitch & McKurley; 19, Captain Vioget; 20, John Fuller; 21, Jesus Noe; 22, Juan N. Pidilla; 23, A. A. Andrew; 24, Captain Antonio Ortega; 25, Francisco Caceres; 26, Captain Wm. Hinckley; 27, General M. G. Vallejo's building; 28, C. L. Ross; 29, Mill; 30, Captain John Paty; 31, Doctor E. P. Jones; 32, Robert Ridley; 33, Los Pechos de la Choca; 34, Lone Mountain; 35, Sill's Blacksmith-shop; ⟶ Trail to Presidio; ⟵ Trail to Mission Dolores.

traveled routes of the territory, gave political and military importance to its proprietor. The Mexican governors sought his influence and conferred power on him. But more important than all these advantages was the fact that the only wagon road from the Mississippi Valley to California first reached the navigable waters of the Pacific at Sutter's Fort. This road had been open for several years and was of much prospective importance. The immigration had been interrupted by the war, but would certainly start again as soon as peace should be restored.

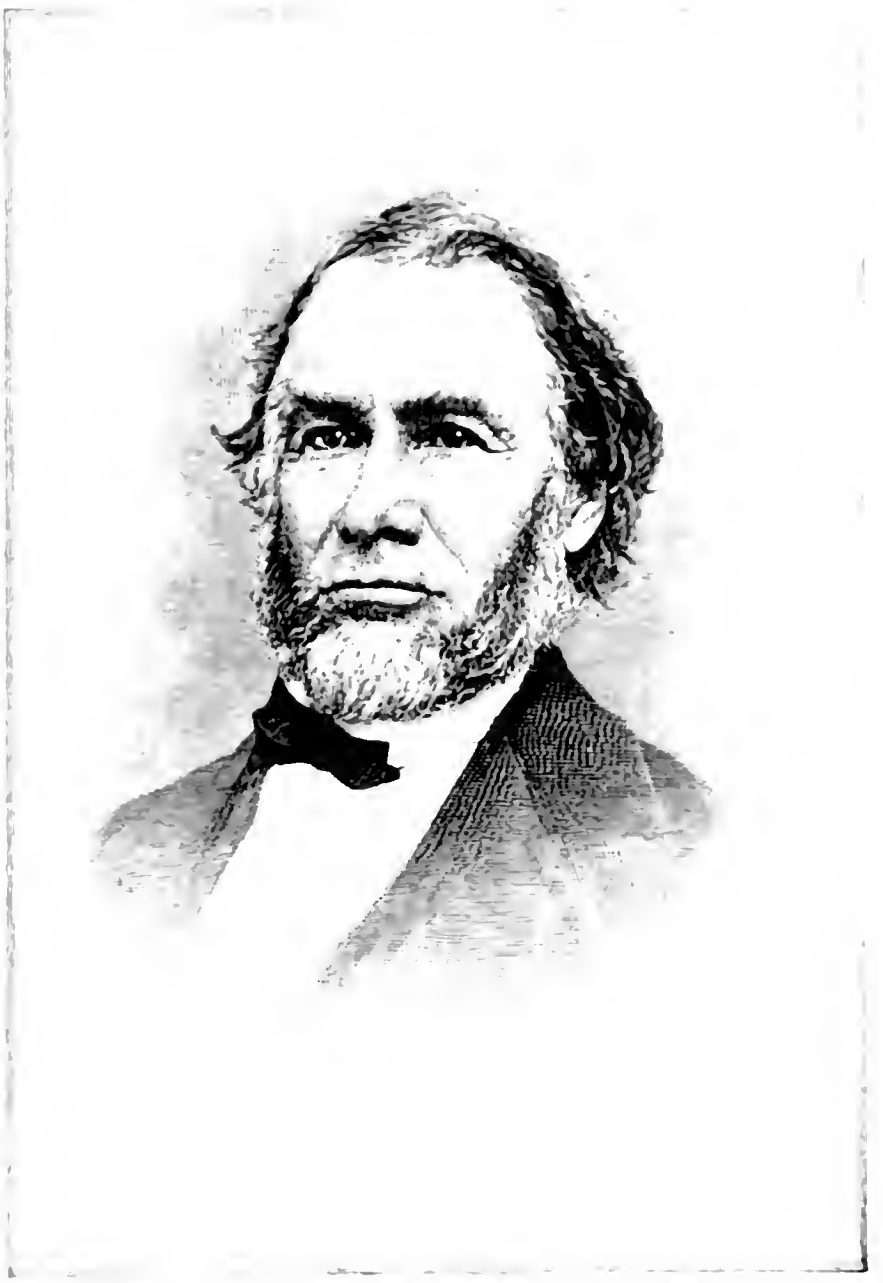
The American residents of California, knowing the feeling prevalent among their relatives east of the Rocky Mountains, expected that at least a thousand immigrants, and perhaps two or three times as many, would arrive overland every year; and they supposed that such additions to the population would soon add much to the value of property, to the demand for labor, and to the activity of general business. The immigration would be especially beneficial to Sutter. At his rancho they would reach the first settlement of white men in the Sacramento Valley. There, after their toilsome march across the desert, they would stop and rest. There, they would purchase supplies of food and clothing. There, they would sell their exhausted horses and oxen, and buy fresh ones. There, the penniless would seek employment. There, those who were ready to continue their journey would separate for the valleys to the northward, westward, and southward. There, parties starting for Oregon or "the States" would obtain their last stock of supplies. The advantages of the site were numerous and evident.

But the advantages of Sutter's Fort imposed certain obligations on its owner. He should be prepared to furnish provisions to the immigrants. He should not expect the Americans to be content with the Mexican system of crushing grain by hand on the *metate*, as the flat under millstone of the Mexicans and

native Californians is called, the upper mill stone being cylindrical and used like a rolling-pin. He ought to build a flour-mill in the Sacramento Valley to grind the wheat which he cultivated in considerable quantity. There was no great difficulty about the construction of such a mill. He had a site for it on his own rancho. The necessary timber for it could be found not far away. Among the Americans at the fort there was skill to build and to manage it. These ideas pleased Sutter; he adopted them, and acted on them. He selected a site and made his plans for a flour-mill, and, partly to get lumber for it, he determined to build a saw-mill also.

Since there was no good timber in the valley, the saw-mill must be in the mountains. The site for it was selected by James W. Marshall, a native of New Jersey, a skillful wheelwright by occupation, industrious, honest, generous, but "cranky," full of wild fancies, and defective in some kinds of business sense. By accident he discovered the gold of California, and his name is inseparably connected with her history, but it is impossible to make a great hero of him. The place for his mill was in the small valley of Coloma, 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and 15 miles from Sutter's Fort, from which it was accessible by wagon without expense for road-making. Good yellow pine timber was abundant in the surrounding hills; the water-power was more than sufficient; there were opportunities to make a secure dam and race with small expense, and there was little danger of loss by flood. Sutter left the plans and construction of the mill, as well as the selection of the site, to Marshall, and on the 27th of August the two signed an agreement of partnership under which Sutter was to furnish money, men, tools, and teams, and Marshall was to supply the skill for building and managing.

While the project of the saw mill was under consideration some Mormons arrived at New Helvetia and solicited employment. They had belonged to the Mormon battalion, which, after enlisting in Nebraska for one year, marched to the Pacific by way of the Gila, and [illegible] soning San Diego, had [illegible] mustered out at Los Angeles on the preceding 16th of July. They were on their way to Salt Lake, but at the fort received letters advising all who could not bring provisions for the winter to remain in California until the following spring. They were sober, orderly, peaceful, industrious men, and Sutter hired them to work at his flour mill and saw mill. He sent six of them to Coloma. Besides these, Marshall had three "Gentile" laborers, and about a dozen Indians.



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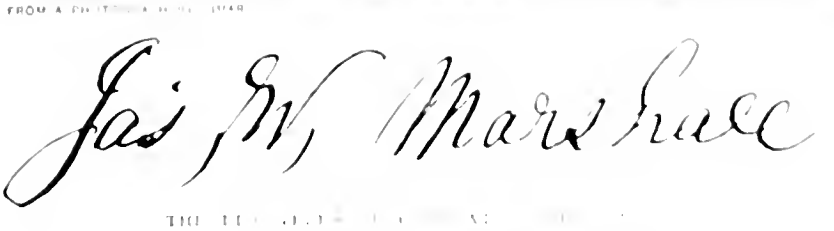
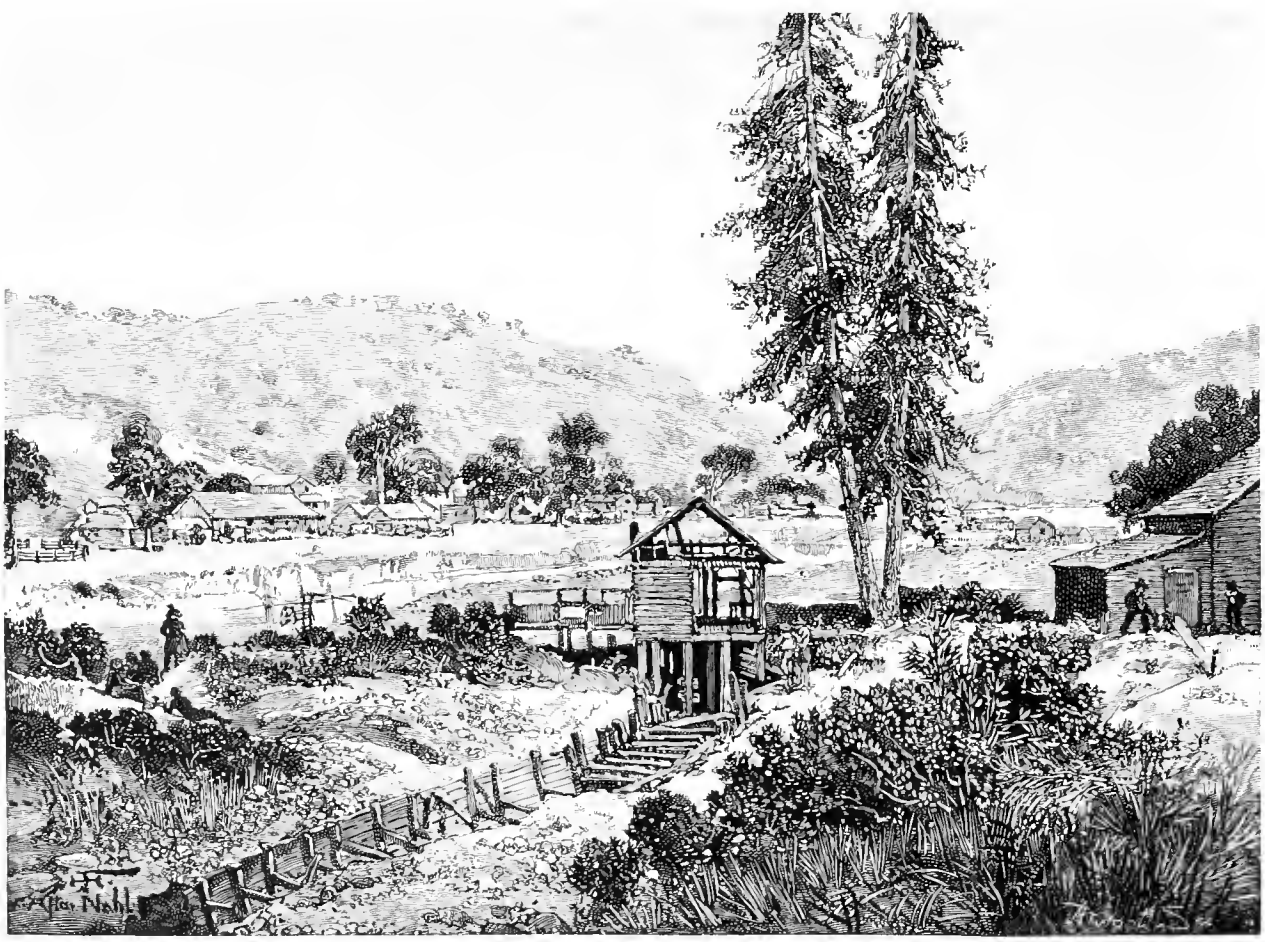


[illegible]

All the white men were natives of the United States.

For four months these men worked at Coloma, seeing no visitors, and rarely communicating with the fort. The mill had been nearly completed, the dam was made, the race had been dug, the gates had been put in place, the water had been turned into the race to carry away some of the loose dirt and gravel, and mill, where he showed them to the men as proof of his discovery of a gold mine. The scantiness in the provision supply gave Marshall an excuse for going to the fort, though he would probably not have gone at this time if he had not been anxious to know Sutter's opinion of the metal. He rode away, and, according to Sutter's diary, arrived at the fort on Friday the 28th. Sutter had an encyclopedia, sulphuric

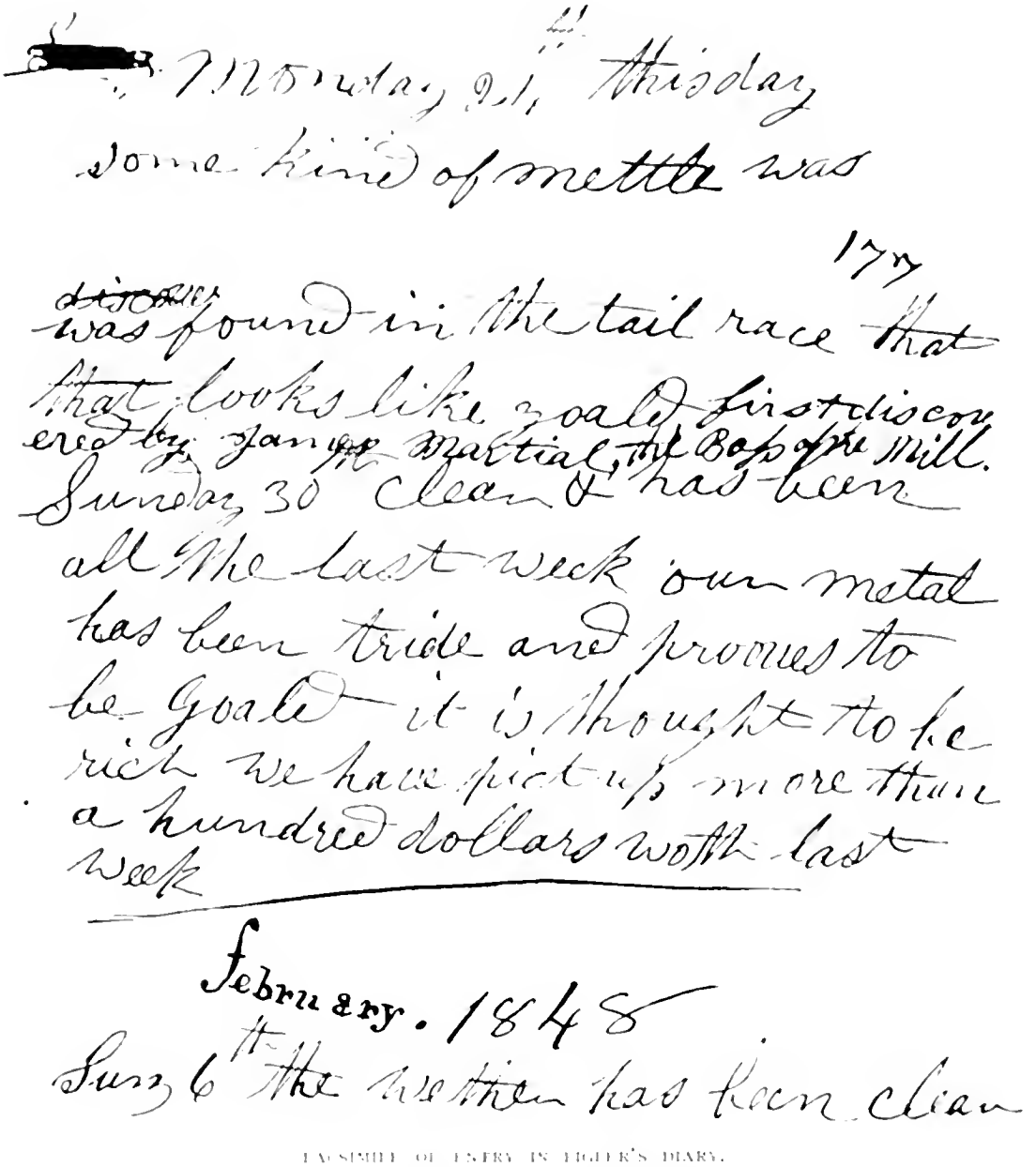


SUTTER'S MILL, THE SCENE OF THE GOLD DISCOVERY. (FROM A PAINTING BY NAHL, IN POSSESSION OF A. ROMAN.)

then had been turned off again. On the afternoon of Monday the 24th of January Marshall was walking in the tail-race, when on its rotten granite bed-rock he saw some yellow particles and picked up several of them. The largest were about the size of grains of wheat. They were smooth, bright, and in color much like brass. He thought they were gold, and went to the mill, where he told the men that he had found a gold mine. At the time little importance was attached to his statement. It was regarded as a proper subject for ridicule.

Marshall hammered his new metal, and found it malleable; he put it into the kitchen fire, and observed that it did not readily melt or become discolored; he compared its color with gold coin; and the more he examined it, the more he was convinced that it was gold. The next morning he paid another visit to the tail-race, where he picked up other specimens; and putting all he had collected, about a spoonful, on the crown of his slouch hat, he went to the acid, and scales, and with the help of these, after weighing the specimens in and out of water, he declared that they were undoubtedly gold.

The first record of the discovery, and the only one made on the day of its occurrence, was in the diary of Henry W. Bigler, one of the Mormon laborers at the mill. He was an American by birth, then a young man, and now a respected citizen of St. George, Utah. He was in the habit of keeping a regular record of his notable observations and experiences, selecting topics for remark with creditable judgment. His journal kept during his service in the Mormon battalion and his subsequent stay in California is one of the valuable historical documents of the State. On the 24th of January, in the evening, Bigler wrote in his diary, "This day some kind of mettle was found in the tail-race that looks like goald." For the purpose of enabling the reader to see precisely how the original record looks, it is here shown in facsimile. The size of the page is

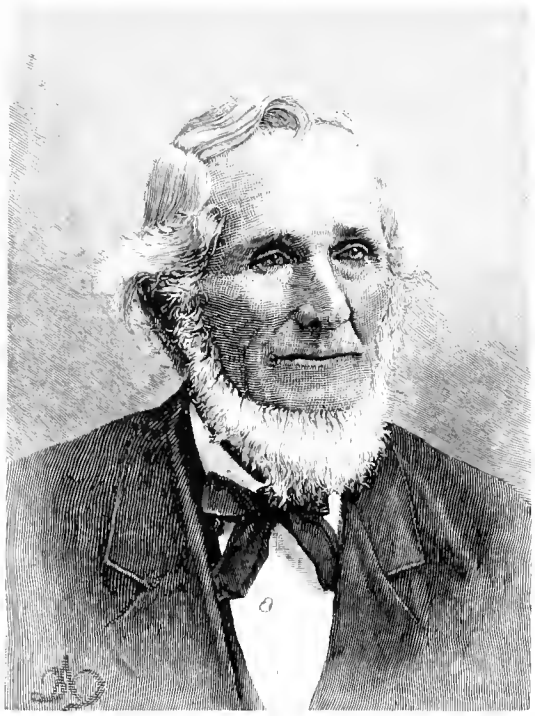


FACSIMILE OF ENTRY IN BIGLER'S DIARY.

retained. The words in darker ink were interpolated by Mr. Bigler after he had made his first entries. Carelessness in the spelling appears in "mettle" and "metal," both written within a week; and the influence of his experience in the Mormon battalion may account for his method of writing the name of Mr. "Martial."

The artless arrangement of ideas, and the ungrammatical phraseology, accompanied by the regular mental habits that demanded a diary, and the perception that enabled him to catch with his pen the main facts of life as they passed, add much to the interest as well as to the authority of his diary.

Nothing was said in public about the date of the discovery until 1856, eight years after the event, when Marshall published a letter in which he said that he found gold at Coloma "about the 19th" of January, 1848. Neither then, nor at any subsequent time, did he claim that his recollection of the day was aided by a written memorandum. In 1857 he published a statement that the discovery was made on the 18th, 19th, or 20th. His biography, prepared under his direction, and printed in 1870, fixed the 19th as the precise day. As years elapsed he became more exact, perhaps under the influence of public opinion, which from 1856 to 1886 accepted the 19th as the day. On the 9th September, 1885, at the annual celebration of the admission of the State into the Union, I delivered an address on the gold discovery to the Pioneer Society of San Francisco, and sent a copy of it in print to Mr. Bigler, of whom I had heard as one of the survivors of the Coloma party, and requested him to correct my errors, if he found any. He replied that, according to his diary, the gold was found on the 24th. At my solicitation he copied the entries of his book from that day to the middle of May; and then I began an investigation which made me familiar with the diaries of Azariah Smith, a survivor of the Mormon battalion and of the mill-builders at Coloma, and with the diary of Sutter. These three diaries agreed substantially with one another, and with Marshall's



AZARIAH SMITH.

HENRY W. BIGLER.

TWO SURVIVORS OF THE PARTY OF DISCOVERY AT SUTTER'S MILL.

statement that four days after the discovery he took specimens of the gold to Sutter's Fort. Smith made his entries on Sunday as a rule; and on the 30th January he wrote that on the preceding week gold had been found at the mill, and that Marshall had gone to New Helvetia to have it tested. This was probably written in the morning, for Bigler's entry made on the same day mentions that the test was successful, implying that Marshall had returned.

Sutter's diary reports that on the 28th January Marshall arrived at the fort "on important business," without mentioning the gold. The agreement of the three diaries with Marshall's statement that he went to New Helvetia four days after the discovery, the superior value of documentary evidence as compared with vague recollections, dimmed by years of intervening events, and the uncertainty of Marshall in reference to the date, left no room for doubt that the 24th was the true day, which I gave to the public for the first time in January, 1886.[1]

It is worthy of note that although Marshall's date was first discredited by Bigler, the latter sought no publicity on this point. For more than twenty years after Marshall's story had been in print he kept silence, and finally did not give his testimony until solicited to do so. We may presume that his attention was not called to the discrepancy of dates until 1885, and then he did not seem to attach enough importance to it to make any effort to inform the public about the error.

For six weeks or more the work on the mill continued without serious interruption. Never having seen placer mining, and having no distinct idea of the methods of finding and washing gold, the laborers at Coloma did not know how to gather the treasures in their vicinity. The first one to find gold outside of the tail-race was Bigler, who was the hunter of the party, sent out by Marshall at least one day in every week to get venison, which was a very acceptable addition to unground wheat and salt salmon, the main articles of food sent from Sutter's Fort. Deer being numerous in the neighboring hills, it was not necessary that Bigler should go far for game; and more than once he managed, while hunting, to look at the banks of the river and find some of the precious metal. His report of his success stimulated others, and they too found gold at various places.

In regard to the beginning of gold washing as a regular occupation there is a conflict of testimony. Bigler says that the first men who, within the range of his observation, devoted themselves to placer mining were Willis Hudson and five others, all of Sam. Brannan's Mormon colony, whom he visited at Mormon Island, on the American River below Coloma, on the 12th of April. On that day, washing the gravel with pans and pan-like Indian baskets, they took out more than two ounces and a half

[1] In February, 1887, Mr. Hittell, under the title of "Reminiscences," printed a fuller article on the gold discovery in the "Overland Monthly," where Mr. Bigler's diary appeared in September, 1887, and Mr. Smith's in February, 1888. The files of the same magazine contain many interesting and important contributions to the early history of California.—EDITOR.

(forty-one dollars) for each man. On the other hand, Isaac Humphrey, who had been a placer miner in Georgia, and who was the first person to use a rocker in the Sierra Nevada and to teach others there to use it, said that he arrived in Coloma on the 7th of March, and within a week commenced work with a rocker. We may explain the discrepancy between these two authorities by imagining that for some weeks Humphrey purposely avoided observation, as placer miners often do; or that in the interval of ten years between his first appearance at Coloma and the publication of his reminiscences his memory misled him in the date.

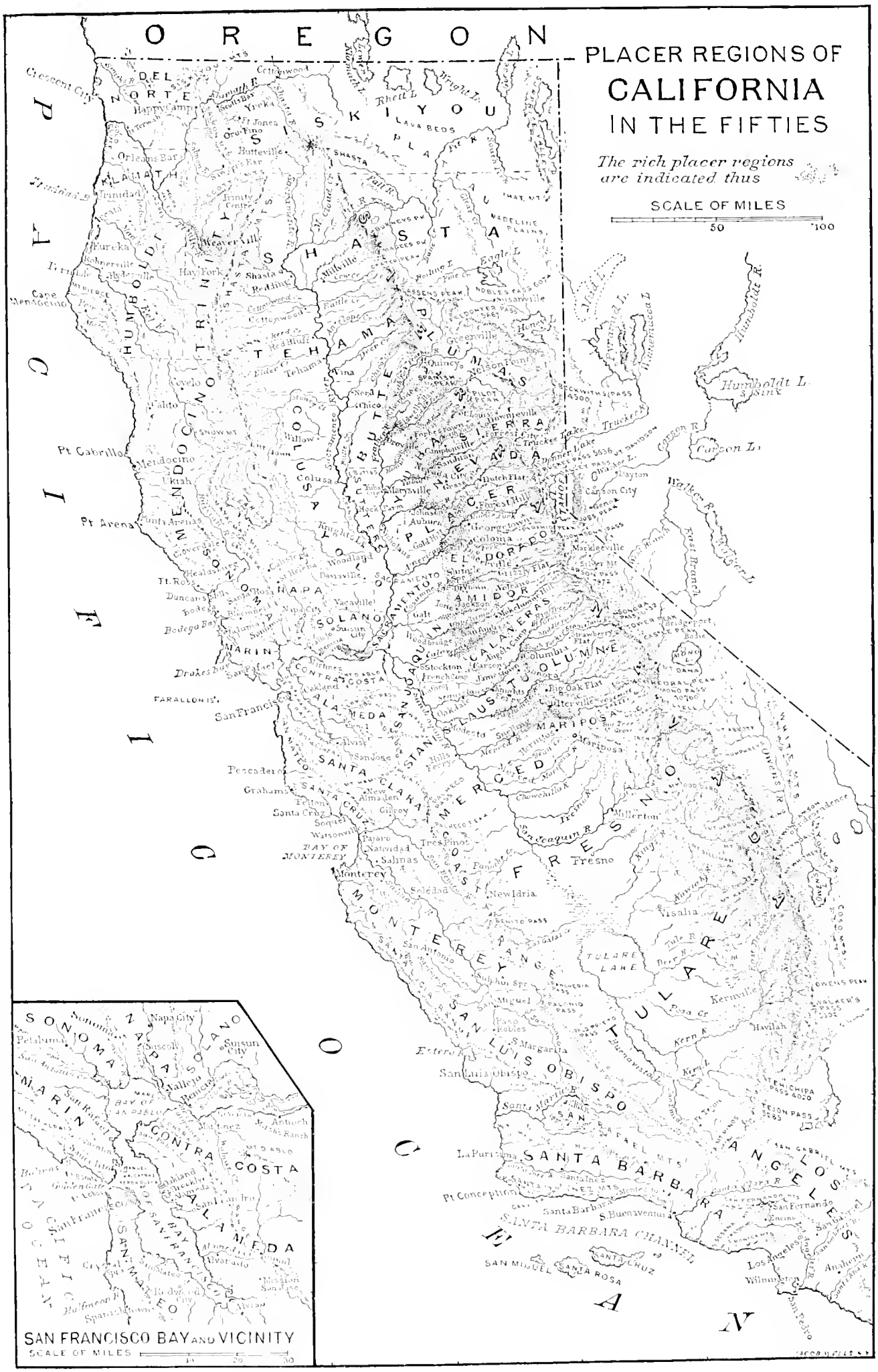
SAMUEL BRANNAN, IN THE REGALIA OF PRESIDENT OF THE [illegible] CALIFORNIA PIONEER. (FROM A PAINTING IN THE [illegible])

Brannan was the energetic leader of a [illegible] of Mormon [illegible] San Fran[illegible] [illegible] from New York. He was [illegible] [illegible] forth the resources of California was prepared in Mar[illegible] [illegible] Brannan afterward apostatized from the Mormon faith. [illegible]

In the spring of 1848 San Francisco, a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, had two newspapers, the "Californian" and the "California Star," both weeklies. The first printed mention of the gold discovery was a short paragraph in the former, under date of the 15th of March, stating that a gold mine had been found at Sutter's Mill, and that a package of the metal worth thirty dollars had been received at New Helvetia. Five weeks later the "Star" announced that its editor, E. C. Kemble, was about to take a trip into the country, and on his return would report his observations. He went to Coloma and either saw nothing or understood nothing of what he saw, for he preserved absolute silence in his paper about his trip.[1] On the 20th of May, after a number of men had left San Francisco for the mines, he came out with the opinion that the mines were a "sham," and that the people who had gone to them were "superlatively silly." The increasing production of the mines soon overwhelmed the doubters; and before the middle of June the whole territory resounded with the cry of "*Gold!* GOLD!! GOLD!!!" as it was printed in one of the local newspapers. Nearly all the men hurried off to the mines. Workshops, stores, dwellings, wives, and even fields of ripe grain, were left for a time to take care of themselves.

In 1848 the gold hunters of the Sierra Ne-

[1] See article by Kemble in "Californiana" in the present number.


PLACER REGIONS OF
CALIFORNIA
IN THE FIFTIES
The rich placer regions are indicated thus
SCALE OF MILES
50
100
OREGON
PACIFIC OCEAN
NEVADA
SAN FRANCISCO BAY AND VICINITY
SCALE OF MILES

vada did not need a scientific education. The method of washing gold was then so simple, and they were so skilful in many kinds of industrial labor, that they learned it quickly. Capital, like scientific education and technical experience, was unnecessary to the early placer miner. With the savings of a week's work he could buy the pick, shovel, pan, and rocker which were his only necessary tools. As compared with other auriferous deposits of which we have definite knowledge, those of the Sierra Nevada were unequaled for the facility of working. They were not deep under ground, or scantily supplied with water, as in Australia and South Africa; nor in a land of tropical heat, as in Brazil; nor in a region of long and severe winters, as in Siberia. The deposits were on land belonging to the National Government, which, without charge, without official supervision, and without previous permit or survey, allowed every citizen to take all the gold from any claim held in accordance with the local regulations adopted by the miners of his district.

The first gold washing was done on the bars of the rivers, where the gravel was shallow, usually not more than two or three feet deep, and where prospecting was easy, and mining was prompt in its returns and liberal in its rewards. The gravel was rich if it yielded twenty-five cents to the pan; and in favorable situations a man could dig and wash out fifty to sixty pans in a day, while with a rocker he could do three times as much. But on the bars of the American, the Bear, and the Yuba rivers it was no uncommon event to obtain from one dollar to five dollars in a pan, and then the yield for a day's work was equal to a princely revenue.

When the rainy season began in the winter of 1848 the rivers rose and covered their bars, and the miners, compelled to hunt claims elsewhere, found them in ravines which were dry through nine months of the year. These were in many cases almost as rich as the bars. It was not uncommon to hear, on good authority, that this or that man had taken out $1000 in a day, and occasionally $5000 or more would reward the day's work. In 1849 the miners generally got $16 a day or more, and when a claim would not yield that much it had no value.

The important gold producing localities of California may be divided into the regions of the Sierra Nevada, the Upper Sacramento, and the Klamath. The Sierra Nevada region comprises a strip about 30 miles wide, and 200 miles long from north to south, in the basins of the Feather, Yuba, Bear, American, Cosumne, Mokelumne, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced rivers between the elevations of 100 and 5000 feet. In all the extreme mines washed gold in 1848. The auriferous region not only more extensive than any other in the State, but has produced ten times as much as all the others, and has had the richest bars, the richest ravines, the most remarkable river channels, and the largest beds of deep gravel, as well as the most productive quartz mines. It contains the places where the gold was discovered by Marshall, where the sluice and the hydraulic processes were invented, and where the most notable improvements of modern time in gold quartz machinery were first devised.

The mines of the Upper Sacramento are in Shasta County, and were known in 1848; those of Klamath are in Siskiyou and Trinity counties, and were opened in subsequent years. Outside of these three main regions gold has been found in paying quantities, but in relatively small aggregate amount in many isolated districts, including places in the basins of the San Joaquin, Fresno, and Kern rivers, on the eastern slope of Mount San Bernardino, and in the mountains of San Diego. Gold has also been found in the San Francisquito Canon, about sixty miles northward from Los Angeles, where there was a little placer-washing at intervals through nine years before Marshall made his great discovery.

Most of the camps which have yielded gold abundantly are between 1500 and 3500 feet above the sea; a few are as high as 5000 feet, and a few as low as 300. The river-beds may have as much gold in the valleys as in the mountains, but it is only where there is a steep grade that the rich stratum on the bed-rock can be conveniently prospected and washed. With a large area of good auriferous gravel on the surface of the ground, open to everybody; with a method of mining that required neither capital nor trained skill; with a climate that permitted work in the open air throughout the year; and with a population which before the close of 1849 included at least 75,000 intelligent, enterprising, young, and strong men — with all these it might have been expected that California would, as she did, suddenly rise to great importance in the commerce and industry of the world.

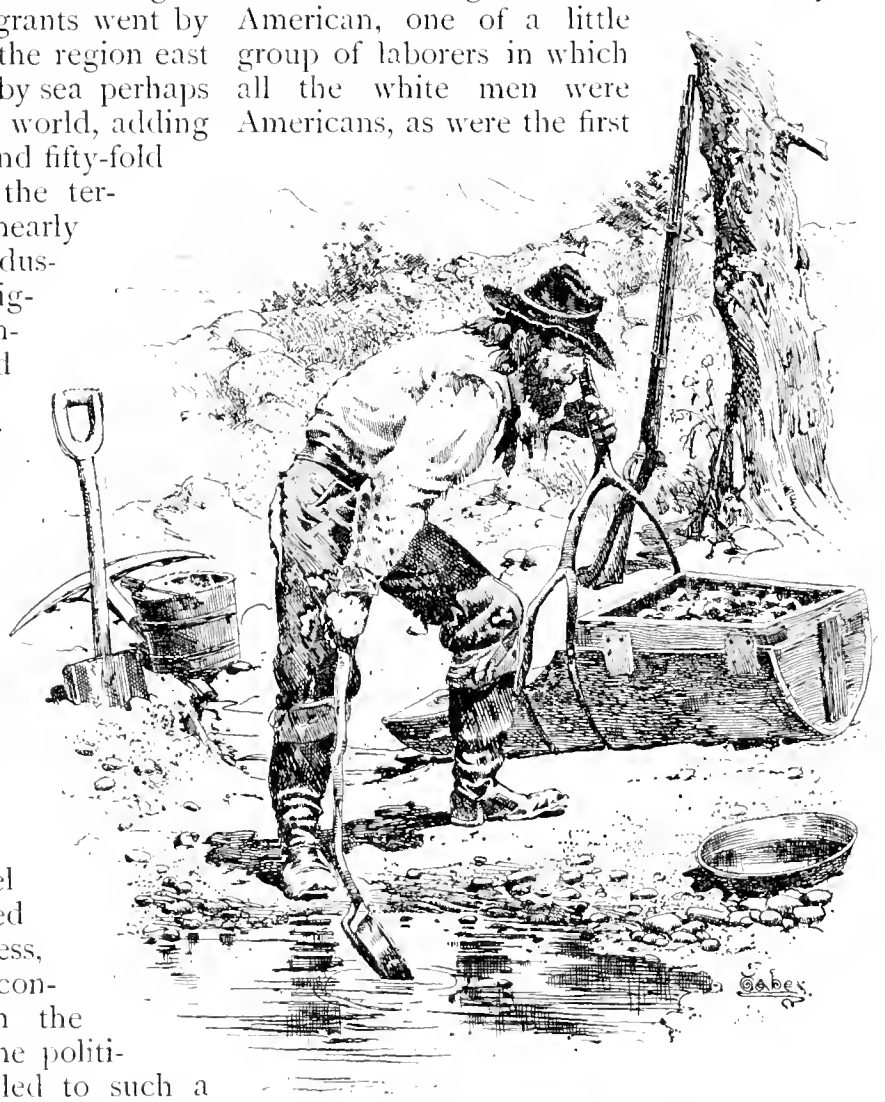
The successful miners demanded provisions, tools, clothing, and many luxuries, for which they offered prices double, treble, and tenfold greater than those paid elsewhere. Sailing vessels went to Oregon, Mexico, South America, Australia, and Polynesia with gold dust to purchase supplies, and soon filled all the seaports of the Pacific with the wildest excitement. The reports of the discovery, which began to reach the United States in September, 1848, commanded little credence there before January; but the news of the

arrival of large amounts of gold at Mazatlan, Valparaiso, Panama, and New York in the latter part of the winter put an end to all doubt, and in the spring there was such a rush of peaceful migration as the world had never seen. In 1849, 25,000 — according to one authority, 50,000 — immigrants went by land, and 23,000 by sea from the region east of the Rocky Mountains, and by sea perhaps 40,000 from other parts of the world, adding twelve-fold to the population and fifty-fold to the productive capacity of the territory. The new-comers were nearly all young, intelligent, and industrious men. Fortunately the diggings were rich enough and extensive enough to give good reward to all of them, and to much larger numbers who came in later years. The gold yield of 1848 was estimated at $5,000,000; that of 1849 at $23,000,000; that of 1850 at $50,000,000; that of 1853 at $65,000,000; and then came the decline which has continued until the present time, when the yield is about $12,000,000. In the last forty-one years the gold yield of California has been about $1,200,000,000.

Gold mining was neither novel nor rare, but the unexampled combination of wonderful richness, highly favorable geographical conditions, high intelligence in the miners, and great freedom in the political institutions of California led to such a sudden rush of people, and such an immense production of gold, that the whole world was shaken. The older placers of Brazil and Siberia, and the later ones of Australia and South Africa, had a much smaller influence on general commerce and manufactures.

The impression on the public mind was rendered the more forcible by the fact that California had just been ceded by Mexico to the United States. The gold was discovered before the treaty of cession was signed, on the 2d of February, 1848; the wealth of the mines was known throughout the territory before the ratifications of the treaty were exchanged, on the 30th of May; and before the latter date the Government of the United States had made a contract with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for a line of monthly steamers to ply between New York and San Francisco by way of Panama. The first steamers were ready for California before the people were; and thus the new dominion, the gold, the steamship line, and the great migration showed their combined splendors at once to the astonished globe.

The discovery of the mines was an American achievement. It was the result of the American conquest, and of preparation for American immigrants. It was made by an American, one of a little group of laborers in which all the white men were Americans, as were the first men who devoted themselves to mining. They also were Americans who subsequently invented the sluice and the hydraulic process of placer-washing, and who planned and constructed the great ditches, flumes, and dams that gave a distinctive character to the placer-mining of California.



A PRIMITIVE OUTFIT. (AFTER A SKETCH FROM LIFE IN 1850, BY J. W. AUDUBON, IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS DAUGHTER, MISS M. R. AUDUBON.)

Never in any other country has a change in the political dominion been followed so promptly by so marvelous an increase of wealth and population, of productive industry and general intelligence. Never did a province repay new masters more liberally for their trouble in its acquisition, nor did any other conquered territory ever receive greater benefit from conquest. The most notable instances in history of triumphant invasions rewarded with great sums of precious metal were those of Babylonia by Cyrus, of Persia by Alexander, of Mexico by Cortez, and of Peru by

Pizarro — all populous empires with wealth accumulated through centuries of prosperity. Yet not one of them yielded to its conquerors, within a generation, so much treasure as did desolate California to the Americans. Byron lamented that he did not live in the day "when Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass the conqueror's sword in bearing fame away." The pioneers of California can congratulate themselves that they have seen the day when the American made the shovel's blade surpass the conqueror's sword in bearing gold away.

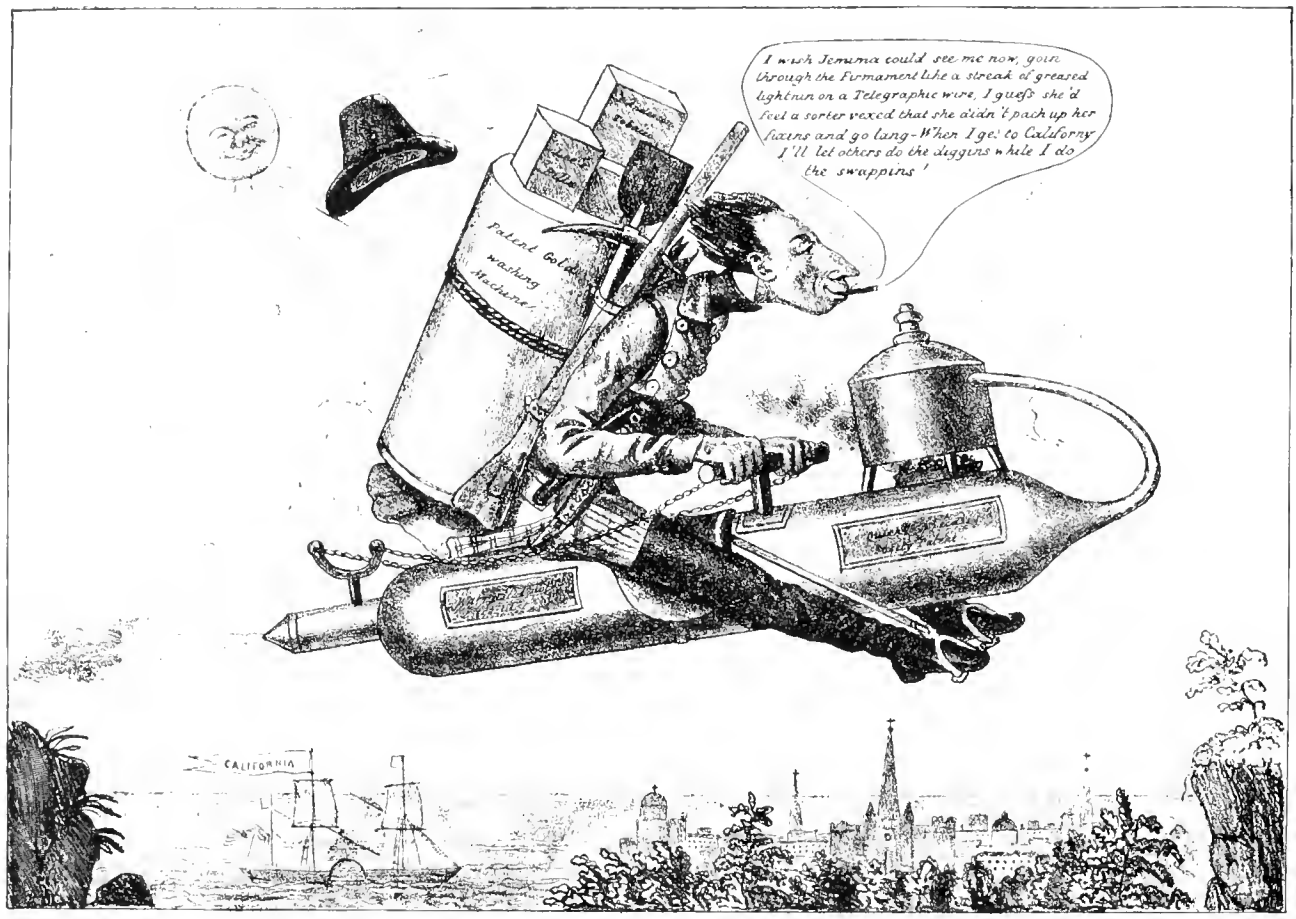
Let us now consider the consequences of the discovery. First, as to the men at Coloma in January, 1848, Marshall was not enriched. His lumber was soon in demand at $500 a thousand feet of board measure, or twenty-fold more than he had expected when he commenced his work; but not many months elapsed before all the good timber trees near Coloma had been cut down by the miners, and then the mill had to stop. He turned his attention to mining, but was not successful. When he had money he did not know how to keep it. When he had a good claim he did not stick to it. When friends tried to help him he frequently refused their offers with a snarl. He imagined offenses where none were intended. He complained of plots against his life in a community where nearly everybody acknowledged obligation to him. He was irritated by the superior popularity and prosperity of Sutter, by the facts that to Sutter the main credit of the gold discovery was given by many newspapers and influential citizens, and that, partly under the influence of that idea, a pension of $250 a month was given to Sutter in 1870, while the true discoverer received nothing. After the publication of Marshall's biography in 1870, the legislature perceived the injustice of its exclusive favor to Sutter, and in the course of six years it gave $9600 as pension to Marshall, but left him to spend the last eight years of his life in poverty and privation. In 1885, at the age of seventy-three, he died while alone in a solitary cabin which he occupied in company with another aged and indigent pioneer miner. He was buried at Coloma in sight of the place where he discovered the gold. His figure, in colossal bronze, stands over his grave.

Sutter fared better than Marshall, but to him, too, the gold discovery proved disastrous. Foreseeing the American conquest, he did all he could to favor the Americans and the American Government. He was liberal in his entertainment of the Wilkes and Frémont expeditions. He gave generous aid to needy American immigrants when they reached his fort from their exhausting journey across the desert. Notwithstanding his oath of allegiance to Mexico, he assisted the Bear Flag insurgents as well as the American forces after the Stars and Stripes had been raised. When the gold hunters arrived at New Helvetia on their way to the mines many of them obtained undeserved assistance and trust from him. So long as he had anything he was open handed. He delighted in being a benefactor, and was spoken of as a man of princely generosity.

He had two land grants from Mexico, one of 48,000 and the other of 93,000 acres. The first was finally confirmed to him in two tracts, one of 8800 acres south of the American River, including the site of Sacramento City, and the other of about 39,000 acres north of the American River. This estate was worth millions above all the large sums that he was compelled to spend in defending it against the law officers of the United States and against squatters; but he managed it badly, and within twenty years he had lost everything. The larger grant was rejected, though it was entitled to confirmation under the proclamation issued, in the name and under the authority of the National Government, by Commodore Sloat when he took possession of California. The promise, made when it was important to conciliate the Spanish Californians, was broken when it became important to conciliate land-thieving squatters.

Sutter's popularity with the pioneers was so great that when he had lost all his property the legislature came to his aid with a pension of $3,000 a year, which sum was paid for six years; and it would perhaps have been continued till his death if he had not left the State in order to demand justice from Congress for the spoliation of his property. But he did not possess the same popularity and influence in the Eastern States as in California. He spent winters of vain solicitation at Washington, and there he died on the 18th of June, 1880, at the age of seventy-seven years. His grave is at Litiz, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where he had made his home.

Of the men at Coloma with Marshall none became rich. Perhaps the most successful miner among them was a carpenter named Scott, and twenty years after the discovery he was working by the day. He dug much gold, but could not save it. He used to tell that, with some partners, he had a claim in which they were mak



MR. GOLIGHTLY BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA. (FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED BY A. DONNELLY, 1849.)

ing $300 each every day, when they were told of another ravine where the claims yielded $700. They went to the other diggings, where they found that all the good ground was occupied, so they returned to their old claim only to find that occupied too. He never found anything so good elsewhere. Henry W. Bigler, Azariah Smith, and P. L. Wimmer and wife, the only survivors of the Coloma party, are not known as rich men. Bigler resides in St. George, Utah; Smith in Manti, Utah; and Wimmer in San Diego, California.

For California the main results of the discovery have been the sudden changes from a Spanish-speaking to an English-speaking community; from popular ignorance to high intelligence; from pasturage, first to mining, and then to tillage, as the occupation of most of the people; from a population of less than 10,000 to more than 1,200,000; and from isolation to frequent, cheap, and convenient communication with all civilized countries. The State has become one of the most noted gardens, pleasure grounds, and sanitariums of the world; and San Francisco is one of the most intellectual and brilliant, and in many respects one of the most interesting, of cities. To the United States the Californian gold discovery gave a vast increase of the national wealth; great attractiveness for immigration from Europe; a strong stimulus to shipping; the development of the mineral wealth of Nevada, Idaho, and Utah; and the vast railroad system west of the Mississippi.

But Marshall's find did not limit its great influences to our continent. It aroused and stimulated industrial activity in all the leading nations. It profoundly agitated all the countries of South America. It shook Europe and Asia. It caused the first large migration of the Chinese across the Pacific. It opened Japan to the traffic of Christendom. It threw a belt of steam around the globe. It educated Hargraves, and taught him where to find and how to open up the gold deposits of Australia. It built the Panama railroad. It brought the Pacific Ocean within the domain of active commerce. Directly and indirectly it added $3,500,000,000 to the stock of the precious metals, and by giving the distribution of this vast sum to the English-speaking nations added much to their great industrial and intellectual influence.

John S. Hittell.

THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.
(FROM A DRAWING BY DOYLE, PUBLISHED IN "PUNCH.")

CALIFORNIANA.

Marshall's Own Account of the Gold Discovery.

I WAS one of the "forty-niners," and worked for two years in the mines near Coloma. There I became well acquainted with Marshall, the discoverer of gold, about whom we Argonauts had so often conversed on our long and weary journey across the plains.

Coloma, the site of "Sutter's Mill," was then but a small mining village, whose straggling houses and canvas tents were scattered promiscuously along both banks of the Rio de los Americanos. At that time it was the center of numerous mining camps, and was famous for its drinking saloons and gambling booths, where miners from all the neighboring camps were accustomed to gather on Sunday to hear the news, lay in supplies for the coming week, and try their luck at monte. The cañon through which the river flowed here widened out on both sides, leaving a space of level ground on which the town was built; from this the ascent to the level land above was comparatively easy. All the rivers of California that have their rise in the Sierra Nevada run through wild cañons, from one to three thousand feet in depth. The faces of these cañons are so abrupt and steep that in a few places only can the sure-footed pack-mule zigzag its way up and down their dizzy heights. Here, at Coloma, the sides of the cañons lose their perpendicular and rugged character, and slope gently upward. For this reason long trains of pack-animals, with an occasional "prairie schooner," were daily seen descending and fording the river at the mill on their way from Sacramento to the mines still farther north.

One day, while I was taking a pencil sketch of the mill and its surroundings, Marshall came along and seated himself beside me; and there, sitting on the high bank with our feet dangling over the race, he pointed out the very spot where his eye had caught the glimmer of that first bit of gold. He was very communicative, but somewhat soured, and spoke rather freely of the heartlessness of the Government at Washington because it had not protected him in his rights as a settler. He claimed the same amount of land, six hundred and forty acres, that the first settlers had obtained in Oregon, where he had lived before he drifted southward into California. He had made nothing from his discovery, and now all this land surrounding his mill, which was his by right of settlement, was gathered up and taken from him little by little, "without leave or license." He had nothing left but the fame, which, as he naively remarked, was "neither victuals nor clothes to any one."

I fully sympathized with him in his tribulations, and finally obtained what I so much desired, a full statement of the causes which impelled him to come so far from Sutter's Fort, together with all the incidents pertaining to his great discovery. This narrative, which I pencilled down at the time, I believe was the first he ever gave to any one. And it is written just as it fell from his lips, without correction or addition of any kind.

FREEPORT, PA. *Charles B. Gillespie.*

[MARSHALL'S NARRATIVE.]

"IN MAY, 1847, with my rifle, blanket, [illegible] crackers to eat with the venison for the deer here were awful plenty, I ascended the American River, according to Mr. Sutter's wish, as he wished to find a good site for a saw-mill, where we could have plenty of timber, and where wagons would be able to ascend and descend the river hills. Many fellows had been out before me, but they could not find any place to suit, so when I left I told Mr. Sutter I would go along the river to its very head and find the place, if such a place existed anywhere upon the river or any of its forks. I traveled along the river the whole way. Many places would suit very well for the erection of the mill, and plenty of timber everywhere, but then nothing but mule could climb the hills; and when I would find a spot where the hills were not steep, there was no timber to be had; and so it was until I had been out several days and reached this place, which, after first sight, looked like the exact spot we were hunting.

"I passed a couple of days examining the hills, and found a place where wagons could ascend and descend with all ease. On my return to the fort I went out through the country examining the cañons and gulches, and picking out the easiest places for crossing them with loaded wagons.

"You may be sure Mr. Sutter was pleased when I reported my success. We entered into partnership; I was to build the mill, and he was to find provisions, teams, tools, and to pay a portion of the men's wages. I believe I was at that time the only millwright in the whole country. In August, everything being ready, we freighted two wagons with tools and provisions, and accompanied by six men I left the fort, and after a good deal of difficulty reached this place one beautiful afternoon and formed our camp on you little rise of ground right above the town.

"Our first business was to put up log houses, as we intended remaining here all winter. This was soon, as less than no time, for my men were great with the ax. We then cut timber, and fell to work hewing it for the framework of the mill. The Indians gathered about us in great numbers. I employed about forty of them to assist us with the dam, which we put up in a kind of way in about four weeks. In digging the foundation of the mill we cut some distance into the soft granite; we opened the tail-race and then I left for the fort, giving orders to Mr. Weimar to have a ditch cut through the bar in the rear of the mill, and after quitting work in the evening to raise the gate and let the water run all night, as it would assist us very much in deepening and widening the tail-race.

"I returned in a few days, and I found everything favorable, all the men being at work in the mill. When the channel was opened it was my custom every evening to raise the gate and let the water wash out as much sand and gravel through the night as possible; and in the morning, while the men were getting breakfast, I would walk down, and, shutting off the water, look along the race and see what was to be done, so

that I might tell Mr. Weimar, who had charge of the Indians, at what particular point to set them to work for the day. As I was the only millwright present, all of my time was employed upon the framework and machinery.

"One morning in January,—it was a clear, cold morning; I shall never forget that morning,—as I was taking my usual walk along the race after shutting off the water, my eye was caught with the glimpse of something shining in the bottom of the ditch. There was about a foot of water running then. I reached my hand down and picked it up; it made my heart thump, for I was certain it was gold. The piece was about half the size and of the shape of a pea. Then I saw another piece in the water. After taking it out I sat down and began to think right hard. I thought it was gold, and yet it did not seem to be of the right color: all the gold coin I had seen was of a reddish tinge; this looked more like brass. I recalled to mind all the metals I had ever seen or heard of, but I could find none that resembled this. Suddenly the idea flashed across my mind that it might be iron pyrites. I trembled to think of it! This question could soon be determined. Putting one of the pieces on a hard river stone, I took another and commenced hammering it. It was soft, and did n't break: it therefore must be gold, but largely mixed with some other metal, very likely silver; for pure gold, I thought, would certainly have a brighter color.

"When I returned to our cabin for breakfast I showed the two pieces to my men. They were all a good deal excited, and had they not thought that the gold only existed in small quantities they would have abandoned everything and left me to finish my job alone. However, to satisfy them, I told them that as soon as we had the mill finished we would devote a week or two to gold hunting and see what we could make out of it.

"While we were working in the race after this discovery we always kept a sharp lookout, and in the course of three or four days we had picked up about three ounces — our work still progressing as lively as ever, for none of us imagined at that time that the whole country was sowed with gold.

"In about a week's time after the discovery I had to take another trip to the fort; and, to gain what information I could respecting the real value of the metal, took all that we had collected with me and showed it to Mr. Sutter, who at once declared it was gold, but thought with me that it was greatly mixed with some other metal. It puzzled us a good deal to hit upon the means of telling the exact quantity of gold contained in the alloy; however, we at last stumbled on an old American cyclopedia, where we saw the specific gravity of all the metals, and rules given to find the quantity of each in a given bulk. After hunting over the whole fort and borrowing from some of the men, we got three dollars and a half in silver, and with a small pair of scales we soon ciphered it out that there was no silver nor copper in the gold, but that it was entirely pure.

"This fact being ascertained, we thought it our best policy to keep it as quiet as possible till we should have finished our mill. But there was a great number of disbanded Mormon soldiers in and about the fort, and when they came to hear of it, why it just spread like wildfire, and soon the whole country was in a bustle. I had scarcely arrived at the mill again till several persons appeared with pans, shovels, and hoes, and those that had not iron picks had wooden ones, all anxious to fall to work and dig up our mill; but this we would not permit. As fast as one party disappeared another would arrive, and sometimes I had the greatest kind of trouble to get rid of them. I sent them all off in different directions, telling them about such and such places, where I was certain there was plenty of gold if they would only take the trouble of looking for it. At that time I never imagined that the gold was so abundant. I told them to go to such and such places, because it appeared that they would dig nowhere but in such places as I pointed out, and I believe such was their confidence in me that they would have dug on the very top of yon mountain if I had told them to do so.

"The second place where gold was discovered was in a gulch near the Mountaineer House, on the road to Sacramento. The third place was on a bar on the South Fork of the American River a little above the junction of the Middle and South forks. The diggings at Hangtown [now Placerville] were discovered next by myself, for we all went out for a while as soon as our job was finished. The Indians next discovered the diggings at Kelsey's, and thus in a very short time we discovered that the whole country was but one bed of gold. So there, stranger, is the entire history of the gold discovery in California — a discovery that has n't as yet been of much benefit to me."

Confirming the Gold Discovery.

SOMETIME in March, 1848, vague rumors of the gold discovery at Sutter's Mill found their way to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, at that time a town of three or four hundred inhabitants. The writer of this was editing and printing with his own hands a small weekly paper in the town, the first that had been started there, and when the reports of gold on the Rio de los Americanos began to multiply he deemed it to be in the line of his duty to go and investigate the wonder.

It was a seven days' journey by sloop or "launch," as the Sacramento River carrier of that day was called, from San Francisco to Sutter's Fort, and the party, consisting of the editor and two friends, reached the "embarcadero" of Sutter's Fort,— that is to say, the river landing, — where Sacramento now stands, in the early part of April. One of Sutter's Indians apprized the captain of our coming, and, as was his invariable custom on the arrival of strangers, he caused saddled horses in charge of vaqueros to be sent to convey the new-comers to the fort. Its proprietor met us at the entrance, hat in hand, and gave us his usual whole-hearted welcome. He was then a man of about forty-six years of age, gray and venerable in appearance, but erect, and of ruddy countenance, his mild, blue eye lighted with benevolence, and his simple, guileless nature manifesting itself in every act and expression. After seeing us made comfortable, he set before us a hearty meal of the beef and frijoles of the country, and we announced that we had come to see the gold-mine which it was reported he and Marshall had opened on the American River.

He not only readily assented, but offered to provide horses, provisions, and attendants for our journey, and also to go with us in person to the spot. It may have been that he had not the faith of his partner Marshall in the extent and permanency of the newly discovered "diggings," but those who knew Sutter well will see in the incident the overflowing kindliness of heart and the unselfish generosity that characterized his whole life.

At sunrise the next morning we took the road to the lumber camp, distant a good day's ride from the fort. Captain Sutter's two Indian body-servants preceded us with extra saddle-horses and a pack-animal carrying provisions and camp equipage. Our party, consisting of the captain, mounted on a favorite riding-mule, and my two friends and myself, on native horses, followed at a good gait, though at this period of his life Captain Sutter was not an overbold rider, and in fording streams and crossing marshy places was careful almost to timidity. I remember well his appearance under his broad-brimmed hat, and carrying under his arm his gold-headed cane. At one point on the road, where it led through a stony bog, his mule made a misstep, and I heard her rider expostulate in a low tone: "God bless me, Katy! Now den, child! De oder foot. So!"

We reached the fork of the American, on which the saw-mill was being erected, early in the afternoon. During our ride we had not seen a human being, and had passed but one house. The camp of the millwright and lumbermen was in a beautiful grove of pines on the side of a long hill sloping to the river. This "long hill of Coloma" became memorable not many months afterward, when freight wagons and stages came into use, for its wearisomeness, occasionally relieved by a runaway among the half-trained bronco teams. The mill, now so famous in history, was at the foot of this hill, on the edge of the stony bar that stretched out to the river. The race, in which the first gold was found, ran along the bank just above the level of the bar, but both bar and race were flooded now from the sudden and unusual rise in the river; work was stopped at the mill, and the lumbermen were idle in the camp.

Riding up to the camp, Captain Sutter saluted the men with his characteristic politeness and cordiality, and introduced our party to Marshall. "These gentlemans have come to see der gole-mines, Mr. Marshall," he said; and then, seeing the vexed and disappointed look that came into the latter's face, he added that we were his friends, and showed by his open manner that so far as we were concerned, at least, there need be no secrecy about the gold. But Marshall would not be propitiated, and gave us only gruff and evasive replies to our inquiries about the locality where it was to be found.

"You'll find it anywhere you're a mind to dig for it down there," said he, half extending his arm in the direction of the river. Some months later this proved to be literally true, but it was very misleading to our unpractised party at that time, and we searched diligently until near sundown in most impracticable places. Only one of us was rewarded by the "colors." Major E. B. Reading washed out a few grains with an Indian basket and thought himself very poorly paid for his labor.

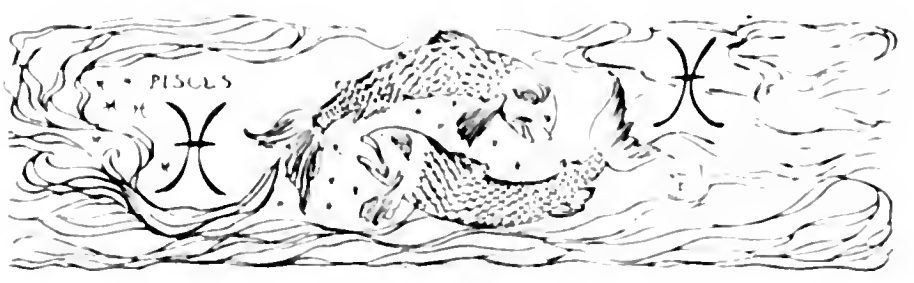
After supper we gathered about the camp-fire, and the Indians of the neighborhood, having heard of Captain Sutter's arrival, came, as was their custom, to see him, dropping in by twos and threes until we had nearly all the principal men of the Coloma bands before us. Then an old chief arose and began to harangue the captain, warning him against looking for the gold, which he declared was very "bad medicine." He said his ancestors had known all about it; that it existed all through the mountains, but that it belonged to a demon, who devoured all who searched for it. This demon inhabited a lake in the mountains, the shores of which were lined with gold. All our dusky friends agreed with the speaker that it was a very awful thing to meddle with the gold. We afterward came to the conclusion that the early Mission fathers had learned of the existence of gold, and, wishing to keep the knowledge secret and prevent its value becoming known among their Indian catechumens, had invented this fable of the demon to work upon their superstitious fears. But the old chief was a true prophet as to the disastrous effects of the newly discovered gold on the fortunes of poor Sutter and of the simple-minded and hospitable Spanish rancheros who then dwelt at ease on the land.

We returned to the fort the next day. On our way through the foothills we had another illustration of Captain Sutter's unbounded generosity. Crossing the beautiful little valley through which Weber Creek flowed, one of our party expressed his admiration of the spot in such warm terms that our host offered to present a deed of the land to him. From the fort we returned to San Francisco, and in the columns of the "California Star" of the following Saturday appeared the first veritable announcement of the discovery of gold, coupled with half a column of serious advice to farmers, mechanics, and all who were plying their trade successfully to stick to their calling and let the gold-mines severely alone. This was the first investigation of the gold mines in California, and the first visit by Captain Sutter to the scene of the discovery which laid open the wonders of that region to the world.

E. C. Kemble.

Erratum.

ON page 791 of the September CENTURY, in Mr. Fitch's article "How California came into the Union," an instance of heterophemy occurs in the substitution of September 29 for October 29, the date of the first formal celebration of the admission of California.



THE FAITH DOCTOR.[1]

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

I.

THE ORIGIN OF A MAN OF FASHION.

IT was the opinion of a good many people that Charles Millard was "something of a dude." But such terms are merely relative; every fairly dressed man is a dude to somebody. There are communities in this free land of ours in which the wearing of a coat at dinner is a most disreputable mark of dudism.

That Charles Millard was accounted a dude was partly nature's fault. If not handsome, he was at least fine-looking, and what connoisseurs in human exteriors call stylish. Put him into a shad-bellied drab and he would still have retained traces of dudishness; a Chatham street outfit could hardly have unduded him. With eyes so luminous and expressive in a face so masculine, with shoulders so well carried, a chest so deep, and legs so perfectly proportioned and so free from any deviation from the true line of support, Millard had temptations to cultivate natural gifts.

There was a notion prevalent among Millard's acquaintances that one so versed in the lore and so deft in the arts of society must belong to a family of long standing; the opinion was held, indeed, by pretty much everybody except Millard himself. His acquaintance with people of distinction, and his ready access to whatever was deemed desirable in New York, were thought to indicate some hereditary patent to social privilege. Millard had, indeed, lines of ancestors as long as the longest, and, so far as they could be traced, his forefathers were honest and industrious people, mostly farmers. Nor were they without distinction: one of his grandfathers enjoyed for years the felicity of writing "J. P." after his name; another is remembered as an elder in the little Dutch Reformed Church at Hamburg Four Corners. But Charley Millard did not boast of these lights of his family, who would hardly have availed him in New York. Nor did he boast of anything, indeed; his taste was too fastidious for self-assertion of the barefaced sort. But if people persisted in fitting him out with an imaginary pedigree, just to please their own sense of congruity, why should he feel obliged to object to an amusement so harmless?

Charles Millard was the son of a farmer who lived near the village of Cappadocia in the State of New York. When Charley was but twelve years old his father sold his farm and then held what was called in the country a "vendoo," at which he sold "by public outcry" his horses, cows, plows, and pigs. With his capital thus released he bought a miscellaneous store in the village, in order that his boys "might have a better chance in the world." This change was brought about by the discovery on the part of Charley's father that his brother, a commission merchant in New York, "made more in a week than a farmer could make in a year." From this time Charley, when not in school, busied himself behind the counter, or in sweeping out the store, with no other feeling than that sweeping store, measuring calico, and drawing molasses were employments more congenial to his tastes and less hard on good clothes than hoeing potatoes or picking hops. Two years after his removal to the village the father of Charley Millard died, and the store, which had not been very successful, was sold to another. Charley left the counter to take a course in the high school, doing odd jobs in the mean while.

When young Millard was eighteen years old he came into what was a great fortune in village eyes. His father's more fortunate brother, who had amassed money as a dealer in country produce in Washington street, New York, died, leaving the profits of all his years of toil over eggs and butter, Bermuda potatoes and baskets of early tomatoes, to his two nephews, Charley Millard and Charley's elder brother, Richard. After the lawyers, the surrogate, the executor, and the others had taken each his due allowance out of it, there may have been fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars apiece left for the two young men. Just how much it was the village people never knew, for Charley was not prone to talk of his own affairs, and Dick spent his share before he fairly had time to calculate what it amounted to. When Richard had seen the last of his money, and found himself troubled by small debts, he simplified matters by executing a "mysterious dis-

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PIONEER DAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE SCENE OF THE "ALCALDE" A.

WHEN Captain Montgomery first gave the American flag to the breeze on the Plaza of Yerba Buena on the 8th of July, 1846, let us hope that a certain person was there to see—that native woman who, in Los Angeles in 1842, sang in the hearing of Duflot de Mofras her song of prophecy: "When the Frenchmen come, the women will surrender; when the Americans come, good-by to California!"

On the day of that flag-raising Yerba Buena was an amiable as well as a picturesque village, and its tenscore of inhabitants,—native Californians, English, Scotch, and Irish, with a sprinkling of Swiss, Swedes, Danes, Kanakas, and Indians,—unvexed by prophetic dreams of the feverish days of gold, were content to hail that gaudy bunting, and the promise of all that it stood for; were content to wait till the commerce of all the seas should find its way to the noblest anchorage the world could offer it.

The ever-expectant citizen of Yerba Buena who, spy-glass in hand, on the last day of that same July, mounted the hill above the cove ("Telegraph Hill" it was to be called) was greeted with a prospect that justified his highest hopes, and inspired him with the raptures to which Benjamin Morell had given expression fifteen years before—"a bay that might float the whole British navy without crowding; a circling grassy shore indented with convenient coves; a verdant, blooming country round about." Here were waving woodlands, and pastures flecked with grazing herds; hill and dale, mountain and valley, rolling rivers and gurgling brooks. And, looking seaward to where the Pacific pounded at the rocky headlands of the Golden Gate, he descried a ship under all sail, heading for the straits and the bay; a ship carrying the American ensign at her peak, but not a man-of-war, for her decks, and even her lower rigging, were black with passengers—men, women, and children! Again and again, with leveled glass, he peered, confirming the witness of his eyes; then he turned and ran down the hill and around the curving beach of the cove that rested sleepily between the arms of Clark's Point and the Rincon; and presently all the motley multitude of his fellow citizens were swarming from their adobes and their shanties, stirred with the news as the leafy ridges of the Contra Costa were stirred with the sea-breeze.

The ship that let go her anchor that day, off the little island of the "good hens," was the *Brooklyn* from New York, bringing "Bishop" Brannan (the redoubtable "Sam" of a later day) and his colony of Latter-day Saints; and these brought stout hearts, strong arms, and cunning hands; money, tools, pluck, keen wits, and a printing-press. And so, although they quarreled with their very mundane bishop, and went to law with him, and abandoned their scheme of Mormon colonization, and presently made game of Brigham Young in their tents among the sand-hills, nevertheless they gave to San Francisco her first prayer-meeting, her first jury trial, her first local advertising, her first newspaper; for with the same types and press that had once done duty for "The Prophet" in New York, they printed blank deeds, alcaldes' grants, and pronunciamentos, and early in the following January issued the first number of the "California Star," pledged "to eschew with the greatest caution everything that tends to the propagation of sectarian dogmas." A progressive folk, those Mormons of Yerba Buena!

Toward the close of January, 1847, Yerba Buena underwent a change of name, and by summary process and proclamation of the alcalde became San Francisco; for the chief magistrates of those days were a very summary folk, doing a mildly autocratic business each in his little bailiwick, and having small reverence for precedents or principles, but just setting up or casting down according to certain loose notions of their own regarding Mexican

judicature or Californian traditions. And so the first alcalde of Yerba Buena under the American flag, being a naval lieutenant (Mr. Washington A. Bartlett) appointed by Captain Montgomery, and invested with ample powers, military as well as civil, to administer the affairs of the embryo metropolis according to Mexican practice conformed to American ideas, proceeded to the making of history in a small way, building better than he knew. He first changed the name of the place to San Francisco, and then vouchsafed to explain that Yerba Buena was but a paltry cognomen taken from a lot of vulgar mint overrunning an insignificant island; that it was a merely local name, "unknown beyond the district," while San Francisco had long had the freedom of the maps; and finally that it was an outlandish name, which Americans would mangle in pronouncing. "Therefore, to prevent confusion and mistakes in public documents, and that the town may have the advantage of the name given on the public map, it is hereby ordained," etc.

And the alcalde was right: for in 1836 Alexander Forbes had written "the port of San Francisco is hardly surpassed by any in the world"; and ten years later (eighteen months in advance of the Bartlett coup) George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, had instructed Commodore Sloat in relation to the blockade or occupation of "the port of San Francisco," in the event of his (Sloat's) ascertaining with certainty that Mexico had declared war against the United States.

The 5th of March, 1847, brought the ship *Thomas H. Perkins*, with a detachment of the New York regiment commanded by Colonel Stevenson. These men were pledged by the terms of their enlistment to make permanent settlement in California at the close of the war, and they had been chosen for the most part with an eye to their prospective usefulness as skilled artisans or shrewd traders. Thus they constituted an important accession to the population, and, joined with their Mormon predecessors, showed a bold front of energy and confident resources. The air began to be stirred with the bustle of business, and all the talk was of town lots. General Kearney had ceded to the town all the beach- and water-lots on the east front, between Fort Montgomery and Rincon Point; and on the 20th of July two hundred of these lots, lying between the limits of high- and low-water marks, were sold at public auction for from $50 to $100 each. These lots measured 45 × 137 feet, and were for the most part uncovered at low tide. In December, 1853, the water-lots between Clay and Sacramento streets fetched from $8000 to $16,000 each, although they were but 25 × 60 feet, and at all times under water. In 1847 a fifty-vara lot north of Market street could be bought for $16. A vara, the Spanish yard, is about 33⅓ inches, and six of these lots made a building block bounded by four streets. Hittell[1] records that, in the seventeen months ending on the 1st of August, "157 houses had been built in a place which had only 30 houses before"; and already it was a city of two newspapers, for in May the "Californian" had come from Monterey and cast in its fortunes with the "smart little settlement on the cove," which, having secured two notable importations of unterrified hustlers, had begun to set competition at defiance, with a total population of nearly five hundred, composed of all nationalities under the sun. Of this number fully one half were citizens of the United States; and these, being stirred by municipal aspirations, bethought them that it was time to give the place a town council and call it a city. So a public meeting was held under a call from the governor, and six gentlemen were elected to constitute an *ayuntamiento*, or council. These were Messrs. Glover, Jones, Howard, Parker, Leidesdorff, and Clark, and their functions were the laying out of streets, the award of building privileges, the regulation of business, the granting of licenses, the appointment of town officers and constables, etc. The enforcement of ordinances and general execution of the laws devolved upon the first alcalde, who was Mr. George Hyde. He was assisted by Dr. T. M. Leavenworth as second alcalde, and by Mr. Leidesdorff as treasurer. Messrs. Glover, Leidesdorff, and Clark were appointed a committee to take measures for the establishment of a public school for the youth of both sexes; but it was not until April 3, 1848, that the school was formally opened. By that time the population had increased to about 850, all told, and the buildings of all kinds numbered two hundred, including two considerable hotels, besides public houses and saloons, stores, warehouses, and two wharves in course of construction. Already the characteristic enterprise of San Francisco had begun to express itself in a brisk development of its peculiar industry: gambling-houses were springing up on every corner, and an ordinance of the ayuntamiento provided for the seizure, for the benefit of the town, of all moneys found on any table used for gambling with cards. "Such an ordinance, if enforced a year later, would have enriched the city in a single night; but the act was repealed at the next meeting."[2]

Early in the spring of 1848 there began to be rumors of gold to be found in the foothills

[1] J. S. Hittell, "A History of the City of San Francisco."

[2] Soulé, Gihon, and Nisbet, "The Annals of San Francisco": New York, 1855.

of the Sierra Nevada; and presently actual miners appeared in town, showing small parcels of dust and telling tales of wonder that turned the heads of gaping groups met at the landing on the cove and in every place convenient for assembling from Telegraph Hill to Happy Valley. Then the cry went up, and bedlam was let loose. Sailors deserted from the shipping and soldiers from the barracks; the laborer dropped his shovel and his pick, only to return and take them up again — shovels and picks would be useful in the diggings; the mechanic turned his back upon his job; the builder left his house unroofed; the blacksmith and the baker let their fires go out; and the merchant stripped his shelves, huddled his goods into boxes and bales, and shouted at the cove for a launch bound for the Sacramento Valley. The cry of "Gold!" was caught up and reëchoed on the docks and in the marketplaces of Atlantic seaports, until the world was turned upside down. Every day added to the number of those who were hurrying to the "placers," and the bay was alive with freighted launches crawling up the Sacramento. In May and June the "Californian" and the "California Star" stopped their presses with a farewell flysheet. In the middle of July the "Californian" revived with news of affairs in the mines. For two months the ayuntamiento had not met; the city fathers and officials had all gone to the diggings. The public school, which had been closed for two months, was reopened in December, and on Sundays public worship was held there by a Protestant chaplain imported from Honolulu, on a salary of $2500, raised by subscription.

The first brick house in San Francisco was built by Mellus and Howard on the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, in September, 1848. In December flour was $20 a barrel, butter ninety cents a pound, brandy $8 a gallon, and gold-dust dull at $10.50 an ounce. Common laborers were getting $10 a day, and ordinary mechanics $20. Gold-dust at $16 the ounce soon became the circulating medium for all purposes of trade. The bay was bustling with small craft, and the sand-hills were thickly flecked with canvas tents and such makeshifts as could be rigged with a pole and two blankets, while the Plaza and Clay and Montgomery streets, rioted in music and drink and gambling. "Men," says Hittell, "who had lived on five dollars a month now spent hundreds; men who had been idlers formerly were now among the most industrious, and men who had never before wasted a day became loungers and gamblers." And, let us add, men who at home had been blithe, cheery, vital, became despondent, moody, inert, stunned by the mad scramble about them; and men refined, sensitive, keenly susceptible to impressions of coarseness and depravity, became home-sick, heart-sick, desperate, ready to plunge into the unknown out of the ghastly brutality of such a training as this.

On the last day of February came the steamship *California*, bringing General Persifer Smith to the command of the Military Department, comprising California and Oregon; and on the last day of March the Pacific mail-steamer *Oregon* brought about three hundred and fifty passengers, including Colonel John W. Geary, who bore government despatches to the commanders of the military and naval forces on the Pacific, and brought the first regular mail that was opened in San Francisco. Colonel Geary had been appointed postmaster of the new city, with powers to create post-offices, appoint postmasters, and establish mail routes throughout the territory. Within the next three months more than three hundred square-rigged vessels were lying in the harbor stranded and disabled for want of sailors, the crews having deserted in a body almost as soon as the anchors were let go. Some of these vessels eventually rotted where they were moored; some were hauled up on the beach and in the mud to serve as storehouses, lodging-houses, and saloons; and, at a later period, more than one of them, flanked by buildings and wharves, and forming part of a street, appeared as an original and startling feature of that most surprising town. Thus, the brig *Euphemia* was purchased by the ayuntamiento and converted into the first jail, and the store-ship *Apollo* was used as a lodging-house and drinking-saloon; and as lots were piled or filled in on the flat covered by the bay, the Apollo saloon in course of time presented the extraordinary spectacle of the hull of a large ship looming up among the houses. The *Niantic*, stripped of her masts and rigging, and propped with piles on each side, lay at the corner of Sansome and Clay streets and served for the storing of merchandise, and when the May fire of 1851 consumed all but the deeper parts of her hull and some of her ribs, a hotel was built on the wreck and called the Niantic.

In the first six months of 1849 fifteen thousand souls were added to the population of San Francisco; in the latter half of that year about four thousand arrived every month by sea alone. At first the immigrants were from Mexico, Chile, Peru, and the South American ports generally; but soon our own Americans began to swarm in, coming by way of Cape Horn and Panama, or across the plains, and the number of these was swelled by the addition of thousands of deserters from the shipping, and by a straggling contingent from China, Australia, and the Hawaiian Islands. Probably two thirds of these newcomers proceeded at once to the mines,

but those that remained to try their fortunes in the city were enough to give to San Francisco at the end of the year a population of twenty-five thousand — mostly men, young or of middle age, very few women, fewer children, with here and there a bewildered matron or maiden of good repute. Here were British subjects, Frenchmen, Germans, and Dutch, Italians, Spaniards, Norwegians, Swedes, and Swiss, Jews, Turks, Chinese, Kanakas, New Zealanders, Malays, and Negroes, Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, Cretes and Arabians, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia and Cappadocia, in Boston and New Orleans, Chicago and Peoria, Hoboken and Hackensack.

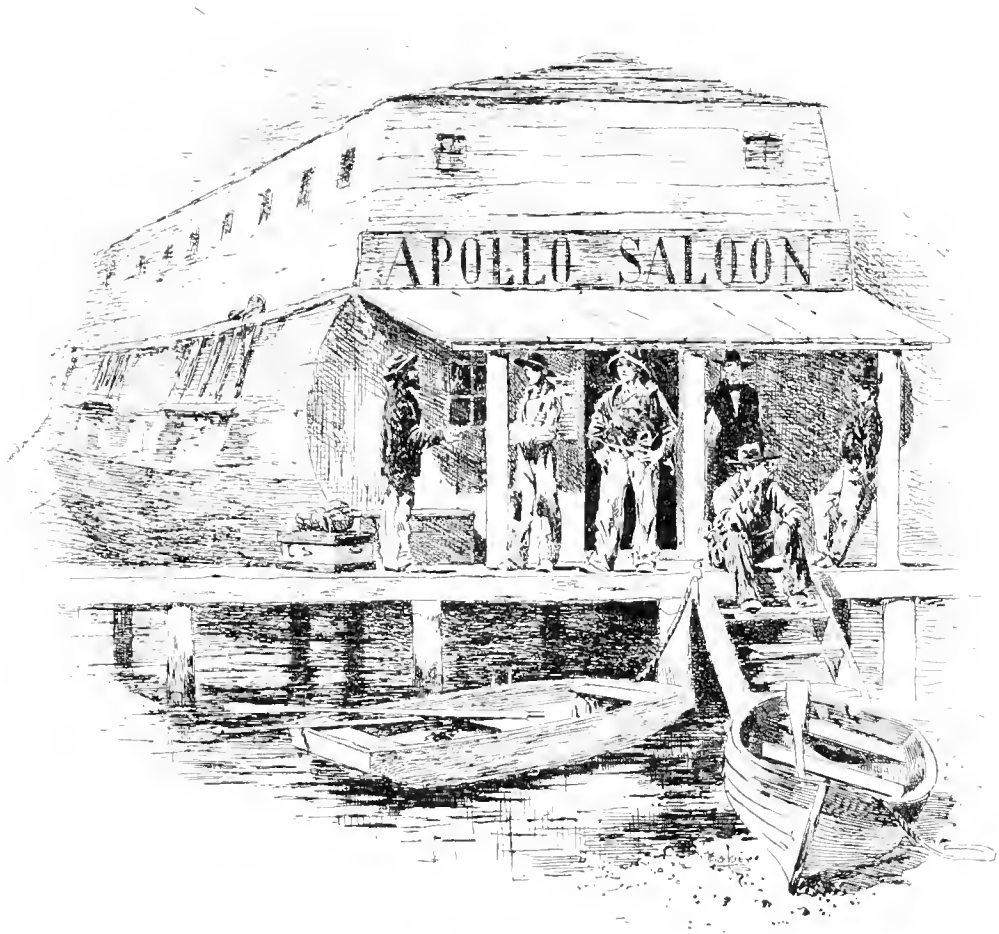
And how did they all live? In frame-houses of one story, more commonly in board shanties and canvas tents, pitched in the midst of sand or mud and various rubbish and strange filth and fleas; and they slept on rude cots, or on "soft planks" under horse-blankets, on tables, counters, floors, on trucks in the open air, in bunks braced against the weather-boarding, forty of them in one loft; and so they tossed and scratched, and swore and laughed, and sang and skylarked — those who were not tired or drunk enough to sleep. And in the working-hours they bustled, and jostled, and tugged, and sweated, and made money — always made money. They labored and they lugged: they worked on lighters, drove trucks, packed mules, rang bells, carried messages, "waited" in restaurants, "marked" for billiard-tables, served drinks in bar-rooms, "faked" on the Plaza, "cried" at auctions, toted lumber for houses, ran a game of faro or roulette in the El Dorado or the Bella Union, or manipulated three-card monte on the head of a barrel in front of the Parker House; they speculated in beach- and water-lots, in lumber, pork, flour, potatoes; in picks, shovels, pans, long boots, slouch-hats, knives, blankets, and Mexican saddles. There were doctors, lawyers, politicians, preachers, even gentlemen and scholars among them; but they all speculated, and as a rule they gambled. Clerks in stores and offices had munificent salaries; $5 a day was about the smallest stipend even in the custom-house, and one Baptist preacher was paid $10,000 a year. Laborers received a dollar an hour; a pick or a shovel was worth $10; a tin pan or a wooden bowl, $5; and a butchers' knife, $30. At one time the carpenters who were getting $12 a day struck for $16. Lumber rose to $500 per thousand feet, "and every brick in a house cost a dollar, one way or another."[1] Wheat flour and salt pork sold at $40 a barrel; a small loaf of bread was fifty cents, and a hard-boiled egg a dollar. You paid $3 to get into the circus, and $55 for a private box. Men talked dollars, and a copper coin was an object of antiquarian interest. Forty dollars was the price for ordinary coarse boots; and a pair that came above the knees and would carry you gallantly through the quagmires brought a round hundred. When a shirt became very dirty, the wearer threw it away and bought a new one. Washing cost $15 a dozen in 1849. Rents were simply monstrous: $3000 a month in advance for a "store" hurriedly built of rough boards. Wright and Co. paid $75,000 for the wretched little place on the corner of the Plaza that they called the Miners' Bank, and $36,000 was asked for the use of the Old Adobe as a custom-house. The Parker House paid $120,000 a year in rents, nearly one half of that amount being collected from the gamblers who held the second floor; and the canvas tent next door, used as a gambling-saloon, and called the El Dorado, was good for $40,000 a year. From 10 to 15 per cent. a month was paid in advance for the use of money borrowed on substantial security. The prices of real estate went up among the stars: $8000 for a fifty-vara lot that had been bought in 1848 for $20. Yet, for all that, everybody made money, although a man might stare aghast at the squalor of his lodging, and wish that he might part with his appetite at any price to some other man. It was some such man as this who preserved the bill of fare of the Ward House for the dinner there on the 27th of October, 1849.

Oxtail soup	$1.00
Baked trout, anchovy sauce	1.50
Roast beef	1.00
Roast lamb, stuffed	1.00
Roast mutton, stuffed	1.00
Roast pork, with apple sauce	1.25
Baked mutton, caper sauce	1.25
Corned beef and cabbage	1.25
Ham	1.00
Curried sausages	1.00
Lamb and green peas	1.25
Venison, wine sauce	1.50
Stewed kidney, champagne sauce	1.25
Fresh eggs	1.00 each
Sweet potatoes	.50
Irish potatoes	.50
Cabbage	.50
Squash	.50
Bread pudding	.75
Mince pie	.75
Brandy peaches	2.00
Rum omelette	2.00
Jelly omelette	2.00
Cheese	.50
Prunes	.75

At the El Dorado Hotel at Hangtown (a mining-camp) the dainty menu offered "beef with one potato, fair size," $1.25; "beef, up along," $1; "baked beans, greased," $1; "new potatoes, peeled," 75 cents; "hash, low grade," 75 cents; "hash, 18 karats," $1; "roast grizzly," $1; "jackass rabbit,

[1] "Annals of San Francisco."

IN FRONT OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.



OLD STORE-SHIP "APOLLO," USED AS A SALOON.

whole," $1.50; "rice with brandy peaches," $2; and "a square meal" for $3. "All payable in advance. Gold-scales on the end of bar." But the small, cheap gold-scales cost $30, and the coarse knives and forks not less than $25 the pair.

The aspect of the streets of San Francisco at this time was such as one may imagine of an unsightly waste of sand and mud churned by the continual grinding of heavy wagons and trucks, and the tugging and floundering of horses, mules, and oxen; thoroughfares irregular and uneven, ungraded, unpaved, unplanked, obstructed by lumber and goods; alternate humps and holes, the actual dumping-places of the town, handy receptacles for the general sweepings and rubbish and indescribable offal and filth, the refuse of an indiscriminate population "pigging" together in shanties and tents. And these conditions extended beyond the actual settlement into the chaparral and underbrush that covered the sand-hills on the north and west.

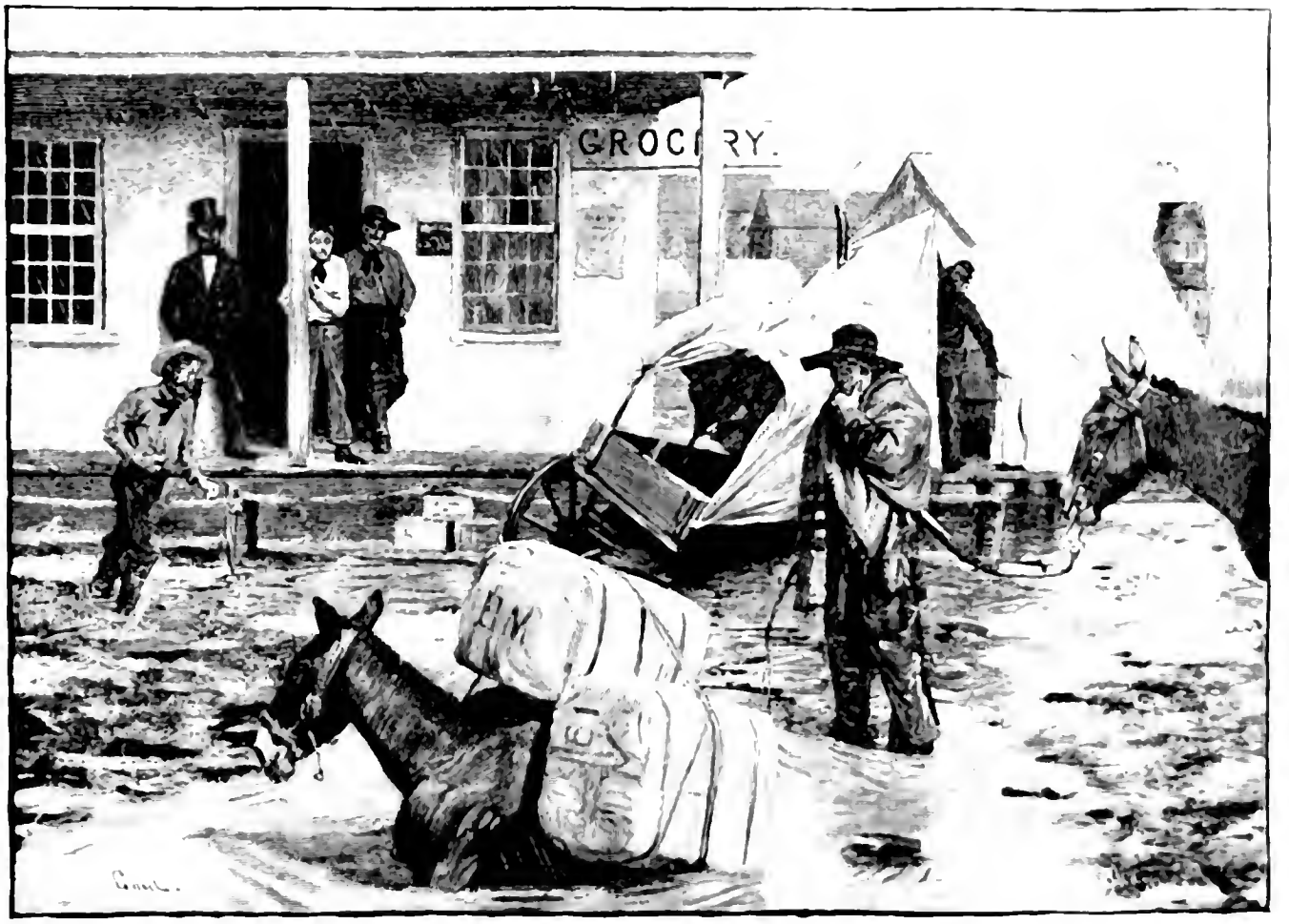
The flooding rains of winter transformed what should have been thoroughfares into treacherous quagmires set with holes and traps fit to smother horse and man. Loads of brushwood and branches of trees, cut from the hills, were thrown into these swamps; but they served no more than a temporary purpose, and the inmates of tents and houses made such bridges and crossings as they could with boards, boxes, and barrels. Men waded through the slough, and thought themselves lucky when they sank no deeper than their waists. Lanterns were in request at night, and poles in the daytime. In view of the scarcity and great cost of proper materials and labor, such makeshifts were the only means at hand. A traveler who came by sea in 1849 describes with graphic interest "the peculiar construction of the sidewalk between the store of Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. and the Adams Express office." This place was bridged with cooking-stoves, sacks of Chile flour, bags of coffee, and boxes of tobacco; and one yawning pit was stopped with a piano. Nevertheless, there were clumsy or drunken pedestrians who would have sunk out of sight but for timely rescue. Hittell tells of two horses that were left in the mud of Montgomery street to die of starvation, and of three drunken men who were suffocated between Washington and Jackson streets. And yet the rains that were productive of conditions so desperate and deadly in the city brought showers of gold to the miners in the diggings, and the monthly yield of dust and nuggets was three times greater after November than it had been in the summer.

Standing on the piazza of the Old Adobe custom-house, on the upper side of the Plaza, or Portsmouth Square, and looking eastward across the open space, you had before you the Parker House and Dennison's Exchange, center and focus of all interest and all news to the San Franciscan of '49; and adjoining the Parker House, on the corner of the Plaza formed by the intersection of Kearney and Washington streets, was the El Dorado, most reckless of gambling-resorts and phenix of many fires. Amidships, on the north side of the square, was the original office of the "Alta California" newspaper, a journal which terminated its existence only a few months ago; and adjoining that, the Bella Union and Washington Hall — alike infamous, the former as a den of gam-

bling desperados and cutthroats, and the latter as a stew of polyglot debauchery.

Southward, on the Clay street side of the Plaza, and on the corner of Kearney street, was that historic adobe, the old City Hotel, the first important hostelry of Yerba Buena; and when the placers began to give out their treasures it was the headquarters of gambling miners, and overflowed with gold. "Scenes such as never before were and never again will be witnessed," said the "Alta California," "were common in the old City Hotel in 1848 and '49." In the spring of '49 the building was leased for $16,000 per annum, cut up into small stores and offices, and subleased at an enormous advance; but the City Hotel was "gobbled up" in the great fire of June, 1851. Higher up, on the south side, was Sam Brannan's office, where that redoubtable Mormon arraigned the "Hounds" before a concourse of exasperated citizens, and demanded their summary stamping out. Across the way, on the southwest corner of the Plaza, was the little frame school-house—the first school house, which became, afterward, a concert hall for Steve Massett's musical eccentricities, and then a police-station for a most inefficient constabulary. Between the school-house and the south end of the Old Adobe was the alcalde's office, where justice was informally dispensed by a Leavenworth or [illegible] between the Old Adobe [illegible] stood the original flag [illegible] Uncle Sam's title deed to the [illegible] of gold.

The Old Adobe was [illegible] in the San Francisco of those wild times [illegible] most dear to the memory of every [illegible] In the early days of the American occupation it had been used as a military barrack [illegible] guard house, and later it became the first custom-house of San Francisco. A [illegible] looking structure, with sturdy brown walls, low-pitched roof, tiled in [illegible] ion, a long, rickety porch with [illegible] and posts and railings elaborately whittled, the Old Adobe from its coign of vantage on the higher ground overlooked the Plaza and [illegible] note of the various devilment [illegible] reckless doings; while, with that handy [illegible] beam at the south end of the porch, it seemed to wait with [illegible] vigilance committee should [illegible] victim their short shrift [illegible] The ever open portal admitted [illegible] vestibule which divided the [illegible] wings, and showed you on [illegible] of the inspectors and deputies [illegible] the sanctum of the collector — [illegible] and dapper little man who [illegible] nimity was the admiration of the [illegible]



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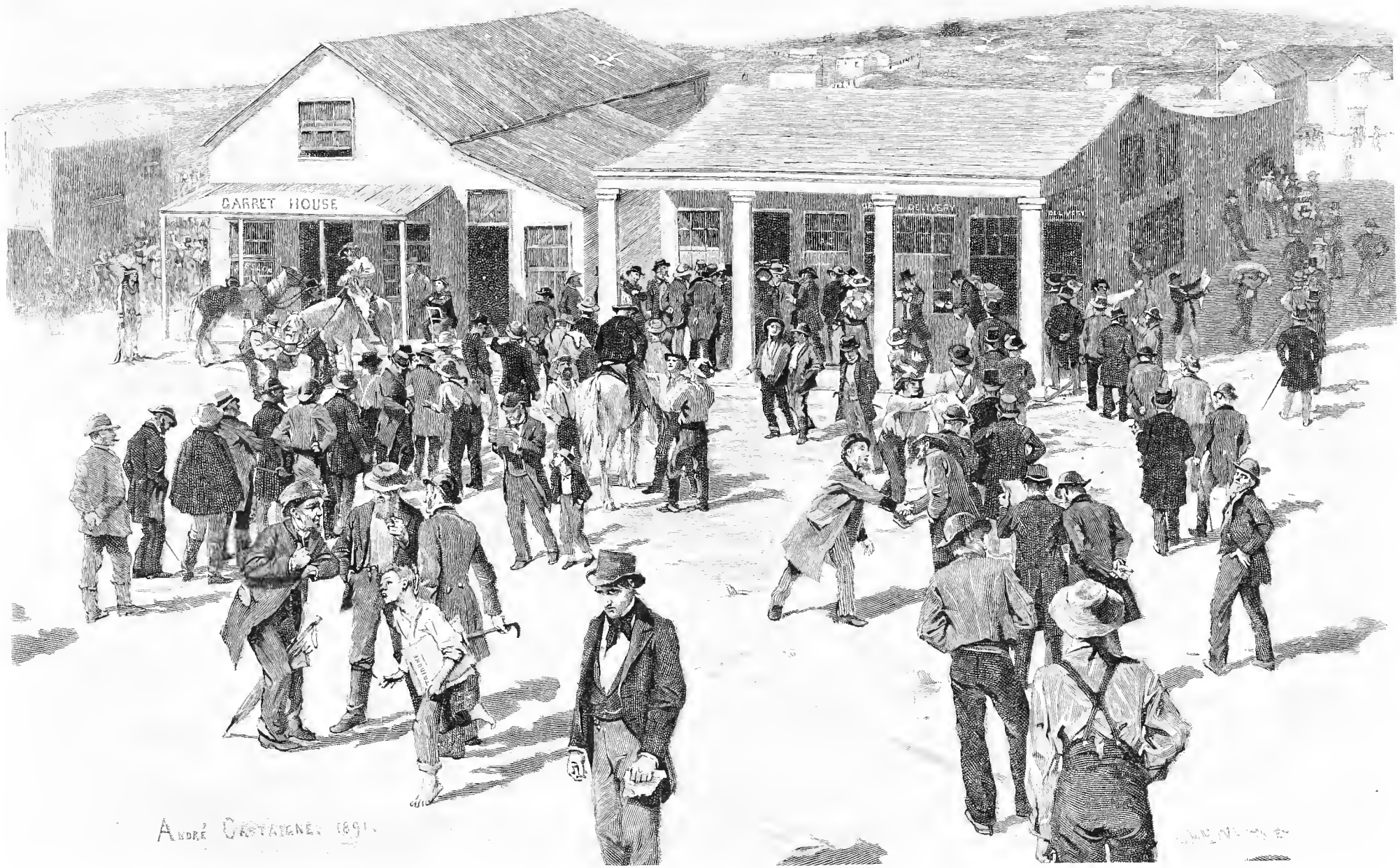


DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

THE POST-OFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO, 1849–50.

imparting an air of repose and hospitality to all his surroundings, and making even his iron safe, which should have been the grim receptacle of the public treasure, seem but a pleasing and confiding joke, seeing that he usually kept it as open as his own countenance, and free to display its golden lining to the day.

On the 22d of June, 1851, the Old Adobe disappeared from the map of San Francisco, swallowed up in that last great fire which devoured the City Hotel and the City Hospital, the Jenny Lind Theater and the office of the "Alta California." Other adobe houses characteristic of the old California life were the Mowry dwelling and the residence of Señora Briones, both on the northwestern skirt of the town. These were all of one story, and roofed with tiles. The entrance was set fairly in the middle of the front, and there was usually a hall extending from the front to the back door and equally dividing the house, so as to give a large sitting room, which was also used for a guest-room, on one side of the hall, and on the other a bed-chamber in front and a kitchen at the back. In several of these houses the guest-room and the bed-chamber were floored with tiles of marble in alternate black and white, and the cornices showed some fair attempts at carving; these apartments were always hospitably furnished, and on occasions of entertainment made pretensions to luxury.

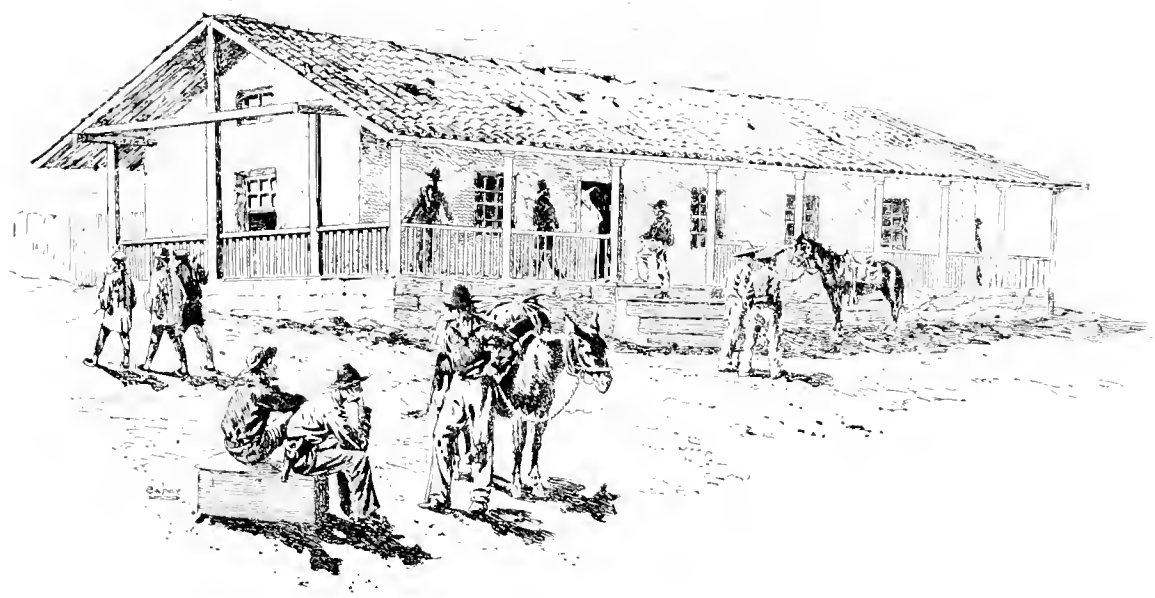
The post-office of that time was a frame building of one story and an attic on the corner of Clay and Pike streets. There was but small accommodation here for clerks and "handlers," and still less for the impatient and peremptory crowd of home-hungry men who came daily, but most of all on mail-day, which was once a month, and took the small windows and loopholes by storm. To avoid contusion and dangerous conflict, long queues were formed, extending from the windows along Clay street to the Plaza, and along Pike street sometimes as far as Sacramento, and even to the chaparral beyond. Here traders, miners, merchants, gamblers, and adventurers of every complexion waited in their places, often from the afternoon of one day, all night long, to the morning of the next, in the mud and the soaking rain, with weary limbs and anxious hearts. Men whose strength was unequal to the strain were glad to employ others to hold their places for them through the long hours; and there were those who, while not seeking or expecting letters for themselves, secured good standings in the line before the coming of the crowd, only to sell their right of place to richer men whose time was money. From ten to twenty dollars was a common price for such service.

The gamblers of '49 constituted a controlling class with whom was all the physical, moral, and financial force. Abounding in ready resources of a mixed and mysterious kind, and unscrupulous in the application of them; themselves well stocked with the adventurer's courage, and their courage impressingly backed up with six-shooters, numbering in their society, whether as professionals or amateurs, many of the "first men" of the city; having the largest show of "smartness," if not of a finer intellectuality and higher wisdom; of sophisticated observation, reckless speculation, and, most important of all, cash; paying the highest rents, monopolizing the most desirable business sites; prompt in applying every new and admirable improvement, commanding every comfort that invention or expensive labor could supply, every luxury that fine raiment, and pictures, and shows, and music, and wine, and a motley "world of ladies" could stand for — no wonder that they swayed the city, and carried the day with a high hand. For they paid twelve per cent. a month for money, and were ready to take all they could get at that price, offering securities in the good-will and fixtures of one "saloon" or another, a house, a lease, a water-lot, a bank.

Moreover, the gambler of '49 was no vulgar villain of the sordid stripe; he had his aspirations; it was proud game he hunted, and he put his own life into the chase. The law being to play fair or die, and the finest distinctions of the *meum* and *tuum* being defined by the pistol, it is easy to understand that there were honest gamblers in San Francisco in '49; in fact, I will go so far as to assert that, as a class, no others were so strict and punctual in all their dealings. No investment was safer or more profitable than a loan to a gambler; no rightful claim was more easy of collection. Nor were these men, though most dangerous on certain points of professional prerogative, by any means habitually quarrelsome. On the contrary, they were often the peacemakers of a fierce crowd whose explosive passions were stirred, constituting themselves an extemporaneous vigilance committee, in the name of the law and order they had themselves set up for the occasion; and then woe to the refractory!

As I have elsewhere said,

not uncommonly the professional faro banker of '49 was a farmer-like and homespun man, with a kindly composition of features and expression, patriarchal in his manners, a man to go to for advice, abounding in instructive experience of life, and full of benevolent leanings toward the world; a man to lounge about the portico of the hotels, reading his "Alta," or the latest home papers, projecting city improvements and public charities, discussing important enterprises, overhauling the business of the ayuntamiento, considering at large the state of the country, deeming the duties of



OLD ADOBE, USED AS CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Congress toward California, portraying the future of the State; and then — starting out to make the round of the tables, and deliberately to set about "breaking the bank." I have known such a man to take, in one day and night, five out of seven monte banks, besides a faro bank or two, seat his own dealers at them to keep the game going, and then subside into his pipe and newspaper, his political economy and projects of benevolence.

Of such was the fraternity that swayed the city in those days, and the secret of their paramount influence lay, partly, in their harmonious combination of the preëminently American traits — a faculty of taking accurately and at once the bearings of new and strange situations, fixity of purpose, persistence of endeavor, audacity of enterprise, ready hazard of life, ever fresh elasticity of sanguine temperament, but principally in the imposing figures of an omnipotent cash capital, wherewith they knew how to feed the enormous cravings of the people, and mitigate their privations and their pains.[1]

The people eagerly accepted the treacherous comforts and solacements so seductively displayed on the green cloth; and gambling became the recreation of the honest toiler or trader, as well as the revel of the reckless buccaneer. While occupations were as various as the needs and makeshifts of those who had recourse to them, it may be said that in all that din and bustle and hurly-burly there was but one pursuit. Miners and boatmen, laborers, mechanics, and builders, merchants and clerks and peddlers, thimbleriggers and fakirs from the streets, lawyers, physicians, judges, clergymen — all alike found a rapture in faro or bluff, a distraction in roulette or rondo, an edifying experience in monte or rouge-et-noir. The bar and the green table went into partnership, and, with a joint stock of cards and chips, decanters, fiddles, and pictures, and reckless women, did a madly merry business. There were hundreds of such places where, in the evening and all night long, keen fellows, horribly quiet, shuffled the fateful cards with deadly deliberation, or where bedeviled women, horribly beautiful, greedy, and cruel, twirled roulette-wheels to the mockery of music.

The great "saloons" were on the Plaza: all of the east side and the greater part of the north and south sides were given up to them. In each of these from ten to a dozen tables waited for players — for the man whose "blood was up," or the man who was bored, or the pleasant fellow who "might as well amuse himself." The man whose blood was up usually began with a stake of a thousand dollars and ended with fifty cents, and lost it; and the pleasant fellow who would amuse himself usually began with fifty cents and ended with a thousand dollars, and lost it; while the bored man won and won, and "took no interest." Piles of coin in gold and silver, bags of dust, and gold in nuggets, lay in the middle of the table; and the game went on in sweet repose and pensiveness, not even broken when the stakes were at their highest, and the spectators, standing three lines deep, waited for the luck of "that long-haired stranger who came to break the bank."

"Everybody gambled" — that was the excuse for everybody else. The phenomenal exception was the man who, having lost his all at three-card monte on the head of a barrel in the Plaza, was thereupon seized with acute compunctions on moral grounds, and a luminous theory of the ratio of chances. "While profits and wages were so high, while there were no homes, no comfort or decency to be found in lofts and bunks, men thought to take refuge in riotous excess, seeking for rest and recreation

[1] J. W. Palmer, "The New and the Old."

in gambling-hells, and bar rooms, and dance-houses."[1] To find the few virtuous and worthy women of that time, you must have sought for them in tents and makeshift harbors, safely withdrawn from the public gaze, or else in the struggling beginnings of churches that feebly held their little forts against the banded forces of a multifarious godlessness.

From the upper corner on Washington street to the lower corner on Clay street, the people filed across the Plaza, between the Old Adobe and the Parker House, in an unending procession, or broke into motley groups of many colors and many tongues, and loitered by the flag-staff, among the trucks, and the oxen, and the mules, the stalls of the small venders, and the handy boxes and barrels of the fakirs and thimbleriggers, and the dealers of three-card monte; while from time to time some jingling ranchero, picturesque in serape, sombrero, and silver bell-buttons, and heeled with formidable spurs, would come caracoling across the square, making a circus of himself for the delectation of señora and madame. Always conspicuous among these was the ubiquitous Chinaman, "child like and bland," but slyly twinkling with the conscious smartness of ways that are as hard to find out as the thimble-rigger's pea, which he so cunningly resembles.

CORNER OF THE PLAZA, FEBRUARY, 1850.

There is record of two Chinese men and one woman who came to California on the bark *Eagle* from Hong Kong in 1848. By February, 1850, these had been followed by 787 men and two women, and still they came. Beginning in the mines, they spread into the farms and gardens, and thence into workshops and factories, outbidding the Caucasian with longer hours of work and smaller pay. "Then the men who had given them employment, displacing the American and European workmen, soon found that they had sown the wind to reap the whirlwind. The Chinese quarter in San Francisco became, it was charged, a hotbed of depravity and crime. The opium habit spread among the white youth of both sexes, and fatal dens were open day and night."[2] The oath of a Chinaman became a joke in the courts, and it was proved that in the Chinese quarter rewards were covertly offered for the slaying of innocent witnesses. Thus anti-Chinese legislation, for the suppression of the Chinese highbinder, became a foregone conclusion.

But there are Chinese and Chinese; they are not all coolies and highbinders. In "Little China," as the district which includes Dupont street and the upper part of Sacramento street is called, were many respectable and wealthy Chinese merchants, men who trafficked in the goods and wares of their country, and were regarded by their Caucasian neighbors as shrewd, polite, and well informed, having consideration for their social caste, holding themselves aloof from the washermen and the porters, and, so far as the exigencies of their business permitted, living retired. In common fairness they were not to be reckoned with the keepers of gambling-dens, opium joints, and brothels, but rather to be accepted as an honorable protest and appeal in the interest of that class of their people who are industrious, decent in their lives and manners, and of good report, who are contented, peaceable, and thrifty, and who hold it a point of honor that the Chinaman who cannot pay his debts must kill himself for the credit of the survivors.

Even in those days a sentiment of Sundayness might be found in the suburbs of San Francisco; and in an equestrian scamper to the Lagoon, the Presidio, the old Spanish cantonment, or the Mission San Dolores, one might

[1] "Annals of San Francisco."

[2] San Francisco "Chronicle," September 7, 1860.

MISSION SAN DOLORES — SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

give his heart an airing. The Mission, so intimately associated with the early history of Yerba Buena and the later San Francisco, though it had been projected ever since the discovery of the bay in 1769, was not founded till 1776. The site was a small, fertile plain, embosomed among green hills, about two miles from the center of the present city. Several rivulets of clear, sweet water mixed their streams to form the larger Mission Creek. Further north were the bleak and sterile sand-hills on which the site of the present city was pitched; but the Presidio was more happily placed, and the small cove on the east, within the narrow entrance to the bay, afforded shelter and good anchorage.

The old Mission Church of 1850 was a spacious building of adobe, very plain without and partly whitewashed, except the front, which was relieved by certain crude architectural decorations, and showed several handsome bells. The interior was somber, grim, and cold. On the walls were rude paintings of saints and sacred subjects, and tinsel ornaments decorated the altar. But mass was still celebrated in the gloomy pile for the spiritual comfort of a small company of worshipers, mostly women of the Spanish races.

But the Mission was the favorite resort of holiday-makers from the city, especially of the Sunday revelers. Here bull-fights were held, and bear-baitings, and prize-fights of pugilists, and horse-races, and duels, and all the other mild diversions of the Forty-niner; and bars and gambling-tables supplied abundantly the indispensable refreshment and risk. Over the plank road, constructed in 1850, came an endless cavalcade of dashing equestrians of both sexes, and the highways extending southward to San José invited to pleasant excursions among green fields and hills.

But, after all, it was but a ghastly jollity, for under and all around it were destitution and disease, crime and despair and death. For the sick, the friendless, and the utterly broken there were, for many months, no infirmary, no hospital fund, no city physician.

"Your honor, and gentlemen," said the eccentric Mr. Krafft, addressing an imaginary ayuntamiento, "we are very sick, and hungry, and helpless, and wretched. If somebody does not do something for us we shall die; and that will be bad, considering how far we have come, and how hard it was to get here, and how short a time we have been here, and that we have not had a fair chance. All we ask is a fair chance; and we say again, upon our honor, gentlemen, if somebody does not do something for us, we shall die, or we shall be setting fire to the town first, and cutting all our throats."[1]

For these were the times when scurvied men were landing from the ships, and men crippled with rheumatism, and wasted with dysentery, and delirious with pneumonia and typhoid fever, were taking refuge in the city, to find only the bare, wet earth for a bed, under a leaky tent, or a foul bunk in the loft of a shanty, where a man had never a chance to die like a man, because of the cruel, carousing crew in the den below; no doctor, no nurse, no balm, no wine or oil, no cup of cold water, no decent deathbed. And so we found their poor, cold, silent corpses in lonely tents apart, or in the bush, or under the lee of a pile of lumber in Sacramento or Montgomery street; and we dug a hole and buried them right there, and the city of San Francisco is their gravestone, and this story is their epitaph.

Here is a passage from the address of the alcalde, Colonel John W. Geary, to the ayuntamiento in August, 1849:

> At this time we are without a dollar in the public treasury, and it is to be feared the city is greatly in debt. You have neither an office for your magistrate, nor any other public edifice. You are without a single police officer or watchman, and you have not the means of confining a prisoner for one hour; neither have you a place to shelter sick and unfortunate strangers who

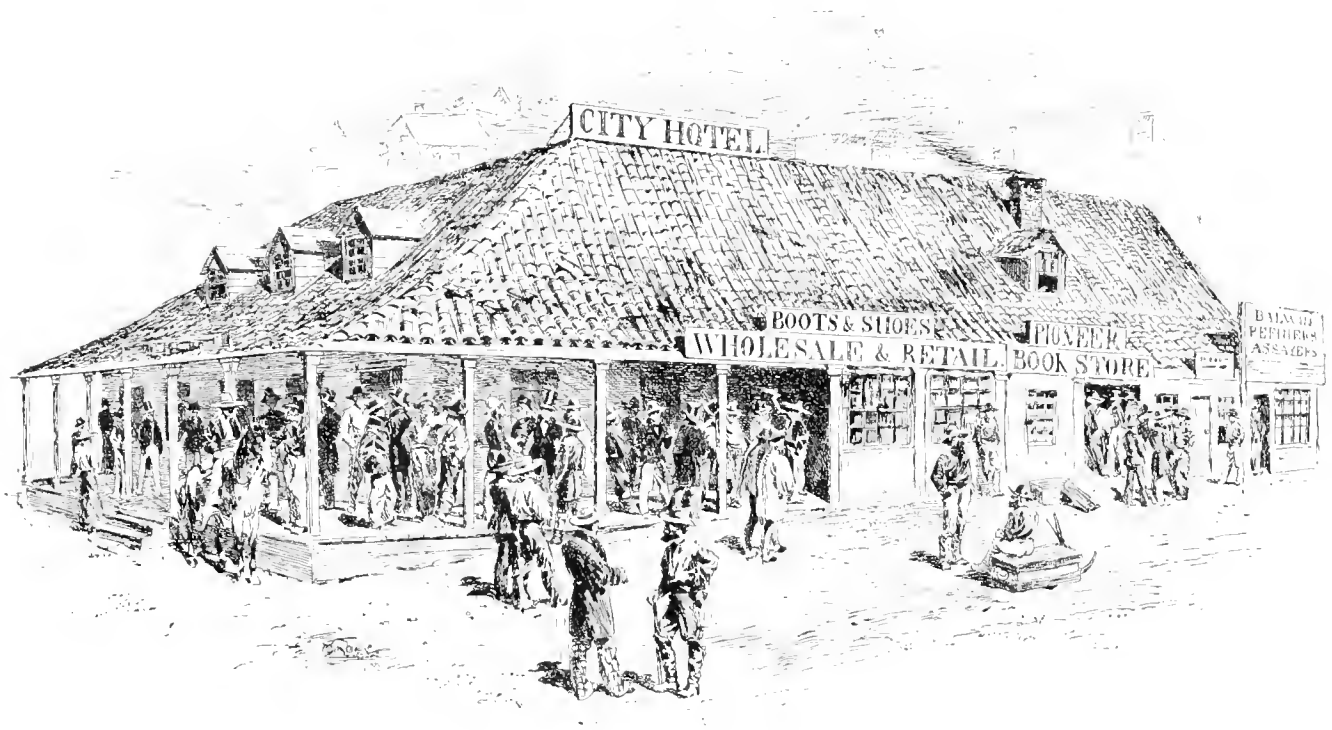
[1] J. W. Palmer, "The New and the Old."

may be cast upon our shore, or to bury them when dead. Public improvements are unknown in San Francisco. In short, you are without a single requisite for the promotion of prosperity, for the protection of property, or for the maintenance of order.

Organized bands of ruffians, including thieves, burglars, and roughs, ever ready with knife and pistol, roamed unchallenged. Depredation and assault became familiar incidents in the life of the town. The conflagrations which subsequently laid waste the most valuable districts were traced or ascribed to the handiwork of "Sydney coves" and "Hounds," who plundered under cover of the general confusion and dismay incident to a great fire. And everywhere was the reckless apathy of "every man for his own hand," every man a law to himself, and the six-shooter his only constable. Only on a Sunday afternoon, on the piazza of the Old Adobe, was the voice of the prophet heard in righteous rebuke and warning—the voice of brave old Father Taylor, lifted up in stentorian psalm and prayer, arresting the passing miner and gambler, the "Sydney cove" and the courtezan, and holding them [illegible] your God.

Most dangerous, and for [illegible] of the immigrant criminals [illegible] recruit the gangs of "Sydney town," [illegible] old convicts and ticket of leave men from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, [illegible] feared nothing but the gallows anywhere, and even that not at all in this land of [illegible] care, where prosecutors and witnesses were too busy to concern themselves with courts, where judges were ignorant, careless, or corrupt; where trials were too costly for a bankrupt city; and where a man might [illegible] utterly under an alias or an alibi, [illegible] or a scrape, a smooth face or a [illegible] beard.

The quarter known as "Sydney town," the "Five Points" and the "Seven Dials" of San Francisco, lay around Clark's Point, in Broadway and Pacific street. Here a [illegible] hardly [illegible] with debauchery and assaults, [illegible] ounces of fellow could be [illegible] fire a house, and no questions [illegible] "Although hundreds of murders had been committed" by the desperate denizens of those [illegible] other



THE FIRST HOTEL AT SAN FRANCISCO.

quarters, "and many murderers had been arrested, not one had been hanged, either legally or at the hands of self-appointed executioners; and the very courts themselves had become a by-word." [1]

But the very excesses and intolerable outrages of this state of things presently compelled their own stamping out by methods that were short and summary. On the 15th of July, 1849, a gang of young men who called themselves "Regulators," but were commonly known as "Hounds," and who were the "Mohawks" and "thugs" and "plug-uglies" of that time, proceeded to "take the town" after a fashion which they had made their own. This gang, which had been first heard of toward the close of 1848, began to make itself felt and feared in the spring of the following year. Under the pretense of mutual defense against the encroachments of foreigners, especially Chileans, Peruvians, and Mexicans, they had adopted a sort of military organization with a regular headquarters, which they called Tammany Hall, in a tent near the City Hotel. They paraded the town in broad daylight, with flag and fife and drum, armed with revolvers and bludgeons; and at night, when the streets were dark and unguarded, they often raided saloons and taverns, eating and drinking at the charge of the proprietors, and afterward making a wreck of stock and furniture in the very devilment of wantonness and fun.

Returning from a marauding excursion to the Contra Costa on the afternoon of Sunday, the 15th of July, they made the rounds of the town, equipped in fantastic toggery of ponchos and Canton crape shawls, pillaged from Spanish-American and Chinese shops; and in the evening they marched upon the tents of the Chileños, cuffing and kicking the women and children, and clubbing and shooting the men, tearing down the tents, destroying their scanty furniture, and plundering them of clothing and valuables.

The limit of that criminal apathy which had so long passed for patience was reached at last. On the 16th the community of "all good citizens" met on the Plaza in response to a proclamation of Alcalde Leavenworth, who had been urged to vigorous action by a committee of merchants and others. The meeting was organized with Mr. W. D. M. Howard as chairman and Dr. Fourgeaud as secretary. Sam Brannan addressed the multitude, and denounced the "Hounds," and the whole foul herd of criminals and miscreants, in unmeasured terms. A subscription was opened for the relief of those who had suffered by the outrages of the 15th; a volunteer police force was organized, consisting of 230 special constables, armed with muskets and revolvers, and commanded by Captain W. E. Spofford; and that same afternoon twenty of the "Hounds," including Sam Roberts, their leader, were captured and lodged on board the United States ship *Warren*. On Tuesday a grand jury of twenty-four citizens found a true bill against the prisoners, who were brought to trial on Wednesday before a jury specially impaneled. Sam Roberts and his mate, Saunders, were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with hard labor, and the others to shorter terms with fines. But these penalties were never enforced. Several of the leaders were sent out of the country, the rest were set at liberty; and although the "Hounds" were muz-

[1] San Francisco "Chronicle," September 7, 1890.

zled, other criminals and desperados, more daring and dangerous than they, were encouraged to show a bold front and strike deadlier blows. The famous Vigilance Committee of 1851, with its swift and tragic executions, was the inevitable response to the general cry for retribution and protection.[1]

The hotels of San Francisco may be regarded as the consummate product of that primitive system of coarse feeding places which began in 1848 in the makeshifts of a mining camp, and was developed in the growth of "saloons" and restaurants of every imaginable description: dining-rooms, chop-houses, cabarets, and fondas. There were cooks for every people and tribe under the sun — American, English, German, French, Italian, Chilean, Mexican, Chinese, Kanaka, Negro. There were beef and mutton from the ranches, fish from the bay and rivers, bear, elk, antelope, hare, squirrel, quail, duck, snipe, and plover from the inland hills and valleys, vegetables from the Pacific islands, and fruits from more distant ports. A hungry man might make a tolerable meal on beef at fifty cents, pork or mutton at seventy-five cents, a dozen canned oysters for a dollar, and a baked potato for half a dollar; or if his appetite was dainty and his pouch full, he might indulge in roast duck at five dollars, broiled quail at two dollars, and "top off" with sardines and *pâté de foie gras* regardless of expense.

Mr. Winn, the proprietor of the Fountain Head and Branch, arrived in San Francisco in 1849 without a dollar. He started business by making candy with his own hands, and peddling it about the streets on a tray slung from his shoulders by a pair of old suspenders. The San Francisco "Commercial Advertiser" of the 6th of April, 1854, notes that Mr. Winn "paid for ice and eggs last season five months, $28,000; for one month's advertising, $1600; receipts at his two houses average $57,000 a month; has paid $200 a month for water; to one man in his employ, $1000 a month and his board; has paid $3000 for potatoes, and $5000 for eggs, for the same time; and fed poor and hungry people at a daily cost to him of $20."

The first of the San Francisco hostelries, in point of time, was the old City Hotel, which was built of adobes in 1846 at the corner of Clay and Kearney street, and, until after the discovery of gold, was the only notable public house. Then followed, in 1849 and the succeeding years, the Parker House, the Graham House, afterward the City Hall, the St. Francis, the Union (destroyed in the fire of May 4, 1851), the Oriental, the Tehama, Wilson's Exchange, the Rasette House, and others.

The public amusements of San Francisco may be said to have begun at the old school house on the Plaza on the evening of June 22, 1849, when Mr. Stephen C. Massett appeared in a sort of musical monologue, with recitations and imitations. The small room was filled, "front seats" being "reserved" for the four ladies who were present. The piano used on this occasion was loaned by Mr. Harrison, the collector of the port, and was said to be the only one in California; the charge for admission was $3, and $16 was the price paid for removing the piano from the custom-house to the school house, half way across the

Plaza. In 1849 and 1850 there were equestrian and acrobatic performances in tents,— Rowe's and Foley's circuses,— and in January, 1850, the first dramatic performance was given in Washington Hall, "The Wife", and "Charles II." being indifferently played by a small company to a large audience. In April, 1850, a French vaudeville company appeared in a neat little house on Washington street near Montgomery, and, in September following, the original Jenny Lind Theater offered attractions over the Parker House saloon on Kearney street. This house was destroyed in the fire of May, 1851. The large brick and stone building known as the New Jenny Lind, afterward the City Hall, was opened on the 5th of October, 1851, and the American Theater on Sansome street on the 20th.[2]

The school house on the Plaza was appropriated as a place of public worship on October,

[1] See this magazine for November and December, 1891.

[2] "Annals of San Francisco."

1848, the services being conducted by the Rev. Dwight Hunt, a missionary from the Sandwich Islands, who is remembered as the first Protestant clergyman in California. The little house was filled at every meeting, and on the first Sunday in January, 1849, the first Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to twelve communicants of different denominations. That congregation was composed of people who were not hampered by sectarian prejudices, or concerned to cavil about creeds and forms. The steamship *California*, which arrived in February, brought four missionaries from New York — Messrs. Wheeler, Baptist, and Woodbridge, Douglass, and Willey, Presbyterians. On the 1st of April the steamer *Oregon* brought the Rev. Albert Williams, who, after preaching for a while in the school-house, on the 20th of May organized the first Protestant society in the new city, — the "First Presbyterian Church," — which was started with six members. In this small but notable group were Sarah B. Gillespie of the Presbyterian Missionary Church at Macao, China, and Mr. Frederick J. Billings, of the First Congregational Church at Woodstock, Vermont. This gentleman, by the early and earnest part he took in the moral sanitation of the city, won for himself an honorable name in her annals as a conspicuous pioneer in all good works; he was associated with General Halleck in the practice of law. The place of worship of this brave little congregation was on Dupont street in a tent that had been the marquee of a military company in Boston. This temporary accommodation was superseded in the fall of 1850 by a church edifice, complete with pulpit, pews, lamps, and bells, which was brought out from New York and set up in Stockton street near Broadway; but five months later it was burned, in the great fire of June 2, 1851. Although this represented the first religious society organized in San Francisco, it was preceded as a church edifice by the "First Baptist Church," on Washington street between Dupont and Stockton streets, erected to accommodate the congregation gathered by the Rev. O. C. Wheeler, who had arrived in the *California* in February, 1849. Then followed the "First Congregational Church," organized in July, 1849; "Trinity Church" (Episcopalian), and Grace Chapel, under the rectorship of that devoted missionary, Dr. Vermehr, who, in February, 1854, resigned the principal charge to Bishop Kip.

The early Roman Catholic "Church of St. Patrick," in Happy Valley, with its school and orphan-asylum, and those at the Mission San Dolores and in Vallejo street, were largely attended, and services were held in English, French, and Spanish. Jewish synagogues and Buddhist temples have their place in the religious history of the city, which, beginning with the Mormon elder, Sam Brannan, became in time worthy of the ministrations of Bishops Alemany and Kip; and no man did more to pilot her skittish flock to nobler heights than that brave, pertinacious, and magnetic Methodist, William Taylor, whose church was the open Plaza, and his pulpit the porch of the Old Adobe.

On the 4th of January, 1849, the "Californian," which in November, 1848, had been consolidated with the "Star," changed its name to the "Alta California." At first it appeared as a weekly, then three times a week, and finally it became the first daily paper in California. Then came in quick succession the "Journal of Commerce," the "Pacific News," and the "Daily Herald." On the 1st of August appeared the "Picayune," the fifth daily, but the first evening paper. These were followed by the "Courier," the "Chronicle," the "Bulletin," and others, including German, French, Italian, Spanish, and even Chinese newspapers, all of them marked in a greater or less degree by the ability, enterprise, pluck, and vim which are the characteristics of the country.

In describing the familiar features which should appear in a picture of the San Francisco of those golden years, the auction is not to be forgotten — that last resort of the consignee or supercargo who could find no storage for his shipment, no ready purchaser at any price. There were neither wharves nor warehouses to accommodate the overflowing freights brought by incoming fleets of merchantmen. Lighterage from ship to shore cost four dollars a ton, and the monthly rate for storage was ten dollars a ton. Perishable goods were often a total loss; cargoes were, in some cases, reshipped to the Atlantic States without breaking bulk. Excessive and indiscriminate shipments could but result in wholesale waste and recklessness, and the only relief was to be found in auctions of a slap-dash kind, conducted by any man who might see fit to put up a sign near the water-front.

At first the principal landing-place was at Clark's Point, where the water was deep at the rocky shore; but by October, 1850, there were wharves of considerable length at Market, California, Sacramento, Clay, Washington, Jackson, and Pacific streets. The aggregate length of all the wharves exceeded six thousand feet, and the cost to that date amounted to a round million.

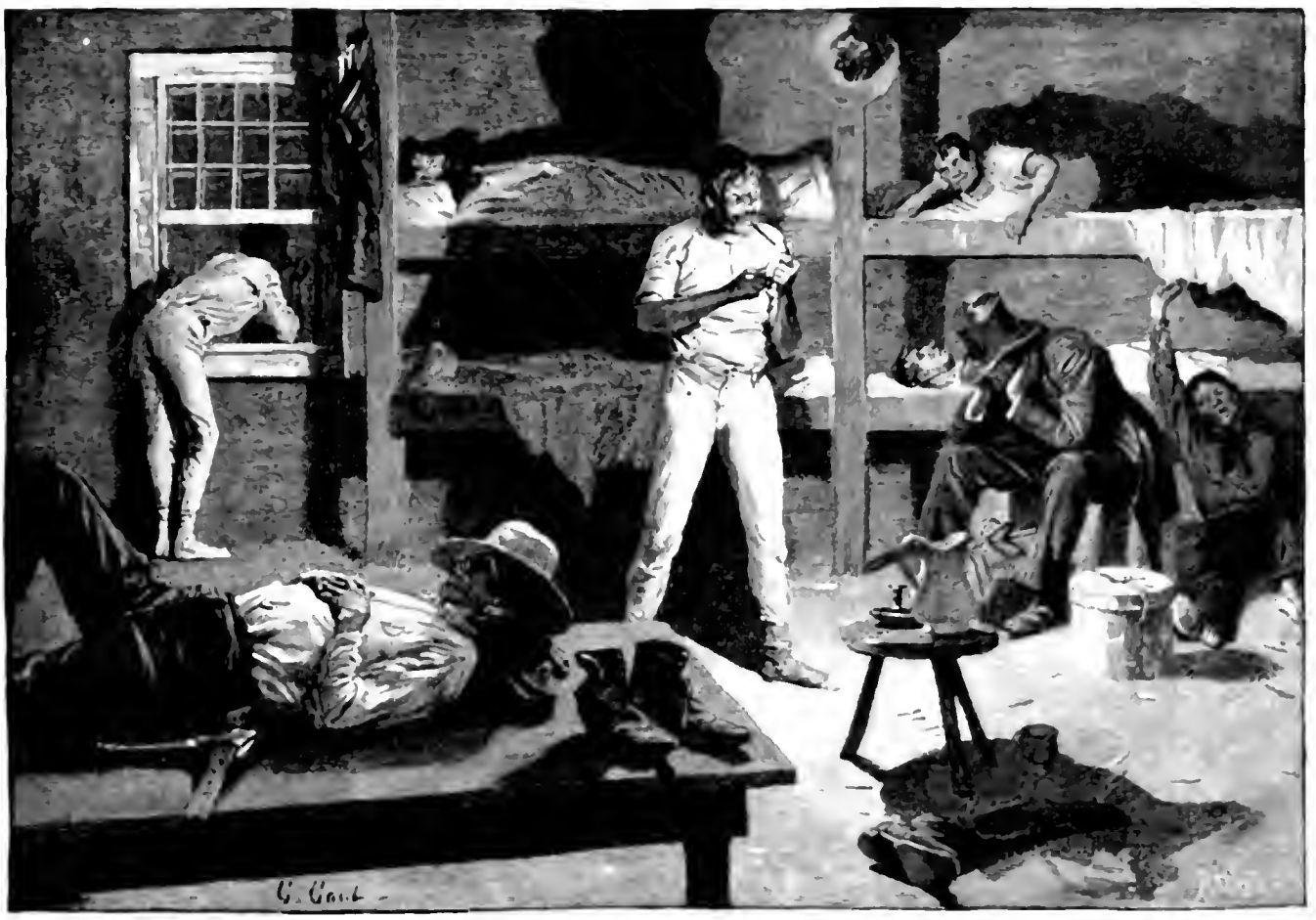
The famous clippers which had excited the admiration of the world of men who "go down to the sea in ships" by the beauty of their lines, their buoyant grace, and their capacity to carry great spreads of canvas, were racing against

time around Cape Horn to land on the wharves of San Francisco cargoes for which there might be no market, but at rates of freight that nearly paid the cost of the ship in a single run. Those were the days of the *Gray Eagle* and the *Greyhound*, the *White Squall* and the *Flying Cloud*, the *Typhoon* and the *Trade Wind*, and the *Sovereign of the Seas* — true couriers and wild riders of the main, that made the very storms their servants.

On Telegraph Hill — on the very spot where in 1847 our citizen of Yerba Buena had stood watching the incoming of the *Brooklyn* with her dispensation of Mormons — Messrs. Sweeny and Baugh erected early in 1849 a lookout, or observatory, which commanded the approach and entrance to the Golden Gate, and by means of a code of signals kept their patrons of the city informed of the approach of vessels of every class, from coasting craft to man-of-war. At a later day a station was established nearer the ocean, which transmitted earlier intelligence by signaling the inner telegraph-house.

Until the fall of 1849 small schooners and launches had afforded the only means of navigation across the bay and up the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers; but in September a little iron steamer called the *Pioneer* began to ply the waters of the Sacramento, and was shortly followed by the *Mint*, the steam-propeller *McKim*, and the *Senator*. At first the run was made in not less than [illegible] or eight days; "fares, $[illegible] cabin, $[illegible] deck, and $[illegible] for berths; meals on board, $2." In 18[illegible] good boat could make the distance in half a day.

It is usual to speak of the conflagrations which from time to time had waste the most populous and bustling parts of San Francisco as the "great fires," because any one of them sufficed to fill the measure of a citizen's conception of ruthless devastation and dismay. There were six of them, beginning with that of Christmas Eve, 1849. Then thin boards and lath, and flimsy cotton cloth, and painted canvas, were licked up like tinder by the lapping tongues of flame. The fire began in Dennison's Exchange, on the Plaza, in the early morning. That notable landmark of the Forty-niner, the Parker House, and all the buildings on Kearney street between Clay and Washington streets, were obliterated from the map of the city. It was the work of minutes, and the loss was [illegible]. On May 4, 185[illegible], the second great fire broke out [illegible] of the first, and swept away in its [illegible] and roar three entire blocks in the heart of the city. This time the loss was four millions. In the first conflagration it was the gamblers who had chiefly suffered; now it was the merchants. Six weeks later, on the 14th of June, when the wind was high, the entire district bounded by Clay and California streets, Kearney street and



A LODGING HOUSE IN [illegible]

FREDERICK J. BILLINGS.

the water's edge, was swept away, buildings and goods being almost totally consumed.

On the 4th of May, 1851, the anniversary of the second great fire, the city was desolated by a conflagration which is remembered as *the* great fire. It made a jest and mock of "fire-proof" buildings, and iron frames and doors and shutters curled up in the flames like cardboard. It began late on the night of the 3d, in a store on the south side of the Plaza. The wind rose with the flames, and whirled them south and north; the streets beneath the planking became great flues; the whole business part of the city was a roaring furnace; and the reflection is said to have been visible in the sky at Monterey, a hundred miles away. Ten hours sufficed for the destruction of nearly two thousand houses; eighteen whole squares, with portions of five others, in the most important part of the city, were almost totally obliterated, and the loss was estimated at $12,000,000. On what had been the streets, men said, "Well, the bay is here, and the people are here, and the placers are left!" And they went straightway to work and built a new city, richer, stronger, handsomer than before. Hittell says of these fires that they exercised an important influence upon the politics and trade of the city. "The fire of May, 1851, was attributed to incendiarism. The amount of property exposed in the streets was so great that the citizens banded themselves into a committee of vigilance, which soon extended its jurisdiction and hanged murderers as well as protected property. Merchants put their goods into store-ships, and the harbor was filled with old hulks until 1854, when brick stores, really fire-proof, began to furnish room and safety on shore. Unable to make bricks or cut stone except at terrific cost, orders were sent abroad for incombustible building materials. Granite was brought from China or from Quincy, lava from Honolulu, and bricks from Sydney, London, and New York." Out of the ruin and waste sprang new life, new forces, higher hopes, and nobler endeavors.

By 1852 the characteristics of a Spanish town had well-nigh disappeared from San Francisco. From Clark's Point to the Rincon, all had become American. The jingling ranchero, ostentatiously sombrero'd and bespurred, had been superseded by equipages familiar in the Eastern cities; omnibuses plied between the Plaza and the Mission; the "steam paddy" was busy in Happy Valley; and the sand-hills at the back of the town were being dumped into the water-lots in front. The city was moving bayward, and new streets were growing upon piles. "Where once floated ships of a thousand tons, now were great tenements of brick securely founded in the solid earth."

The sleepy little Yerba Buena of 1847 had become a metropolis of factories and great

stores, of schools and churches, of newspapers and theaters, of benevolent institutions and public works, of stage-coaches and mails, expresses and steamers; a city of brilliant bustle and magnificent dissipations. But a dollar was no longer paid for a pill, nor ten dollars for an ounce of carpet-tacks; for everybody was trying to sell, and everywhere was glut in spite of the ravenous extravagance and waste. Auctioneers tossed off ship-loads of merchandise for a song, and the enormous loss fell upon the foreign shippers; so "happy go-lucky" was the temper of the hour, and a canter to the Presidio or the Mission, or a picnic excursion to the Contra Costa, was the usual diversion in the intervals of business.

In August, 1850, the Society of California Pioneers was called into being, mainly through the influence and efforts of Messrs. Howard, Brannan, Bryant, Wadsworth, Folsom, and others; and its first appearance as a civic organization, preceding all others in California, was in the public obsequies appointed to honor the memory of President Zachary Taylor, on the 29th of that month. The officers first elected were Messrs. Howard, president; Brannan and Snyder, vice-presidents; Bryant, Parker, Folsom, and Wadsworth, secretaries; and Talbot H. Green, treasurer. Among these associated pioneers Captain Folsom was a conspicuous figure. He came to California as a staff-officer in the quartermaster's department of Stevenson's regiment, and was eventually made chief of that department on the North Pacific coast. With notable foresight, long before the apparition of the golden wizard, he invested all his means in the [illegible] of Yerba Buena, and waited for the coming of the great city he foresaw.

The records of that parent society were destroyed in the great fire of May, 1851, with the exception of one book containing the constitution and the signatures of a few members. The officers, who had been chosen to serve a twelve-month, were compelled by the exigencies of that memorable period of disaster, danger, and turmoil to hold their respective places for three years; but in the imposing demonstration by which the admission of California into the Union of States was celebrated on the 29th of October, 1850, the Society of Pioneers appeared in force, and made a conspicuous impression by their moral and intellectual prestige. On the 6th of July, 1853, the association, which owing to the local troubles had so long been unable to meet, was reorganized at the Oriental Hotel, when Mr. Brannan was elected president; Messrs. Larkin, Snyder, and Lippincott, vice-presidents; and William Tecumseh Sherman, treasurer. The society as at present constituted is a social and benevolent, as well as a historical, scientific, and literary association; and its objects are to collect and preserve information relating to the early settlement and subsequent history of the country, and "in all appropriate matters to advance the interests and perpetuate the memory of those whose sagacity and enterprise induced them to settle in the wilderness and become the founders of a new State."

In the impressive list of honorary members and distinguished guests who in the past have imparted distinction to the meetings of the

[illegible]

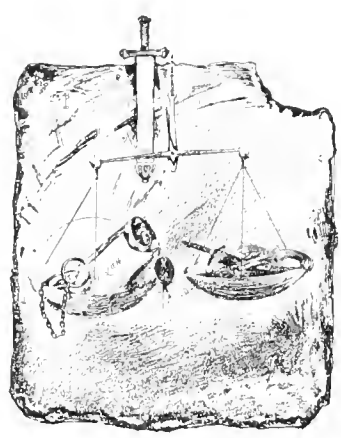
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER.

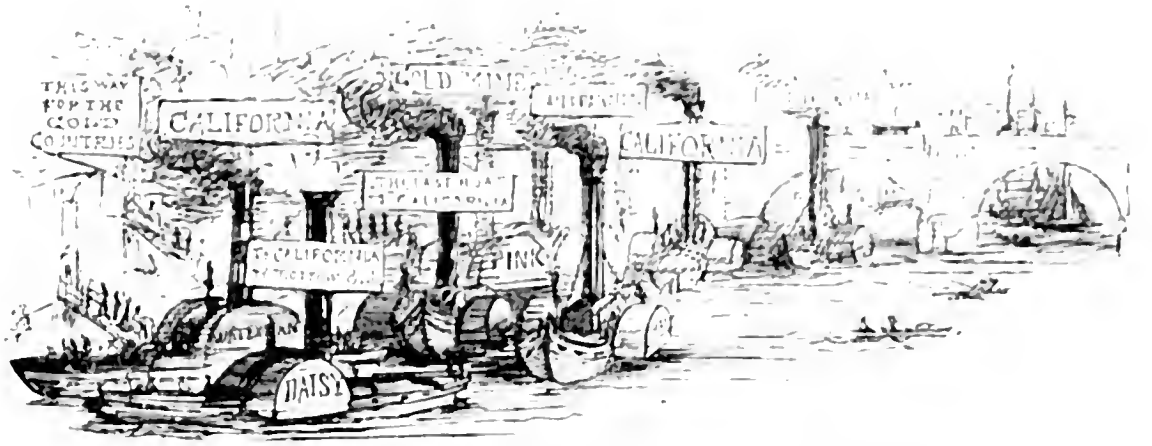
CAPTAIN J. L. FOLSOM.

most interesting association are to be found the names of Generals Sherman, Rosecrans, Wool, Frémont, Halleck, Schofield, Sutter, and Vallejo, and the Revs. Henry W. Bellows and Thomas Starr King.

Originally it was a condition of membership that the applicant should have arrived in California prior to the 1st of January, 1850; but the constitution has since been amended so as to admit the sons of pioneers.

John Williamson Palmer.





THE CALIFORNIAN MOVEMENT (AFTER A DRAWING IN "PUNCH")

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT WAIT FOR THE STEAMER (FROM "PUNCH")

CAPE HORN AND COÖPERATIVE MINING IN '49.

THE late summer months of 1848 were marked by exciting rumors of the discovery of gold in California. The first reports, coming as they did through Mormon channels, were received with suspicion. There was a general concurrence of opinion that the story had been set afloat for the purpose of Mormon proselytism — in the hope that out of the army of westward-bound pilgrims which such rumors would put in motion a legion of new recruits to the Mormon faith might be induced to halt by the way and cast in their temporal and spiritual fortunes with these "latter-day saints" in the infant colony by the margin of the Great Salt Lake. But in September, this suspicion in the public mind was effectually dispelled by the receipt in Washington of official despatches from Thomas O. Larkin, — who, under Mexican dominion, had been American consul at Monterey, and who was still acting as the confidential agent of the government, — Mr. Larkin's despatches confirming the reports of the discovery of gold.

In the New England States the "gold fever" soon became epidemic. Among the young men there was a burning desire to set out for California, inspired perhaps as much by an intense yearning for adventure as by dreams of wealth. To New Englanders, remote from the new El Dorado and to a large extent a maritime people, an ocean voyage presented itself as the most practicable route.

Naturally enough, the formation of coöperative associations suggested itself as the most practicable method of proceeding. The first move in this direction was made by Mr. Timothy Rix, a Boston merchant. Although then past middle life, Mr. Rix was full of energy and ambition, and under his leadership was organized "The Boston and California Mining and Trading Joint Stock Company," the fortunes of which this narrative is to chronicle. A prospectus was issued, and applications for membership were invited. The shares were placed at three hundred dollars each, and the whole number of members was limited to one hundred and fifty. The first public notice calling attention to the organization brought hundreds of applications for membership. The roll was soon filled, and from the overflow new organizations were started, and in due course followed the example of the parent company. Captain Henry Smith, who had sailed for many years as commander of the vessels of Frederick Tudor, the old Boston merchant who originated the ice trade with the West Indies and southern ports, was chosen to act in the double capacity of president of the company and commander of a ship, Mr. Rix taking the vice-presidency and the writer being chosen as secretary.[1] The company was composed of men representing every calling in mechanical and professional life. There were

[1] The Board of Directors who were to have the practical management of the affairs of the company were Enoch Jacobs, of Chicopee, Mass.; William A. Egery, of Boston; James E. Bates, of Weymouth, Mass.; John E. Dix, of Boston; [illegible], of Concord, N. H.; Edward P. [illegible], of Boston; Lucius Flagg, of Boston; [illegible], of Concord, N. H.

graduates of New England universities, and young men whose future was yet undefined by any calling or profession. Of the whole number of the 150 members who composed the expedition, 120 had not passed their thirtieth year, 85 were twenty-five or under, 33 were twenty-one or under, while 12 were not yet "out of their teens."

The ship finally selected and purchased for

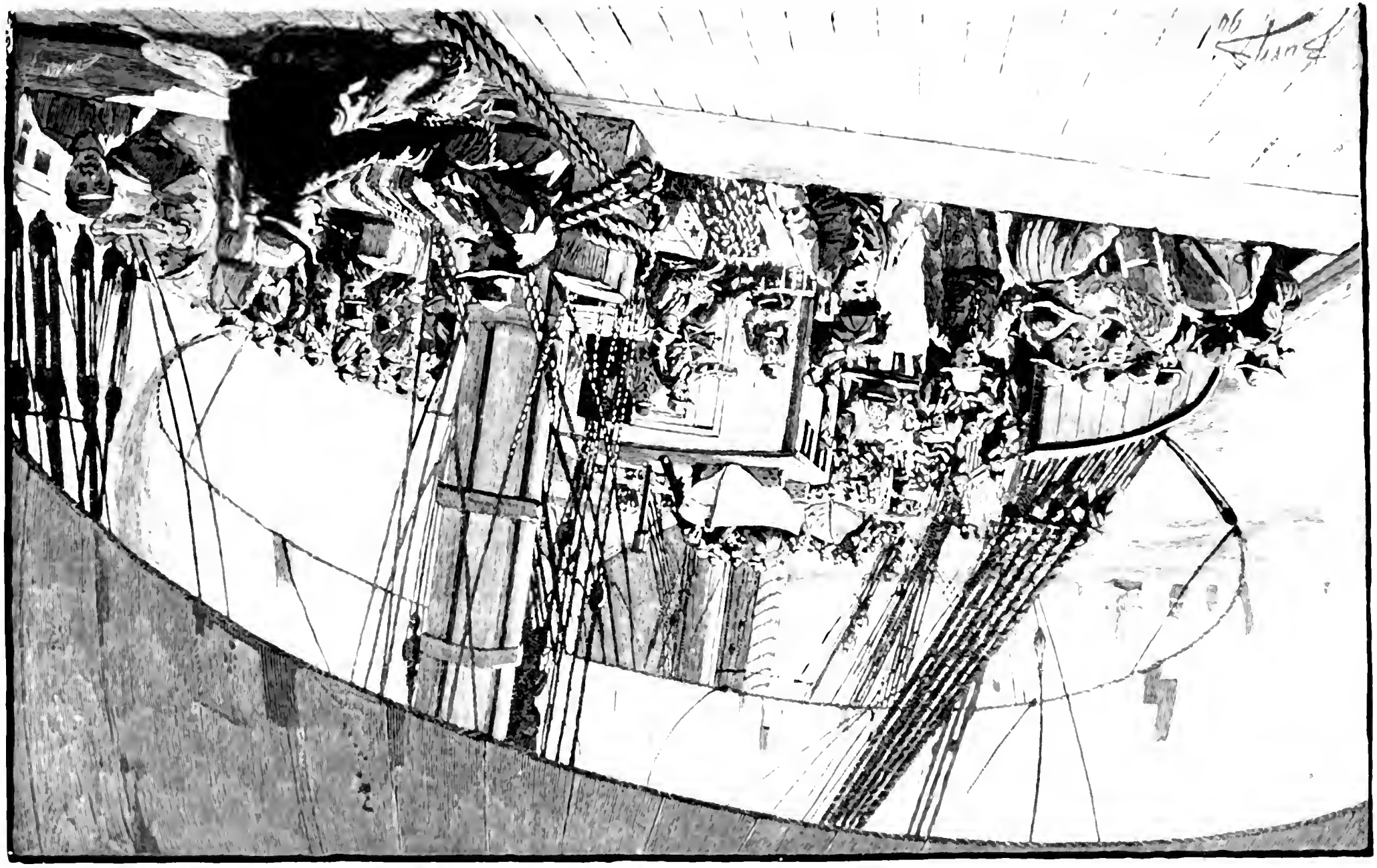
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER.

the voyage was the *Edward Everett*, one of the "Medford built" craft for which Boston had long been celebrated. She was a full-rigged ship of about 800 tons burden. She had been built for the European trade, was comparatively new, and ranked as one of the finest ships hailing from Boston. She was spacious between decks and otherwise well adapted for the purpose.

The organization of this unique expedition, and its approaching departure, was for the time being the chief topic of the day. Mr. Everett, with wise forethought and liberality, presented to the company a well-selected library of historical, biographical, and scientific works, accompanying the gift with a communication expressing the great interest which he in common with the public at large felt in the success of the company and in the part which those who composed it would take in the social and political organization of the new State which they doubtless would help to found. The Sunday before the ship sailed the members of the company attended the Ashburton Place church by special invitation to listen to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Kirk, on the part that this first expedition from New England was expected to perform in the cause of civilization and religion on the Pacific coast. In all circles the prospective departure of the "*Edward Everett* Expedition," as it had now come to be known, was an event of rare interest and was the current topic of discussion and speculation. The *Edward Everett* swung loose from her moorings at the wharf on the evening of January 11, 1849, and dropped down the harbor to an anchorage near Fort Independence, preparatory to putting to sea on the morning tide. The harbor was filled with floating ice, and the wind swept across our decks with arctic severity.

At daybreak on the morning of the 12th the ship was under way and standing out to sea before a fresh and bitterly cold northwester. I pass over the unpleasant first days of the earlier part of the voyage, when the wild wintry weather covered decks and rigging with frozen spray, and two-thirds of the ship's company were prostrated from sea-sickness. The balmier atmosphere of the Gulf Stream and a smoother sea soon brought about a happier condition of affairs. The company was organized into messes, and order took the place of the chaos that had unavoidably prevailed for the first few days. Plans were devised for social organization and recreation. The publication of a weekly newspaper, under the title of "The Barometer, or Gold Hunter's Log," was begun and faithfully kept up throughout the voyage. Press and types were wanting, but it was read from manuscript every Saturday to the assembled ship's company, and furnished one of the most prolific sources of amusement of the whole voyage.

The 1st of February found us drifting through the weed-matted surface of the "Sargasso Sea," with hardly wind enough to keep the ship's sails from slatting against her spars. The run off the coast, across the Gulf Stream, and through the Atlantic down to the latitude of the Madeiras, had been a lively one. The wind had been fresh and fair enough to satisfy even the skipper himself. From 33° north latitude, down to and through "the Sargasso Sea," it was like a doldrum drift, and welcome was the change when in about 21° north the ship began to feel the influence of the northeast trades. Straight on her course, the wind on her port quarter, with everything set to her main skysail, she bowled along day after day until we were within two degrees of the equator. "Running down the trades" was indeed the very poetry of sea-going. It brought men and boys alike on deck, put them fairly on their "sea legs," and made sailors of them in good or bad

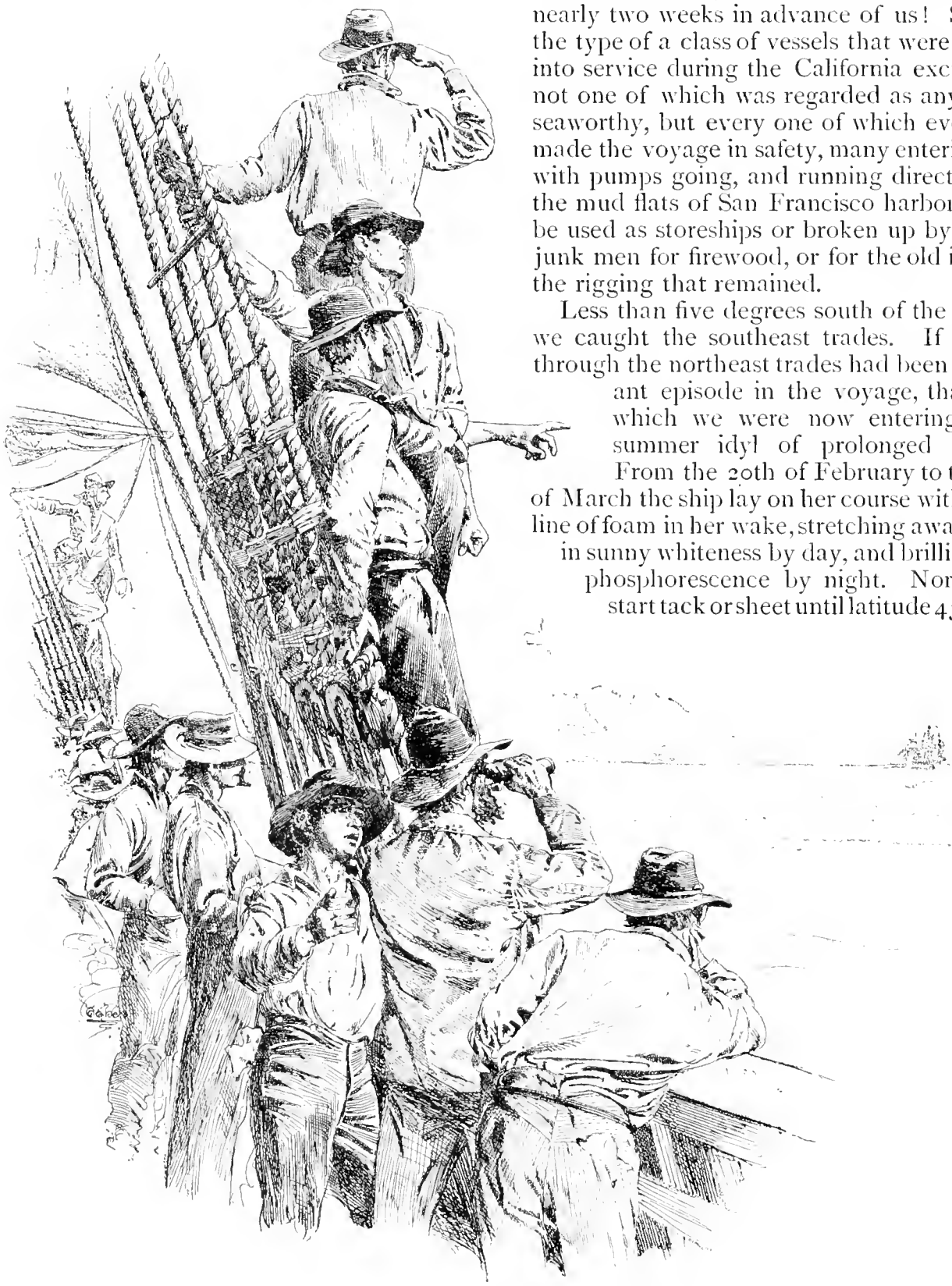


weather for the remainder of the voyage. On the 13th of February the *Edward Everett* lay,

> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean —

fairly upon the equator. Some three miles away to the northwestward was another ship, which by her rig was unmistakably an American craft. Yet so flat was the calm that her signals hung idly against the halyards. A boat was lowered, and a party of us started for an equatorial visit to the stranger. She proved to be the *Aurora* from Nantucket, an old whaler, worm-eaten and dilapidated in her upper works, sorely afflicted with dry-rot, and looking as though she would not last to reach Cape Horn, much less to round that formidable point and complete her voyage. Compared to the *Edward Everett* she was a crazy old tub indeed. Months afterward, when our anchor was let go in the harbor of San Francisco, we found ourselves within hailing distance of this same old "blubber-hunter," which had made the port nearly two weeks in advance of us! She was the type of a class of vessels that were pressed into service during the California excitement, not one of which was regarded as any longer seaworthy, but every one of which eventually made the voyage in safety, many entering port with pumps going, and running directly upon the mud flats of San Francisco harbor only to be used as storeships or broken up by the old junk men for firewood, or for the old iron and the rigging that remained.

Less than five degrees south of the equator we caught the southeast trades. If the run through the northeast trades had been a pleasant episode in the voyage, that upon which we were now entering was a summer idyl of prolonged delight. From the 20th of February to the 12th of March the ship lay on her course with a long line of foam in her wake, stretching away astern in sunny whiteness by day, and brilliant with phosphorescence by night. Nor did we start tack or sheet until latitude 43° south

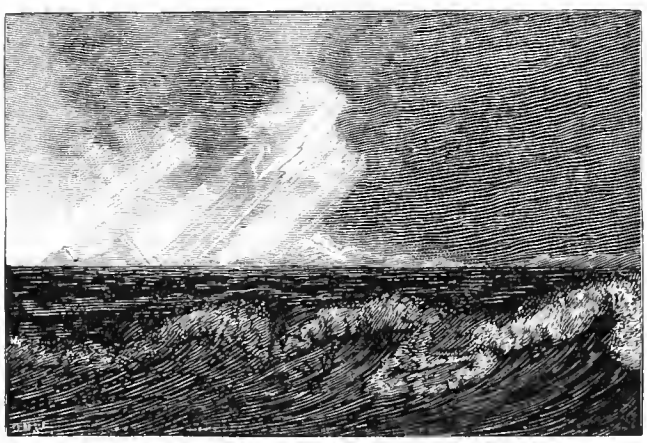


SIGHTING AN OLD WHALER.

[illegible]

was reached, and the "trades" had spent their force. The transition from these halcyon days to the stormy period which followed was abrupt and unexpected. On the 13th the wind suddenly shifted to the southwest, and in an hour the ship was close-hauled on the wind under a reefed fore topsail, fore-course and main topsail, spanker, and jib. A rising gale was brewing. "The glass" was falling rapidly, but still, with watchful eye to windward and a somewhat anxious expression upon [illegible] our "skipper" [illegible] course. Still [illegible] The ship [illegible] her lee [illegible] when [illegible] wind came down [illegible] tornado, [illegible] enough to [illegible] upon her [illegible] from [illegible]

gling. And that sudden relief came with the quickness of thought. Her foresail burst like the explosion of a piece of heavy artillery and went away to leeward in shreds. It was now "let go" and "clew up" all along the line and, with everything cast loose and threshing furiously in the blast, the good ship righted and came up into the wind preparatory to being made ready for the battle with the elements upon which she was entering. A moment later the roof of the cook's galley was on fire; the flames and sparks from the wood-work around the smoke-pipe threatened a conflagration,



CAPE HORN. (FROM THE "CAROLINA," APRIL 9, 1849.)

which was averted by the courage and coolness on the part of a few who bestowed buckets of salt water judiciously upon the flames above —and into the soup below.

We were now in our first real gale. Soon the ship was lying head to the sea under a close-reefed main-topsail, with just enough of her spanker hauled out from the brails to keep her well balanced. The tempest was howling weirdly through her rigging, while the fast-rising sea, breaking against her weather bow, beat time in thundering unison to the blasts that were lashing its surface into a chaos of flying foam. To look to windward meant to be half blinded by the driving scud that cut like needles into the face. Fifty feet away from the ship's rail to the leeward the atmosphere was impenetrable. Fast gathering night was adding its dismal quota of horrors to the scene. But not only did the noble ship at once attest her sea-going qualities by her superb behavior, but captain, officers, and crew alike by their masterly work won the confidence of the ship's company. Three days later the ship was plowing her way southward again with a fair wind and a smooth sea.

Entering the stormy latitudes of the southern seas, we were welcomed by the cape pigeon and the strong-winged, mild-eyed albatross. Their numbers steadily increased as the ship worked her way to the southward. There is nothing that so relieves the monotony of a sea voyage through these waters as the attendant presence of these beautiful birds. From the upper Patagonian coast on the Atlantic to the same latitude on the Pacific, they are the sailor's inseparable companions in sunshine and in storm. The eye of the albatross has a gentle, human expression, and he who has once sailed over these troubled waters will not be at a loss to understand the lesson of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

As we drew near the cape the ship was stripped of her "top-hamper." Her upper yards and spars were sent down, and with top-gallant yards yet crossed she was made ready for the rough-and-tumble work to be looked for "off the Horn." On the 29th of March, with the rugged and inhospitable coast of "Tierra del Fuego" lying in full view to the southwest,—the first "landfall" made since leaving Boston harbor,—we entered the Straits of Le Maire. Grim and forbidding the outline of Staten Land loomed out of the haze on our port beam as the ship drove forward with a free wind, fairly in mid-channel and pointing directly on her course as night shut down upon us.

At midday on the 30th, when in the latitude of Cape Horn and some seventy-five miles to the eastward of the dreaded locality, the wind suddenly hauled to the southwest and came out with hurricane fury. The long, heavy swell from the Pacific swept down upon us with irresistible force, and all hands were soon brought to a stern realization that the battle of "doubling Cape Horn" had fairly opened. At noon next day the ship had been blown a hundred miles to the eastward before the gale and the heavy seas that accompanied it. Nor did the next day's work show a gain of half a dozen miles of the ground thus lost. It was a contest between a good ship and good seamanship on the one side, and the terrific storms and yet more terrific seas that beset this bleak and inhospitable region.

Perhaps no merchant ship had ever left port better officered and better manned than this. Her commander was an old-time mariner, and a navigator who could read his way along the trackless deep with unerring accuracy. "Bowditch's Navigator" was his Bible. He fairly reveled in lunar observations and exulted over the necessities of storm and cloudy stress by day that forced him to exhibit his skill at double altitudes of the fixed stars by night. And when for a succession of days and nights no gleam from sun, moon, or stars had been visible to light the way along our course, his "dead reckoning" was never at fault, nor was the position of the ship ever marked wrong upon the chart. One could lie down to sleep at night in the serene confidence that wherever "the

IN A HEAVY SEA. (REPRINTED FROM THE [illegible])

old man" had dotted the location of the ship at each recurring midday there she must be.

The first officer of the ship was Mr. William V. Wells. He was a young man of rare physical perfection, a great-grandson of the revolutionary patriot Samuel Adams, and was worthy of his illustrious ancestry. His voyage in the *Edward Everett* closed his maritime career. Entering the profession of journalism in San Francisco, he became in after years one of the most popular writers for the daily press in that city. He enriched the literature of the present day by his "Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams" and his "Adventures in Honduras." Gentle and refined by nature, he was none the less a true sailor when in command on a ship's deck. Above the roar of the sea and the blast of the tempest, in the wildest night off Cape Horn, his voice rang out loud and clear without the aid of a trumpet, giving his orders with precision and coolness in a tone that was never misunderstood or disobeyed.

The second and third officers of the ship, Mr. Briard and Mr. Pike, were "old sea-dogs" of the truest type. In the forecastle there were few who had not long before been graduated in their calling as "mates" and "second mates," and were seeking this method of working their passage to "the land of gold."

Not a day nor an hour passed for weeks when the ship was not struggling under short and close reefed canvas. Half the time her decks were swept by tremendous seas, and not a true or reliable observation was to be had from the day of her passage through the Straits of Le Maire until the cape had been fairly rounded and the ship's head pointed northward.

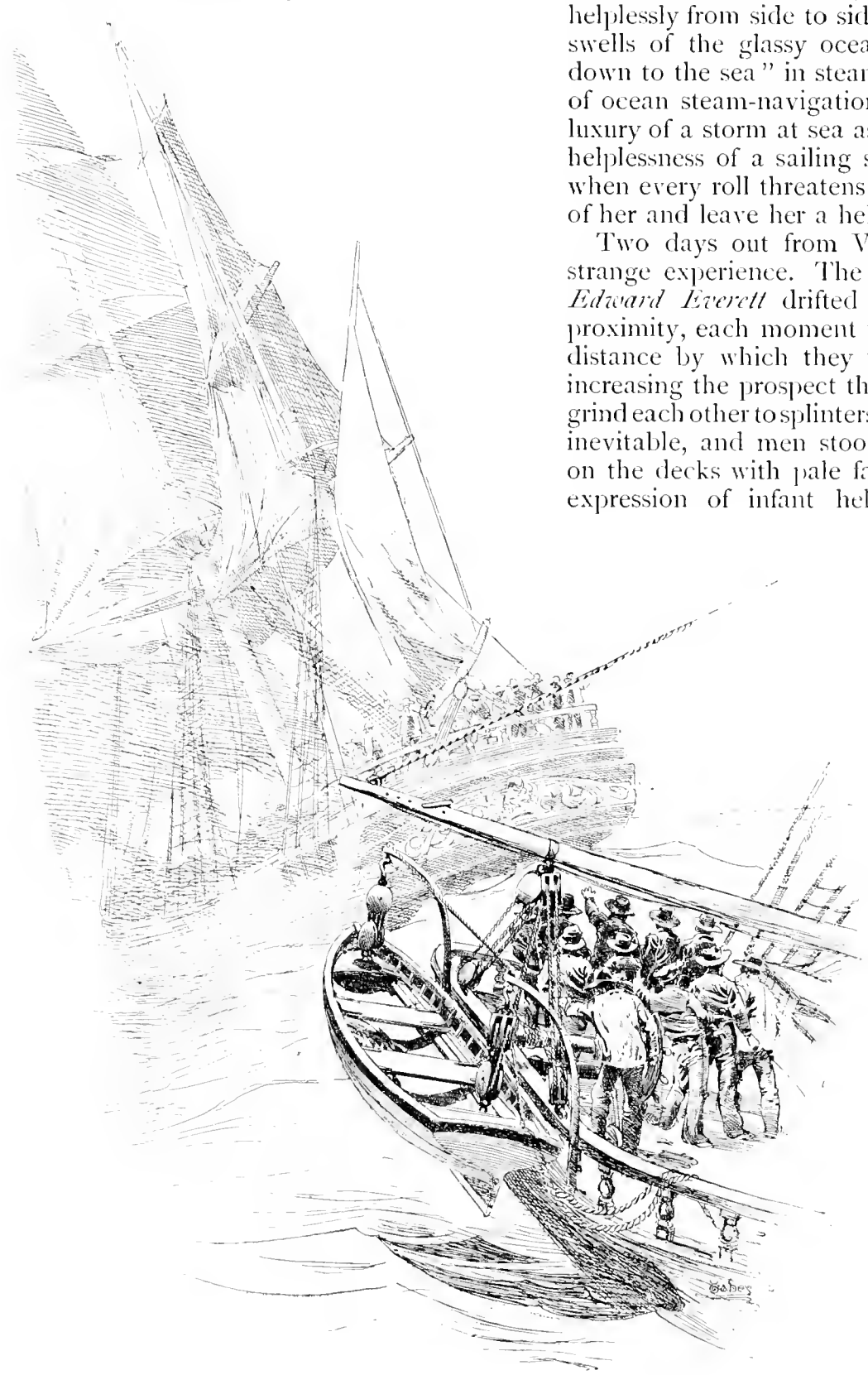
On the 21st of April, having battled our way around the cape and up to 51° south latitude on the Pacific side, the wind came out from the southward and we "squared away" for Valparaiso. The ship had not lost an inch of canvas or a spar nor parted a rope in her long struggle. With everything set alow and aloft, and studding-sails boomed out to port and starboard, she sailed as she had never sailed before on this voyage; nor was sail shortened until, on the 29th of April, she ran into calm weather off Valparaiso harbor.

But two ships of the California fleet had arrived at Valparaiso before us. These were the Baltimore-built clippers,—famous in their day for speed,—the *Gray Eagle* and the *Grayhound*. The ship *Montreal* from Boston arrived a few hours later with 93 passengers. The barks *Victory*, 90 days from New York with 3[illegible] passengers, and the *Josephine*, 1[illegible]8 days from New York, arrived later in the day; the ship *Orpheus*, 90 days from New York with 195 passengers, and the brig *David Henshaw*, from New York with 7 passengers, reaching port on the following day. With 5[illegible]0 Americans thus turned loose upon the streets and hills of this old Spanish

city after more than three months at sea, there was doubtless more bustle and animation in Valparaiso than had ever been witnessed before. It was a visit full of novelty and interest to this small army of gold hunters. "Knowing that we were going to a land where Spanish was spoken," writes a member of the *Edward Everett* company, "we all studied 'Ollendorff's New Method of Learning to Read, Write, and Speak Spanish'; and for several days before our arrival at Valparaiso no other language was spoken on board the ship. We were much surprised on going ashore that the people did not understand their own language." However, means of communication were established, sufficient to enable us to supply our wants and to minister to our pleasure.

On the 4th of May all but two of the fleet were again under way, if a drift seaward with not air enough to prevent a ship's canvas from hanging idly against her masts can be so called. And drift, drift, drift it was, for days and days, the coast of Chili lying along in full view to the northward and eastward, and the ship rolling helplessly from side to side in the long, heavy swells of the glassy ocean. "They that go down to the sea" in steamships, in these days of ocean steam-navigation, do not realize the luxury of a storm at sea as compared with the helplessness of a sailing ship in a dead calm, when every roll threatens to jerk the spars out of her and leave her a helpless wreck.

Two days out from Valparaiso we had a strange experience. The ships *Montreal* and *Edward Everett* drifted into uncomfortable proximity, each moment visibly lessening the distance by which they were separated and increasing the prospect that the vessels would grind each other to splinters. A collision seemed inevitable, and men stood facing each other on the decks with pale faces and a common expression of infant helplessness. And all the while the sea was glassy, the sky placid, and the atmosphere beaming with serenity. As they approached to within half a ship's length, the *Everett*, as though impelled by a mysterious power, seemed to forge ahead slowly, while the bow of the *Montreal* swung as slowly to starboard, until, with her jib-boom fairly over our port quarter and for a moment foul with our spanker gaff, she swung clear and the two ships drifted apart and out of danger to either. It was a hair-breadth escape.



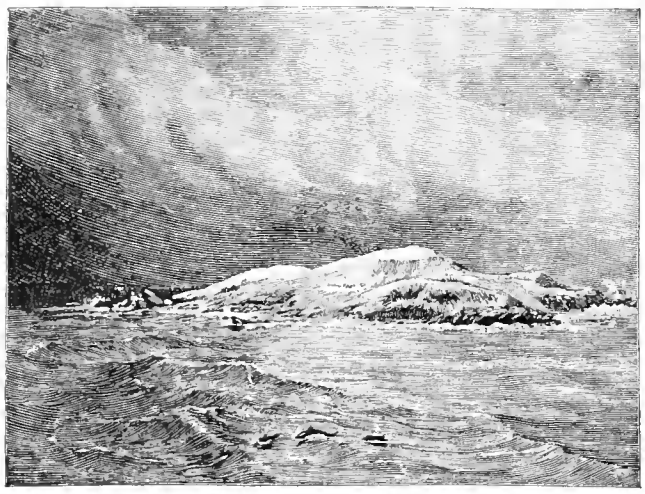
A PERIL OF THE PACIFIC.

Crossing the equator on the 5th of June, we continued to drift lazily northward, until we took the northeast trades about 14° north latitude and were soon hastening towards the end of the voyage.

Preparations were now commenced for active work on our arrival. The ship's cargo, in addition to the company's stores, consisted mainly of lumber, flour, and the engine and boiler for a small steamer, which, with wise forethought, had been planned before leaving Boston to be built by the company and run upon the Sacramento River. Lumber was hoisted on deck, the frame of the boat was got out and fitted together, several barges were built, and tents were made. For the remainder of the run we had an animated company. The engine and boiler of the little steamer were hoisted on deck, set up, and connected. Steam was gotten up and the engine run for some hours and put in perfect order. While this operation was going on the clipper ship *Architect* was signaled, bound to San Francisco, where she arrived on the first of July and reported that she had passed the *Edward Everett* making her way to port under steam!—a report which was gravely published in the next day's issue of the "Alta California," the only newspaper then published in California.

As we approached the coast the fourth of July was at hand. It was celebrated with noisy displays of patriotism and appropriate ceremonies. The orator of the day, Mr. Louis R. Lull, delivered an address, and a poem written on the occasion by Rev. Joseph A. Benton was read by him.

It was afternoon of the 6th of July when we entered the Golden Gate. The hills about the bay were dressed in the arid garb of the dry midsummer. Until Telegraph Hill was rounded no habitation or sign of civilization was visible save the dilapidated earthworks at Fort Point and the few crumbling adobe buildings that then constituted "the Presidio," or old Mexican military post. Alcatraz Island, now covered with fortifications and barracks and crowned with a lighthouse at its summit, was then naked and white with the guano of the myriads of cormorants, gulls, and pelicans that nested and hatched their broods upon it. The hills of Contra Costa and the plains at their feet were rank with wild oats, and were the pasture ground of herds of cattle. Here and there across the broad and beautiful bay the white-washed walls of an adobe ranch house were visible. Rounding Telegraph Hill, however, there was a change of scene. As the harbor of San Francisco opened up before us a whole fleet of vessels of every class and description were seen at anchor. Clearly some kind of talisman was drawing hither the commerce of the world, although on shore, as viewed from the ships' decks, one saw but a few adobe buildings, relics of Mexican methods and habits, some small wooden structures here and there,

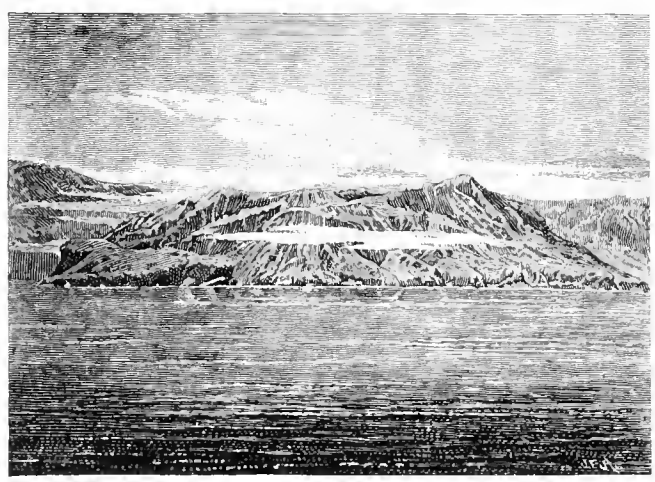


GUANO ISLANDS, FROM THE STEAMER "COLUMBUS."

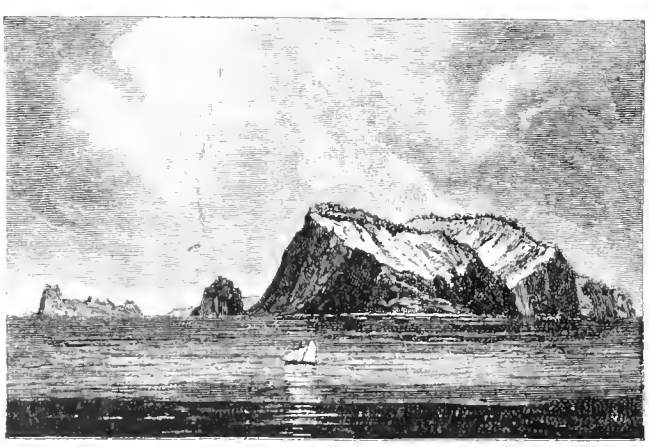
and tents large and small dotting the hillsides and beach.

Landing on the rocks at Clark's Point, a spur of Telegraph Hill (for no wharf then existed), we skirted along the cove round into the center of the town, then fairly embraced within the space now covered by the few blocks bordering upon the Plaza or Portsmouth Square. A locality more replete with bustle and excitement than this then was never existed. Gambling and gamblers were in full possession of the field. Tents were crowded with people surrounding the tables where the Mexican game of "monte," and other so-called banking games were in full blast. These were the first and most conspicuous features of the scene. The mercantile establishments were thronged with men fitting out for "the diggings." Activity prevailed everywhere, occasioned mainly by the innumerable expeditions and squads of men about to depart for the mining region. For aside from the gambling fraternity, and the comparatively few older and wiser heads who saw a safer and more profitable field of operations in the opportunities which existed for trade and speculation in San Francisco, the heart of the multitude was set upon gold-digging, the "making of a pile,"—in the parlance of the day,—and a quick return to the old home again. Indeed, it may be safely estimated that ninety-five per cent. of the "Forty Niners" who had then arrived, and were still arriving, in California were animated by this sentiment. For at that time the country, with its arid and uninviting aspect, presented few or no attractions for permanent residence. Much less did it then exhibit any of the evidences of the resources of soil and climate which the subsequent forty years of American energy and enterprise have developed.

If the gold fever had become epidemic along the Atlantic border and throughout the west, here it was raging with an all-consuming, burning fury, attacking all alike, and making eventually hapless victims of many. Our own ship's company were no exception to the rule. The sailors left the ship an hour after her anchors were down, and only the community of interest which bound us together prevented a stampede of everybody. Some days elapsed before a plan of proceeding could be agreed upon. Our spare lumber, of which we had brought a goodly quantity, was readily sold for three hundred dollars per thousand feet, and payment received in gold dust. A considerable surplus of saleratus, which by chance happened to be among the ship's stores, found an immediate sale at eight dollars per pound. Other commodities were disposed of at similar rates of profit, so that already, in addition to the ship and her remaining stores, boats, barges, steamer, and camp equipments, with rugged health and strength prevailing among the members of the company, the treasury was well stocked with ready funds, and the company was prepared to commence operations.



THE NORTH POINT OF ISLAND SANTA MARGARITA.



ISLAND JUAN FERNANDEZ.

It was finally decided that the headquarters of the company should be located at Benicia, on the straits of Carquinez, some thirty-five miles from San Francisco, and on the 10th of July the ship got under way for that point, in charge of Captain Harrison, the bay pilot

of that day. Before nightfall she was safely moored alongside the marsh, in front of the point at which the city of Benicia at that time was *expected* to rise and rival San Francisco in wealth and importance.

Preparations were immediately made for the transportation of the main body of the company up the Sacramento, *en route* to the mining region, while a sufficient number—and among them the best mechanics of the company—were to be left behind to set up and launch the steamer. The next day the expedition started up the river. It consisted of four barges and two surf boats, all deeply laden with men and stores. The little flotilla sailed away up the straits into Suisun Bay. The true channel through this bay was at that time not marked by buoys or beacons by which it could be followed. Mud banks existed in all directions, and these we were soon successful in locating. Half the time the boats were aground, and half filled with water from the spray of the sea that broke over them as they were lifted and thumped upon the soft mud shoals. The passage across this troublesome sheet of water was at length safely effected, however, and the little fleet entered a broad estuary that opened out before it, only to find, an hour or two later, that we were ascending the San Joaquin instead of the Sacramento River. Beating our way back we at last reached the entrance to the Sacramento, and encamped for the night upon the right bank of the stream. The memory of that night will be vivid in the mind of the last survivor of those who shared its miseries, though he live to round out a century of existence. The atmosphere was dense with the most voracious breed of mosquito. It was a night of purgatorial penance, and deep was the rejoicing when morning dawned and we were again afloat.

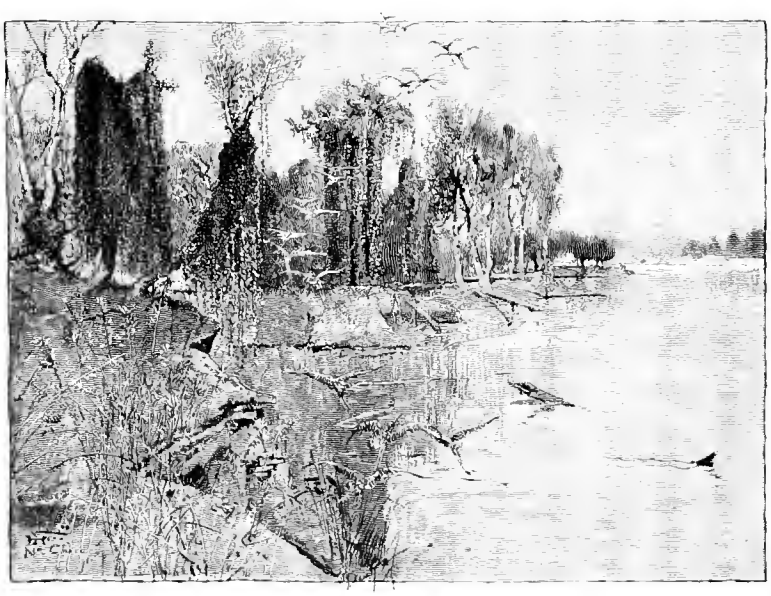
The waters of the Sacramento were then clear and uncontaminated by the mining debris that subsequently made it a muddy and shallow stream. Its banks were fringed with trees, shrubs, and climbing plants fairly tropical in their luxuriance. Every bend in the silent river brought a new revelation of solitude—beautiful effects of foliage and placid waters, with the distant Sierras dimly outlined in the hazy atmosphere. There was no sign of human habitation until, as we rounded a bend in the river, the tents and shanties of Sacramento came into view.

NIGHT ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

The city of Sacramento was at the time but little more than a busy, thriving camp, along the river and on the line of what is now Front street. Back of this was a light growth of timber which shut off the view of the country beyond. Heaps of merchandise were scattered along the river bank. Teams of every description and pack trains were constantly loading and departing for the mines. Places where business was being carried on in tents and rough struc-

tures alternated with gambling resorts open day and night. Excitement prevailed everywhere and was written in the expression of every face. The people of these days—as indeed for years afterward—lived at the rate of ten years in one. Proper food was scarce. In a land now so well known to be the most productive in fruits and vegetables of any part of the world, not a fruit tree existed or a garden patch was cultivated outside of the mission grounds scattered widely apart over the country along the coast. A wagon-load of potatoes and onions arriving from the Mission of San José, while we were yet encamped at Sacramento, was speedily disposed of at a dollar a pound. Many months elapsed before we again indulged in these luxuries.

The next movement was to be towards the mines. In what direction we should move, was the momentous question. It was finally decided that the Mokelumne River should be our point of destination; and on the afternoon of the 17th of July, about one hundred and twenty in number, with three teams loaded with stores and camp equipage and drawn by oxen, we took up our line of march. Our road led out through the thin line of timber in the direction of Sutter's Fort, some two miles back from the Sacramento, near the left bank of the American River. Here we camped for the night preparatory to a long trip on the morrow. Up to this time the weather had been insufferably hot, though the nights were cold. We were not unaware, therefore, that a tiresome and oppressive tramp was before us, when on the following morning we broke camp and started on our journey. Our route was in a southeasterly direction straight out over a dry and arid plain, beyond which, some twenty-five miles away, was the Cosumnes River. We did not know that not a drop of water was to be had until the Cosumnes was reached, and, buoyant with hope, we started on our march carrying no water. Before ten o'clock every man in the party began to experience the effects of the heat and the pangs of thirst. The heat grew more and more oppressive. We learned afterward that the mercury at Sacramento was at 110° in the shade. The sharp, hot gravel crunched under our footsteps, the atmosphere shimmered with heat in all directions. By eleven o'clock the burning plain met the horizon on all sides, with not a sign of life or vegetation, or an indication of water in any direction. Men and animals were panting like dogs just in from the chase. Still there was no time to halt. Relief could only be had by pushing forward. The pace was necessarily a slow one. The oxen wearily dragged their heavy loads, while the men kept within easy reach of the wagons, not knowing who might be first to fall from heat and exhaustion. Soon after noon, the line of timber that skirts the Cosumnes appeared on the northeastern horizon. Underneath it was an equally long line of open sky, so that the trees seemed literally to be growing in the air. It was the deceitful mirage that had brought them thus prematurely into view, and many weary miles yet remained to be traversed before they were reached. But the sight inspired new hope and effort and we plodded on. Men now began to give out, and these were lifted upon the wagons. The older and stronger men of the party were first to succumb; "the boys" still held out. At length, late in the afternoon we drew near the river. As the head of the straggling column reached its banks there was a rush for the stream; many threw themselves headlong into the shallow waters, while all drank their fill. The poor fellows on the wagons were lifted tenderly down and taken to the water. Two or three of the number had fallen behind the wagons and were not yet in. Volunteers carrying water started back and found them prostrate a mile away, in a state of complete collapse. Water revived them, and by the aid of their stronger companions they struggled into camp. But not until long after night had fallen was the camp fire lighted and our supper eaten.



THE SACRAMENTO RIVER, ABOVE SACRAMENTO.

We cooked our breakfast and broke camp at daylight the next morning and started again on our weary tramp. Some of the party had to be carried on the wagons. But although there were hills to climb and a long march to make on this day's journey, yet there were shade-trees in abundance, and springs here and there along the route, making it comparatively a holiday trip. By noon we were fairly within the "min-

ARRIVAL OF THE "EDWARD EVERETT" AT SACRAMENTO.

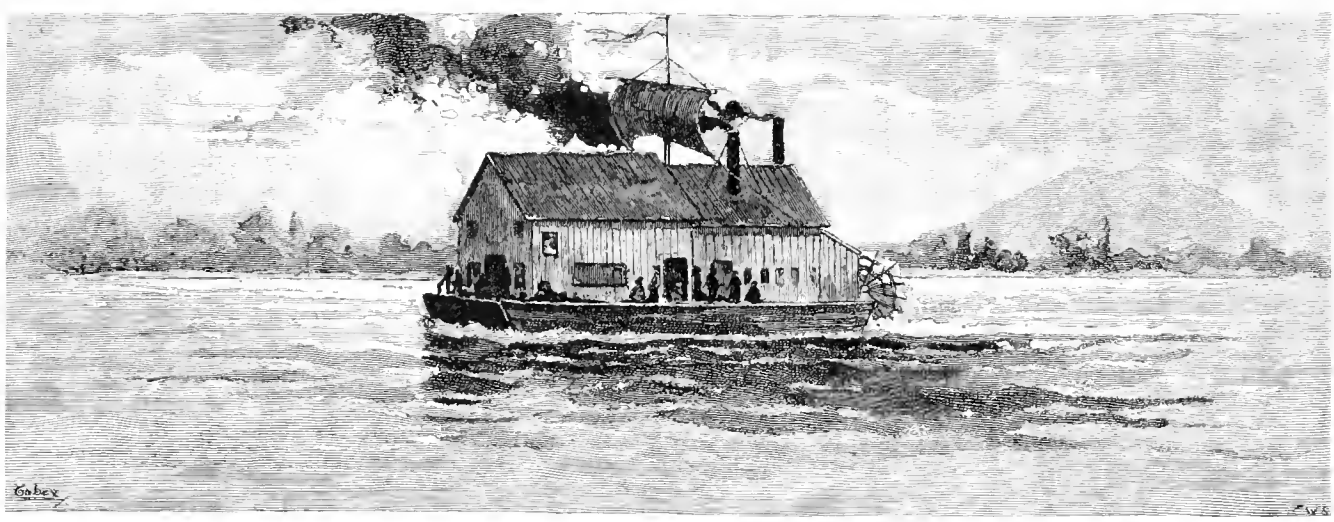
ing region." Our route now lay along the line of what has since come to be known as "the mother lode" of California, and from which millions have since been extracted in the quartz-mining operations that have been and are still being prosecuted upon it. In all California, however, not a blow had yet been struck in quartz-mining, for the "placer diggings" were as yet virgin ground, and quartz operations were unthought of. Before leaving Boston, we had taken into our party a "professional" geologist, who passed with us over miles and miles of the "mother lode" without ever suspecting its existence, and was as helpless as the most inexperienced youngster of the party in the hunt for gold when "the diggings" were reached.

Our party reached the summit of the ridge that constitutes the northern descent to the Mokelumne River late in the afternoon. No teams had ever before gone down the trail to the river itself, the few gold-seekers who preceded us having carried their stores on "pack animals." A unique method of descent was adopted by us. The oxen were hitched to the rear of the wagons, headed up the hill; the tongues of the wagons were steered by two strong men; ropes were rigged out and manned on the upper side of the incline and also to assist in "lowering away" when all was ready. Thus with the cart literally before the oxen, and the rudder rigged out forward instead of astern, and with the strong cattle backing slowly down the hill, the descent was finally accomplished, and camp was made that night by the side of the brawling river.

The next morning the digging for gold commenced in earnest. The first day's journey in the burning heat of the Sacramento valley had prostrated several of the company, however, and the hospital at once became a necessary adjunct to the as yet chaotic camp. The search among our stores soon revealed the fact that the medicine-chest had been left behind. Ludicrous as the fact may seem, a box which was supposed to contain the medicines proved to be the outer covering of a carboy of acid which had been provided by our geologist to test the loads of gold which it was confidently expected we should soon accumulate. Something had to be done to rectify the blunder immediately, for several of the men were now in the hospital tent. The writer was detailed to return alone to Sacramento and hasten forward the medicines—a trip successfully accomplished with the aid of a stout little mustang.

My presence as secretary of the company having now become necessary at the ship, still lying at Benicia, I returned two days later to Sacramento, and descending the river by a small boat, reached the *Edward Everett* a day later. Work on the small steamboat had progressed rapidly. The keel had been laid on the 13th of July, and all hands were pushing forward the construction. On the 12th of August she was successfully launched, and "swung along-

side the ship. Her boiler and machinery were lowered into her, and soon put in place, and on the 15th a trial trip was successfully made, although it cannot be said that the speed was satisfactory. She was loaded, and, commanded by our first officer, William V. Wells, with Alfred N. Proctor as engineer and S. P. Barker as assistant, she started on her first voyage up the river on the 17th of August, 1849. The writer, in company with others, was a passenger on board. We reached Sacramento on the early morning of the 19th. The steam whistle was sounded on approaching, and the whole camp was soon assembled upon the river bank to receive us and witness the unique sight of a steamboat on the Sacramento. Such a greeting has seldom been witnessed. The blasts of the whistle and the yelling of the multitude ushered in a day of jollification, in which whisky was the fuel that kept up steam on shore long after the fires had gone out under the boilers of the little *Pioneer*.



STEAM GOLD DREDGER ASCENDING THE SACRAMENTO, 1849.

As a coöperative body, the rest of the story of the *Edward Everett* company is soon told. Two weeks on the Mokelumne resulted in the unanimous decision that coöperative gold digging was impracticable, and a resolution to disband was adopted. Mr. J. L. Bates, one of the directors of the company, was authorized to return to Benicia, sell the ship, and close up the affairs of the company, while singly and in squads the men scattered, some to hunt for and dig gold on their individual account, others returning to Sacramento and San Francisco soon after, satisfied that they had mistaken their calling.

The ship was sold for $30,000; the little steamboat was purchased by Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. for $6000, and soon after was snagged on the Feather River, where it sank. A final dividend of $160 was paid to each member of the company, and the Boston and California Mining and Trading Joint Stock Company ceased to exist.

Out of this whole ship's company not more than thirty remained in California. So far as the writer has been able to ascertain, but fifteen are living there to-day. The others returned again to their Eastern homes, where their subsequent careers, with few exceptions, are unknown.

Some of the delusions of the time are curious. One ship's company, for example, came in the expectation of dredging gold from the bottom of the Sacramento River or its branches. They brought with them a large scow, to be propelled by a stern wheel operated by an engine in the usual manner. A house, or workshop, was built over the entire boat, within which was the dredging apparatus, and quarters for men who were to operate it, and where they were to divide the proceeds of their labor as the gold was dredged from the bottom of the river. The unique craft steamed up the river and made experiments, which so completely convinced her owners of the absurdity of the scheme that they quietly dismantled and disposed of her.

This was not more delusive, however, than the attempt to dig gold upon the coöperative principle. It was assumed that a hundred or more men could be called together indiscriminately from every vocation in life, many of whom had never performed a stroke of hard labor, and that all could work in harmony together, some performing more daily labor than others and producing more than others, and all standing on a basis of perfect equality in the division of the combined product. Such was the underlying principle upon which the organization of the *Edward Everett's* company was based. Its brief existence when the mining region was reached, and the system of coöperative labor was attempted to be carried

into effect, attests its absurdity. It served its purpose, perhaps, in bringing about a combination of capital and effort to secure an economical method of reaching California, but beyond that it was a detriment to every man who really desired to "try his luck," so to speak, at gold digging. For instead of leaving the whole field of the California gold region open to every one of the company, it concentrated into one chance the opportunities of all. It disgusted the large majority of the company with gold digging at the very outset, and sent them back to their ordinary vocations at home or in California. Not one of the company ever grew rich by gold digging. There was really but little to choose between the folly of attempting to dredge gold in 1849 from the mud of the Sacramento, and that of digging gold in the foothills of the Sierras by coöperative labor.

Through the years 1849 and 1850, the Cape Horn route from the Atlantic States to California maintained the supremacy over all others, but towards the close of 1850 the Panama route gained the ascendancy. From that time on the voyage "round the Horn" ceased to command any considerable share of travel, and was finally given over to the famous fleet of American clippers so renowned in their day as fast freight carriers to the Pacific coast. It is interesting to note the relative share of travel by sea which these routes commanded in these early days. The only record in existence from which information can be obtained is that which was kept by Mr. Edward S. King, harbor master of San Francisco during that period, the custom house records having been destroyed by the great fire of May 4, 1851. This valuable record is now the property of the Society of California Pioneers in San Francisco, and from it the following compilation is made:

PASSENGER ARRIVALS BY SEA IN SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

Via Cape Horn	*Via Panama*	*From Pacific Port.*
15,507	6489	9217

From the 1st of July to the 31st of December the record shows the arrival of male and female passengers. From this it appears that the number of female passengers during that period was as follows:

From Atlantic and European Ports and via Panama		509
From Australia.	102	
From Chili.	72	
From Mexico	70	
From South Sea Islands.	23	
From Peru	15	
From China.	8	290
Total		509

In 1850 the arrivals were as follows:

Via Cape Horn	*Via Panama*	*From Pacific Port.*
Male, 11,209	Male, 1[illegible],490	Male, 9823
Female, 561	Female, 319	Female, 1522

Total number of male	34,522
Total number of female	2402

Of the females the classification was as follows:

From American and European Ports and Panama		889
From Australia	895	
From Mexico	451	
From Chili	117	
From South Sea Islands	41	
From Peru	16	
From China	2	1522
Total		2402

No record exists from which the volume of overland travel to California during these years can be given. Its ratio can be best approximated perhaps by reference to the records of membership of the Society of California Pioneers. This organization is made up of those who arrived in California prior to January 1, 1850, and their male descendants. From this source the following compilation is made:

Members who arrived via Cape Horn	518
Members who arrived via Panama	213
Members who arrived overland	208
Members who arrived by other routes	77
Total	1016

It thus appears that more than half of these associated argonauts made the Cape Horn voyage. The list of "forty niners" from which this tabulation is made embraces of course but a small portion of those who were eligible to membership had they not long since been gathered to their fathers, or been scattered to other parts of the world, or failed to avail themselves of their privilege.

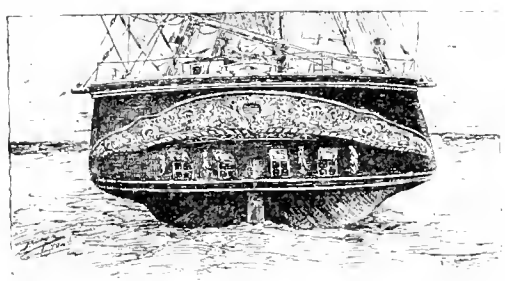
It is a remarkable circumstance that out of a fleet of 760 vessels from American ports that sailed around Cape Horn to San Francisco in 1849–50, not one was wrecked or sustained any serious disaster on the long and tempestuous voyage. Yet this great fleet was largely composed of old vessels that had long been regarded as unseaworthy, and in many instances had been condemned, but which had been patched up and pressed into service again to meet the exigencies of the occasion. Many and many a ship entered the Golden Gate with pumps which had been almost constantly manned to keep it afloat, and many and many instead of coming to anchor were run directly upon the mud flats of Mission Bay, where they ended their sea-going days by being transformed into storehouses, hotels, or boardinghouses, finally to be broken up by the "old

junk" men. The *Niantic*, a large, full-rigged ship, that had seen service in every sea, was floated up to what is now the very heart of San Francisco, and there converted into a hotel. Over the gaping wound in her stout oaken side, where a doorway was cut for a public entrance, was inscribed the hospitable legend, "Rest for the weary and storage for trunks." The ship *Apollo* was converted into a saloon and lodging-house, while on the opposite side of the way was the hulk of the brig *Euphemia*, which had been purchased by the *ayuntamiento*, or city council, for a prison, and was the first place for the confinement of criminals which the city of San Francisco owned. Many a ship was deserted by owners, officers, and crew for the more attractive "diggings."

The wonder becomes still greater that this vast fleet of vessels — many of them worn and unseaworthy — made the Cape Horn voyage successfully, when it is remembered that most of them made the passage in mid-winter of that stormy region. The average number of days occupied in making the voyage by those which were off the cape in the summer months of that locality was 153, as against an average of 203 days for those which were there in the winter months. In some instances vessels "sighting" Staten Land, or even the cape itself, would be blown off eastward by the never-ceasing southwest gales, and after six weeks' battling with the storm would again find the same "landfall" to the windward, and actual progress round the bleak headland not yet begun. It was not an unusual experience to lie close-hauled to the wind under a single storm staysail for week after week, the ship's rigging covered with icy sleet, her decks half the time covered with hail or buried in water, the sea breaking over her and washing everything away not securely bolted or lashed to her decks, the galley flooded with water so that little or no cooking could be done, and "old horse" and "hard tack" the only fare. Add to this the gloom of the long, dark winter nights, and the cheerlessness of the short winter days,— the sun breaking through the murky atmosphere low down in the north for an hour or two, perhaps, now and then,— hatches battened down, making life almost unendurable below decks, and discomfort and misery prevailing everywhere, the rolling and pitching of the ship rendering sleep next to impossible and actual rest unattainable, and this condition of things continuing in many instances for a period of two months before the work of "doubling the cape" was accomplished. The constant sense of danger that no man could fail to realize added misery to the situation yet more unpleasantly appreciable.

It is an interesting circumstance that every one of these vessels entered the harbor of San Francisco and found an anchorage without the aid of a pilot. It is none the less singular, perhaps, that not until after a pilot system was established was there a single wreck to record of vessels entering or attempting to enter the Golden Gate. Yet no more competent body of men than these pilots have ever pursued the calling in any part of the world.

Willard B. Farwell.



GRAY ROCKS AND GRAYER SEA.

GRAY rocks, and grayer sea,
And surf along the shore—
And in my heart a name
My lips shall speak no more.

The high and lonely hills
Endure the darkening year—
And in my heart endure
A memory and a tear.

Across the tide a sail
That tosses and is gone—
And in my heart the kiss
That longing dreams upon.

Gray rocks, and grayer sea,
And surf along the shore—
And in my heart the face
That I shall see no more.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

FEATURES OF THE PROPOSED YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

THE upper Tuolumne Valley is the widest, smoothest, most serenely spacious, and in every way the most delightful summer pleasure park in all the high Sierra. And since it is connected with Yosemite by two good trails, and with the levels of civilization by a broad, well-graded carriage-road that passes between Yosemite and Mount Hoffman, it is also the most accessible. It lies in the heart of the high Sierra at a height of from 8500 to 9000 feet above the level of the sea, at a distance of less than ten miles from the northeastern boundary of the Yosemite reservation. It is bounded on the southwest by the gray, jagged, picturesque Cathedral range, which extends in a southeasterly direction from Cathedral Peak to Mount Lyell and Mount Ritter, the culminating peaks of the grand mass of icy mountains that form the "crown of the Sierra"; on the northeast, by a similar range or spur, the highest peak of which is Mount Conness; on the east, by the smooth, majestic masses of Mount Dana, Mount Gibbs, Mount Ord, and others, nameless as yet, on the axis of the main range; and on the west by a heaving, billowy mass of glacier-polished rocks, over which the towering masses of Mount Hoffman are seen. Down through the open sunny levels of the valley flows the bright Tuolumne River, fresh from many a glacial fountain in the wild recesses of the peaks, the highest of which are the glaciers that lie on the north sides of Mount Lyell and Mount McClure.

Along the river are a series of beautiful glacier meadows stretching, with but little interruption, from the lower end of the valley to its head, a distance of about twelve miles. These form charming sauntering grounds from which the glorious mountains may be enjoyed as they look down in divine serenity over the majestic swaths of forest that clothe their bases. Narrow strips of pine woods cross the meadow-carpet from side to side, and it is somewhat roughened here and there by groves, moraine boulders, and dead trees brought down from the heights by avalanches; but for miles and miles it is so smooth and level that a hundred horsemen may ride abreast over it.

The main lower portion of the meadow is about four miles long and from a quarter to half a mile wide; but the width of the valley is, on an average, about eight miles. Tracing the river we find that it forks a mile above the Soda Springs, which are situated on the north bank opposite the point where the Cathedral trail comes in — the main fork turning southward to Mount Lyell, the other eastward to Mount Dana and Mount Gibbs. Along both forks strips of meadow extend almost to their heads. The most beautiful portions of the meadows are spread over lake basins, which have been filled up by deposits from the river. A few of these river-lakes still exist, but they are now shallow and are rapidly approaching extinction. The sod in most places is exceedingly fine and silky and free from rough weeds and bushes; while charming flowers abound, especially gentians, dwarf daisies, ivesias, and the pink bells of dwarf vaccinium. On the banks of the river and its tributaries Cassiope and Bryanthus may be found where the sod curls over in bosses, and about piles of boulders. The principal grass of these meadows is a delicate Calamagrostis with very slender leaves, and when it is in flower the ground seems to be covered with a faint purple mist, the stems of the spikelets being so fine that they are almost invisible, and offer no appreciable resistance in walking through them. Along the edges of the meadows beneath the pines and throughout the greater part of the valley tall ribbon-leaved grasses grow in abundance, chiefly Bromus, Triticum, and Agrostis.

In October the nights are frosty, and then the meadows at sunrise, when every leaf is laden with crystals, are a fine sight. The days are warm and calm, and bees and butterflies continue to waver and hum about the late-blooming flowers until the coming of the snow, usually late in November. Storm then follows storm in close succession, burying the meadows to a depth of from ten to twenty feet, while magnificent avalanches descend through the forests from the laden heights, depositing huge piles of snow mixed with uprooted trees and boulders. In the open sunshine the snow lasts until June, but the new season's vegetation is not generally in bloom until late in July. Perhaps the best time to visit this valley is in August. The snow is then melted from the woods, and the meadows are dry and warm, while the weather is mostly stainless, reviving

learning, the courtly accomplishments of Grimm; the gaiety and originality of D'Holbach, who had "read everything and forgotten nothing"; the sparkling conversation of the most finished and scholarly diplomats in Europe, many of whom we have already met at the dinners of Mme. Geoffrin. They discuss economic questions, politics, religion, art, literature, with equal freedom and ardor. They are as much divided on the merits of Glück's "Armida" and Piccini's "Roland" as upon taxes, grains, and the policy of the government. The gay little Abbé Galiani brings perennial sunshine with the inexhaustible wit and vivacity that lights his clear and subtle intellect. "*Messieurs les philosophes*, you go too fast," he said. "I begin by saying that if I were pope I would put you in the Inquisition, and if I were king of France, into the Bastille." He saw the drift of events; but if he reasoned like a philosopher he laughed like a Neapolitan. What matters to-morrow if we are happy to-day!

The familiar notes and letters of these clever people picture for us a little world with its small interests, its piques, its loves, its friendships, its quarrels, and its hatreds. Diderot, who refused for a long time to meet Mme. d'Épinay, but finally became an intimate and lasting friend, touches often, in his letters to Sophie, upon the pleasant informality of La Chevrette, with its curious social episodes and its emotional undercurrents. He does not forget even the pigeons, geese, ducks, and chickens, which he calls his own. Pouf, the dog, has his place here too, and flits often across the scene, a tiny bit of reflected immortality. There is something half pathetic in these faded missives, with their little freight of human joys and sorrows.

Mme. d'Épinay aided Grimm in his "Correspondance Littéraire"; wrote a treatise on education, which had the honor of being crowned by the Académie Française; and, among other things of more or less value, a novel, which was not published until long after her death. With many gifts and attractions, she seems to have been a woman of weak and undecided character, without sufficient strength of moral fiber to sustain herself with dignity under the unfortunate circumstances which surrounded her. She was essentially emotional, without being spiritual. Her education had not given her the worldly tact and address of Mme. Geoffrin, and her salon never had a wide celebrity; but, in a quiet and intimate way, it was one among the numberless forces which were gathering and gaining momentum to culminate in the great tragedy of the century. Mme. d'Épinay did not live to see the catastrophe. Worn out by a life of suffering and ill health, she died in 1783.

But whatever her faults and weaknesses may have been, the woman who could retain the devoted affection of so brilliant and versatile a man as Grimm for twenty-seven years, who was the lifelong friend and correspondent of Galiani and Voltaire, and the valued *confidante* of Diderot, must have had some rare attractions of mind, heart, or character.

While the group of iconoclasts who formed the nucleus of the philosophical salons was airing its theories and enjoying its increasing vogue there was another circle which played with the new ideas more or less as a sort of intellectual pastime, but was aristocratic *au fond*, and carefully preserved all the traditions of the old *noblesse*. Here too one met the philosophers and men of letters, but they did not dominate; they simply flavored these coteries of rank and fashion. In this age of *esprit* no salon was complete without its sprinkling of literary men. We meet the shy and awkward Rousseau even in the exclusive drawing-room of the clever and witty but critical Maréchale de Luxembourg, who presides over a world in which the graces rule — a world of fine tone, of elegant manners, of etiquette, and of forms. He dines daily with her princely guests at Montmorency, reads to them "La Nouvelle Héloïse" or "Émile," and, in spite of his democratic theories, feels greatly flattered by their friendly courtesies, though never quite at ease. But he is no more than a passing interest to this model of the amenities, though by no means of the virtues, who aids and patronizes him because he amuses her and brings a certain charm of freshness into her artificial life.

A rival of this brilliant salon, and one of the most conspicuous of its day, was that of the Princesse de Conti at the Temple. We have a direct glimpse of this famous circle, in all its charming informality, through an interesting picture at Versailles, in which the oldest families in France appear side by side with a few scientists and men of letters. The figures are supposed to be portraits. In the midst of the group the little Mozart, whose precocious genius was then delighting Europe, sits at the harpsichord. The vivacious Comtesse de Boufflers, the *Idole* of the Temple and the lifelong friend of the Prince de Conti, is the animating spirit here. Among others are Mme. de Luxembourg, Mme. de Mirepoix, Mme. de Beauvau, the Comtesse d'Egmont, President Hénault, Mairan, and Pont de Veyle, all noted names in Parisian society.

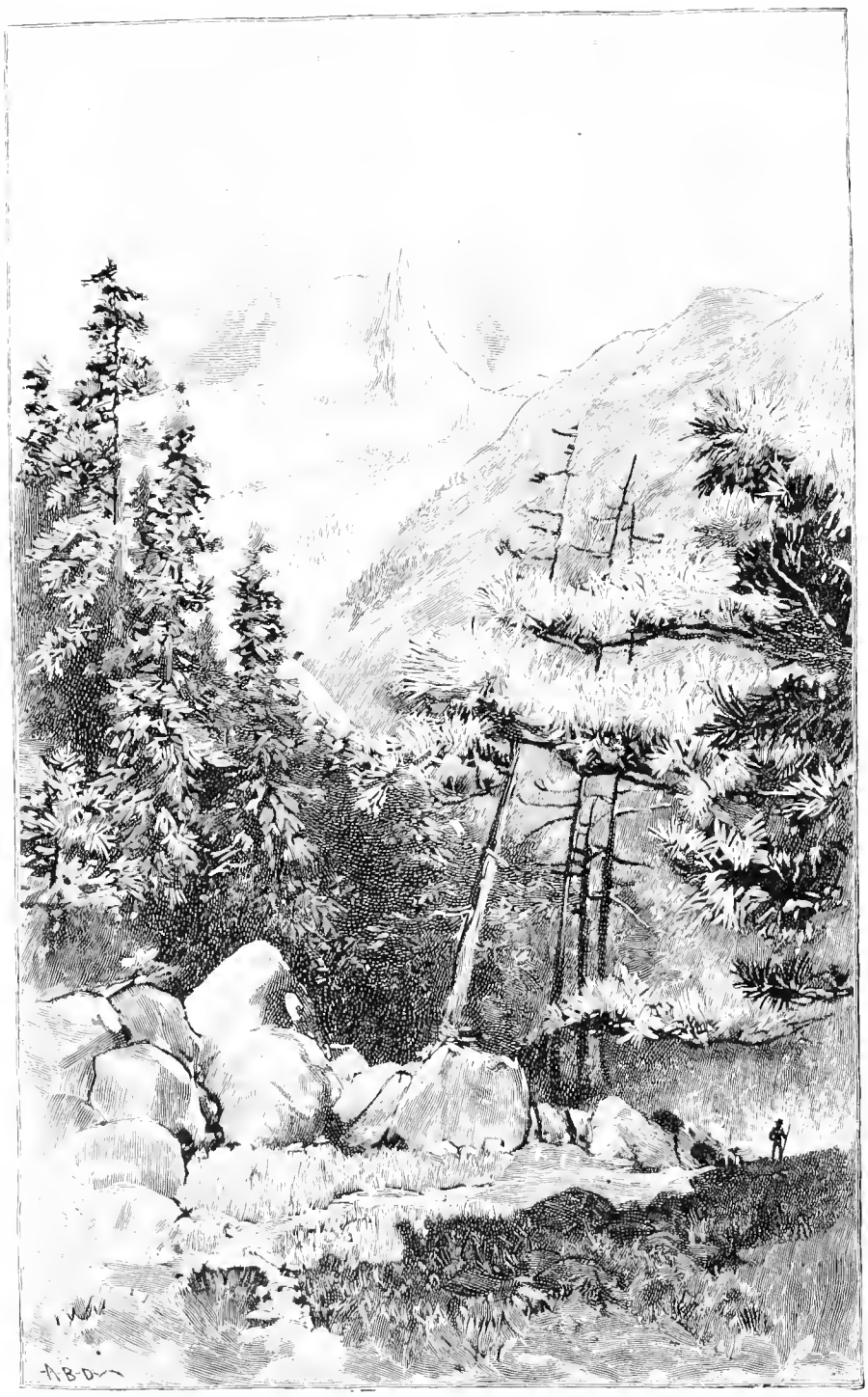
Amelia Gere Mason.

and exhilarating in quality; and the few clouds that rise and the showers they yield are only enough for freshness, fragrance, and beauty.

The groves about the Soda Springs are favorite camping-grounds on account of the pleasant-tasting, ice-cold water of the springs, charged with carbonic acid, and because of the fine views of the mountains across the meadow — the Glacier Monument, Cathedral Peak, Cathedral Spires, Unicorn Peak, and their many nameless companions rising in grand beauty above a noble swath of forest that is growing on the left lateral moraine of the ancient Tuolumne Glacier, which, broad and deep and far reaching, exerted vast influence on the scenery of this portion of the Sierra. But there are fine camping-grounds all along the meadows, and one may move from grove to grove every day, all summer enjoying a fresh home and finding enough to satisfy every roving desire for change.

There are four capital excursions to be made from here — to the summits of Mounts Dana and Lyell; to Mono Lake and the volcanoes, through Bloody Cañon; and to the great Tuolumne Cañon as far as the foot of the

main cascades. All of these are glorious, and sure to be crowded with joyful and exciting experiences; but perhaps none of them will be remembered with keener delight than the days spent in sauntering in the broad velvet lawns by the river, sharing the pure air and light with the trees and mountains, and gaining something of the peace of nature in the majestic solitude.



VIEW OF CATHEDRAL PEAK FROM THE WEST, ABOVE LAKE TENAYA.

The excursion to the top of Mount Dana is a very easy one; for though the mountain is 13,000 feet high, the ascent from the west side is so gentle and smooth that one may ride a mule to the very summit. Across many a busy stream, from meadow to meadow, lies your flowery way, the views all sublime; and they are seldom hidden by irregular foregrounds. As you gradually ascend, new mountains come into sight, enriching the landscape; peak rising above peak with its individual architecture, and its masses of fountain snow in endless variety of position and light and shade. Now your attention is turned to the moraines, sweeping in beautiful curves from the hollows and cañons of the mountains, regular in form as railroad embankments, or to the glossy waves and pavements of granite rising here and there from the flowery sod, polished a thousand years ago and still shining. Towards the base of the mountain you note the dwarfing of the trees, until at a height of about 11,000 feet you find patches of the tough white-barked pine pressed so flat by the ten or twenty feet of snow piled upon them every winter for centuries that you may walk over them as if walking on a shaggy rug. And, if curious about such things, you may discover specimens of this hardy mountaineer of a tree, not more than four feet high and about as many inches in diameter at the ground, that are from two hundred to four hundred years old, and are still holding on bravely to life, making the most of their short summers, shaking their tasseled needles in the breeze right cheerily, drinking the thin sunshine, and maturing their fine purple cones as if they meant to live forever. The general view from the summit is one of the most extensive and sublime to be found in all the range. To the eastward you gaze far out over the hot desert plains and mountains of the "Great Basin," range beyond range extending with soft outlines blue and purple in the distance. More than six thousand feet below you lies Lake Mono, overshadowed by the mountain on which you stand. It is ten miles in diameter from north to south and fourteen from east to west, but appears nearly circular, lying bare in the treeless desert like a disk of burnished metal, though at times it is swept by storm-winds from the mountains and streaked with

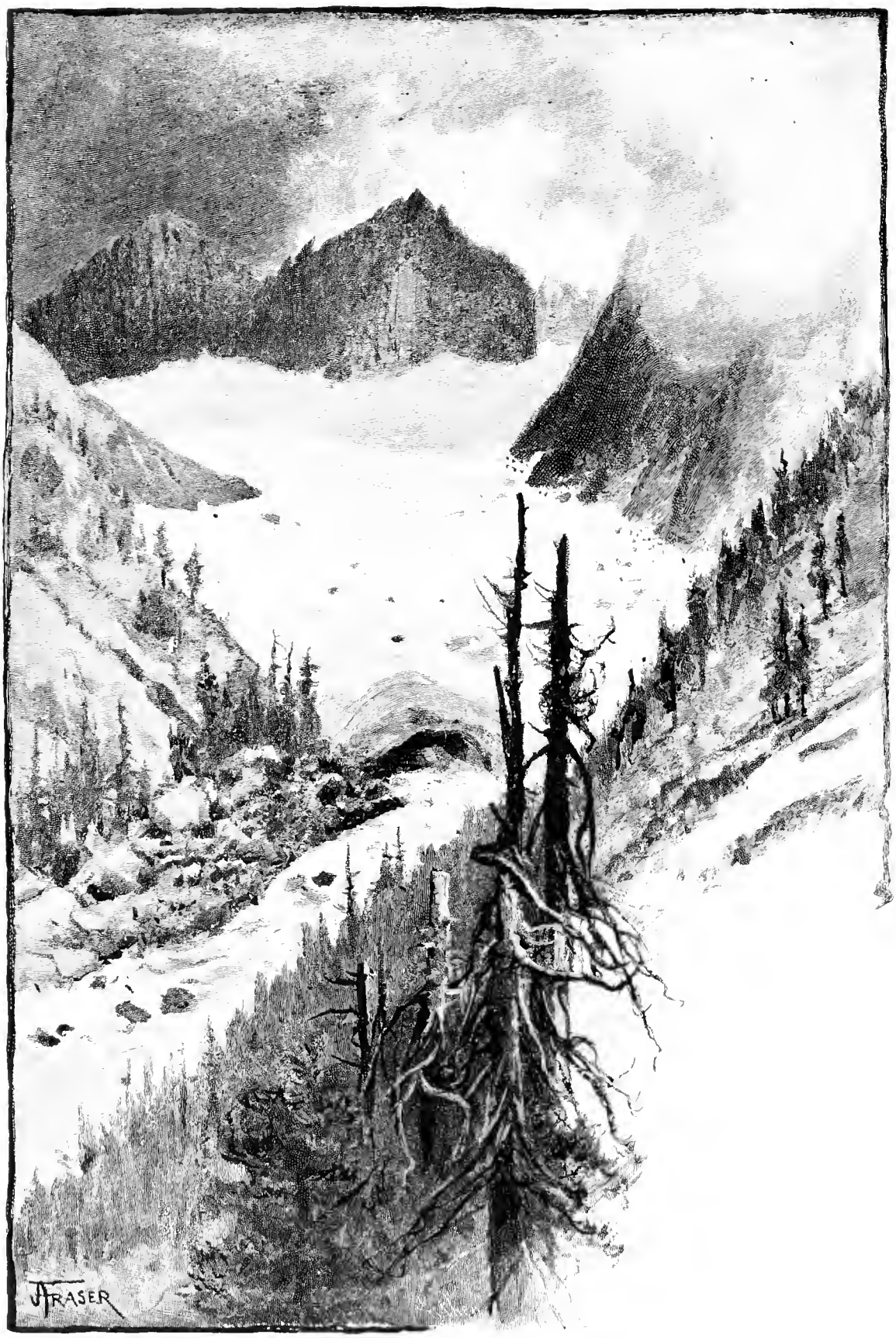
foam. To the south of the lake there is a range of pale-gray volcanoes, now extinct, and though the highest of them rise nearly two thousand feet above the lake, you can look down into their well-defined circular, cup-like craters, from which, a comparatively short time ago, ashes and cinders were showered over the surrounding plains and glacier-laden mountains.

To the westward the landscape is made up of gray glaciated rocks and ridges, separated by a labyrinth of cañons and darkened with lines and broad fields of forest, while small lakes and meadows dot the foreground. Northward and southward the jagged peaks and towers that are marshaled along the axis of the range are seen in all their glory, crowded together in some places like trees in groves, making landscapes of wild, extravagant, bewildering magnificence, yet calm and silent as the scenery of the sky.

Some eight glaciers are in sight. One of these is the Dana Glacier on the northeast side of the mountain, lying at the foot of a precipice about a thousand feet high, with a lovely pale-green lake in the general basin a little below the glacier. This is one of the many small shrunken remnants of the vast glacial system of the Sierra that once filled all the hollows and valleys of the mountains and covered all the lower ridges below the immediate summit fountains, flowing to right and left away from the axis of the range, lavishly fed by the snows of the glacial period.

In the excursion to Mount Lyell the immediate base of the mountain is easily reached on horseback by following the meadows along the river. Turning to the southward above the forks of the river you enter the Lyell branch of the valley, which is narrow enough and deep enough to be called a cañon. It is about eight miles long and from 2000 to 3000 feet deep. The flat meadow bottom is from about 300 to 200 yards wide, with gently curved margins about 50 yards wide, from which rise the simple massive walls of gray granite at an angle of about thirty-three degrees, mostly timbered with a light growth of pine and streaked in many places with avalanche channels. Towards the upper end of the cañon the grand Sierra crown comes into sight, forming a sublime and finely balanced picture, framed by the massive cañon walls. In the foreground you have the purple meadow fringed with willows; in the middle distance huge swelling bosses of granite that form the base of the general mass of the mountain, with fringing lines of dark woods marking the lower curves, but smoothly snow-clad except in the autumn.

There is a good camping ground on the east side of the river about a mile above. A fine cascade comes down over the cañon wall in telling style and makes fine camp music. At one place near the top of the climbing is necessary, but it is not so dangerous or difficult as to deter any climber of ordinary strength and skill, while the view from the summit are glorious. To the northward are Mammoth Mountain, Mount Gibbs,



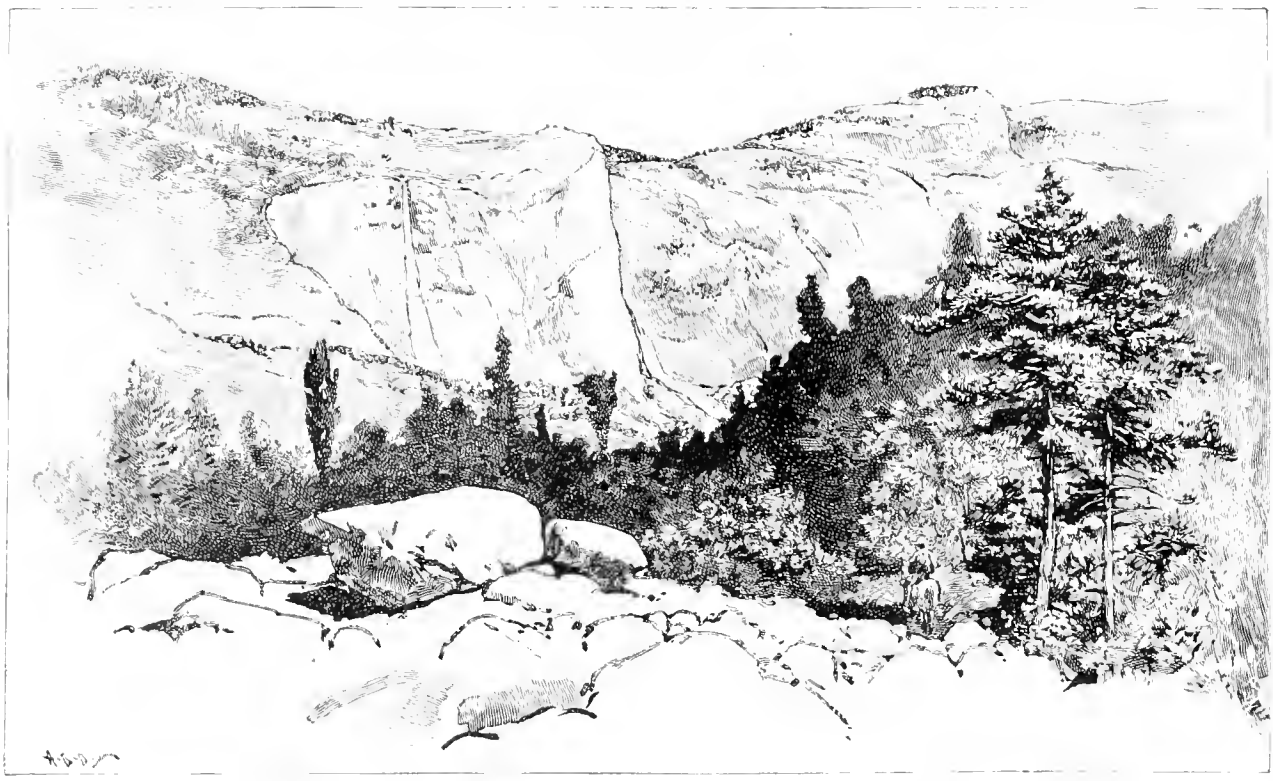
THE SOUTH SIDE OF MOUNT LYELL.

Dana, Warren, Conness, and many others, unnumbered and unnamed; to the southeast the indescribably wild and jagged range of Mount Ritter and the Minarets; southwestward stretches the dividing ridge between the North Fork of the San Joaquin and the Merced, uniting with the Obelisk or Merced group of peaks that form the main fountains of the Illilouette branch of the Merced River; and to the northwestward extends the Cathedral spur. All these spurs, like distinct ranges, meet at your feet. Therefore you look over them mostly in the direction of their extension, and their peaks seem to be massed and crowded together in bewildering combinations; while immense amphitheaters, cañons, and subordi-

nate masses, with their wealth of lakes, glaciers, and snow-fields, maze and cluster between them. In making the ascent in June or October the glacier is easily crossed, for then its snow mantle is smooth or mostly melted off. But in midsummer the climbing is exceedingly tedious, because the snow is then weathered into curious and beautiful blades, sharp and slender, and set on edge in a leaning position. They lean towards the head of the glacier, and extend across from side to side in regular order in a direction at right angles to the direction of greatest declivity, the distance between the crests being about two or three feet, and the depth of the troughs between them about three feet. No more interesting problem is ever presented to the mountaineer than a walk over a glacier thus sculptured and adorned.

The Lyell Glacier is about a mile wide and less than a mile long, but presents, nevertheless, all the more characteristic features of large, river-like glaciers — moraines, earth-bands, blue-veins, crevasses, etc., while the streams that issue from it are turbid with rock-mud, showing its grinding action on its bed. And it is all the more interesting since it is the highest and most enduring remnant of the great Tuolumne Glacier, whose traces are still distinct fifty miles away, and whose influence on the landscape was so profound. The McClure Glacier, once a tributary of the Lyell, is much smaller. Eighteen years ago I set stakes in it to determine its rate of motion, which towards the end of summer, in the middle of the glacier, I found to be a little over an inch in twenty-four hours.

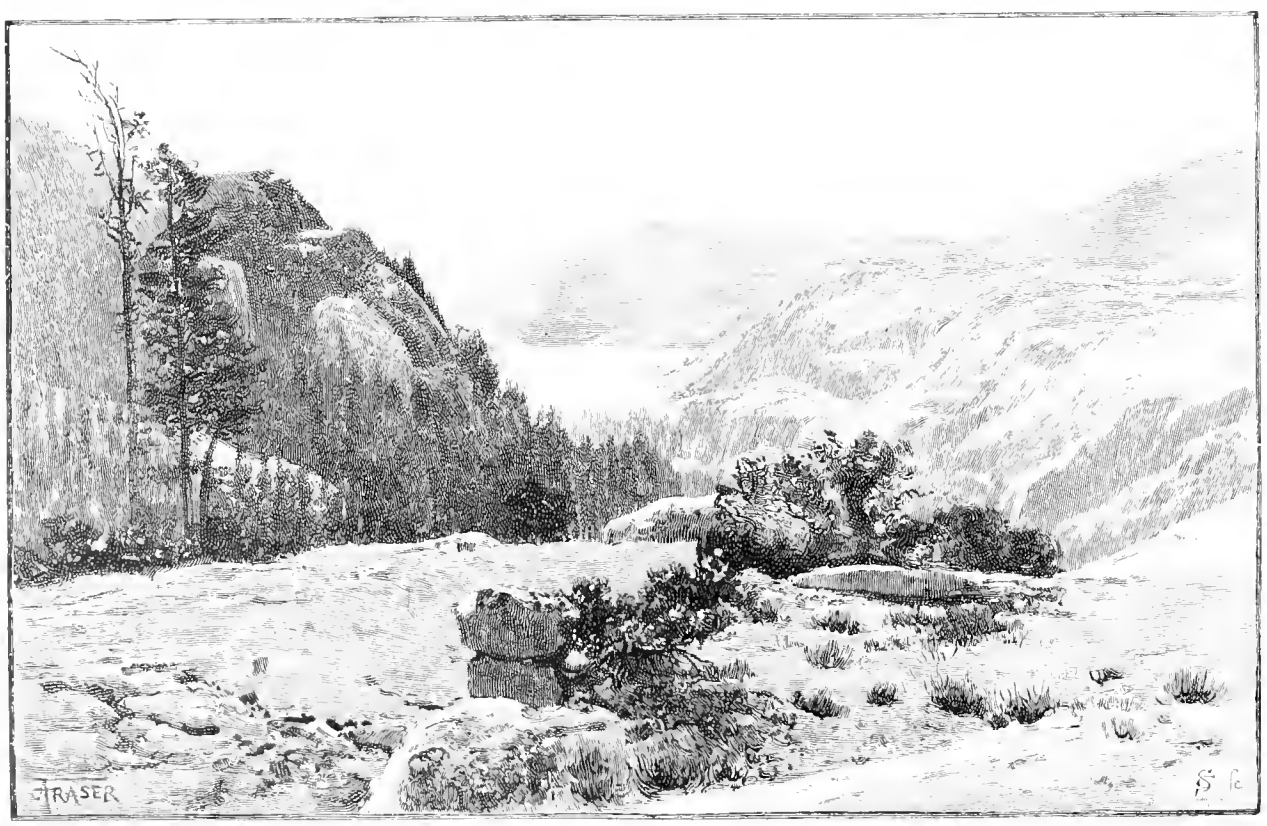
The trip to Mono from the Soda Springs can be made in a day, but Bloody Canon will be found rough for animals. The scenery of the cañon, however, is wild and rich, and many days may profitably be spent around the shores of the lake and out on its islands and about the volcanoes.



ENTRANCE TO HETCH HETCHY VALLEY FROM SMITH TRAIL.

In making the trip down the Big Tuolumne Cañon animals may be led as far as a small, grassy, forested lake basin that lies below the crossing of the Virginia Creek trail. And from this point any one accustomed to walk on earthquake boulders, carpeted with cañon chaparral, can easily go down the cañon as far as the big cascades and return to camp in one day. Many, however, are not able to do this, and it is far better to go leisurely, prepared to camp anywhere, and enjoy the marvelous grandeur of the place.

The cañon begins near the lower end of the meadows and extends to the Hetch Hetchy Valley, a distance of about eighteen miles, though it will seem much longer to any one who scrambles through it. It is from 1200 to about 5000 feet deep, and is comparatively narrow, but there are several fine, roomy, park-like openings in it, and throughout its



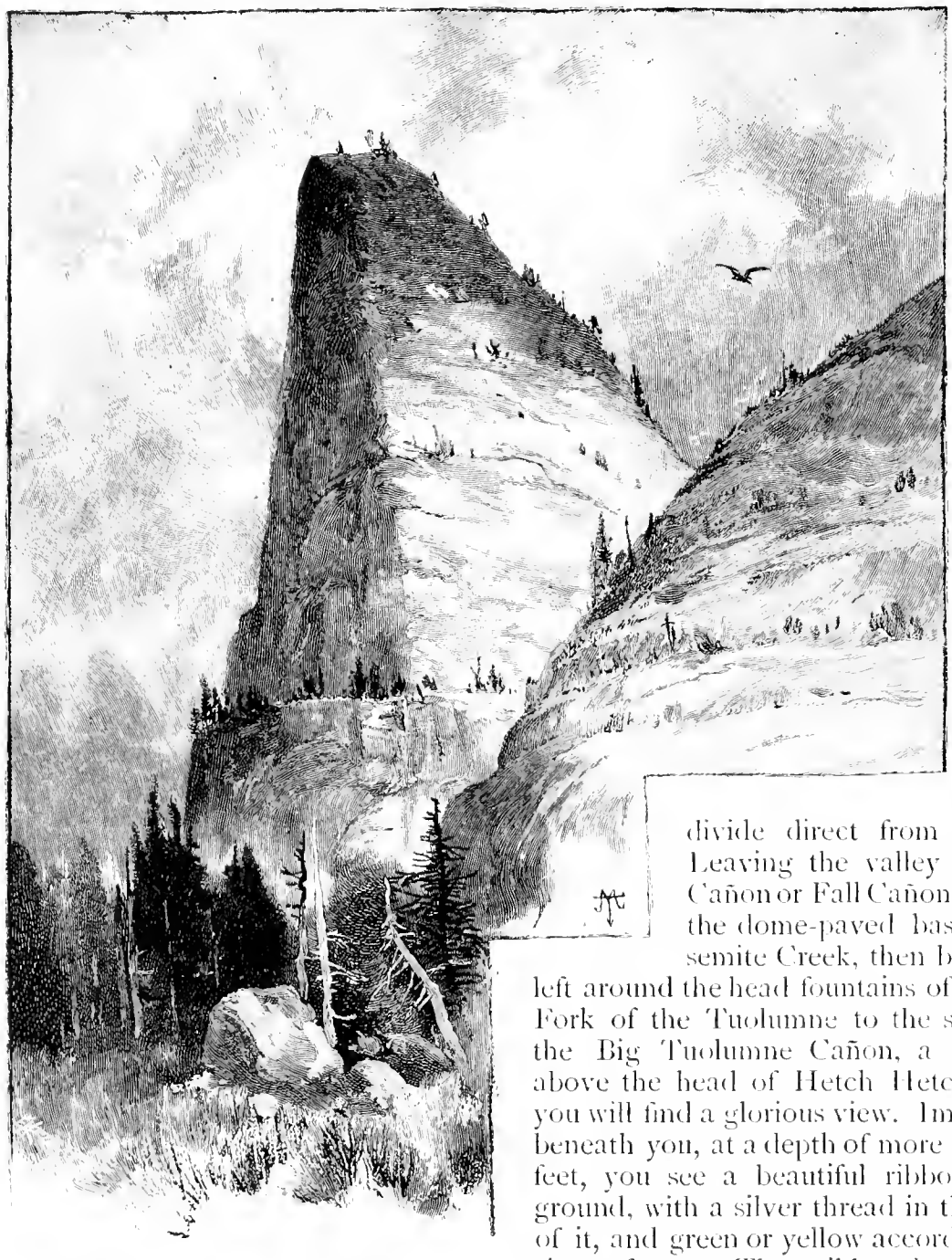
LOOKING DOWN ON LAKE TENAYA.

whole extent Yosemite features are displayed on a grand scale — domes, El Capitan rocks, gables, Sentinels, Royal Arches, glacier points, Cathedral Spires, etc. There is even a Half Dome among its wealth of rock forms, though less sublime and beautiful than the Yosemite Half Dome. It also contains falls and cascades innumerable. The sheer falls, except when the snow is melting in early spring, are quite small in volume as compared with those of Yosemite and Hetch Hetchy; but many of them are very beautiful, and in any other country would be regarded as great wonders. But it is the cascades or sloping falls on the main river that are the crowning glory of the cañon, and these in volume, extent, and variety surpass those of any other cañon in the Sierra. The most showy and interesting of the cascades are mostly in the upper part of the cañon, above the point where Cathedral Creek and Hottman Creek enter. For miles the river is one wild, exulting, onrolling mass of snowy purple bloom, spreading over glacial waves of granite without any definite channel, and through avalanche taluses, gliding in silver plumes, dashing and foaming through huge boulder-dams, leaping high into the air in glorious wheel like whirls, tossing from side to side, doubling, glinting, singing in glorious exuberance of mountain energy.

Every one who is anything of a mountaineer should go over through the entire length of the cañon, coming out by Hetch Hetchy. There is not a dull step all the way. With wide variations it is a Yosemite Valley from end to end.

THE HETCH HETCHY VALLEY.

Most people who visit Yosemite are apt to regard it as an exceptional creation, the only valley of its kind in the world. But nothing in Nature stand alone. She is not so poor a



KOLANA ROCK, HETCH HETCHY VALLEY.

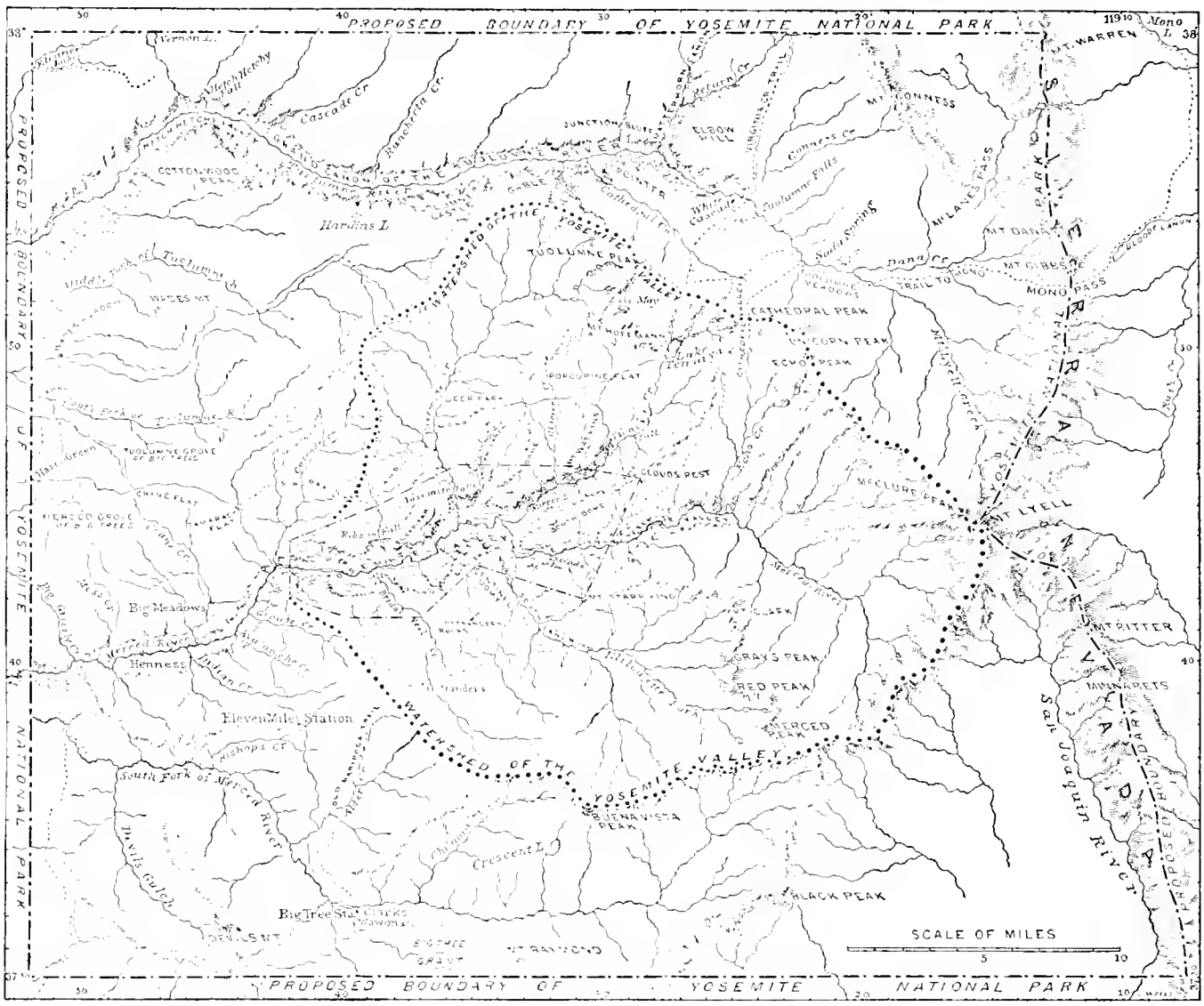
to have only one of anything. The explorer in the Sierra and elsewhere finds many Yosemites, that differ not more than one tree differs from another of the same species. They occupy the same relative positions on the mountain flanks, were formed by the same forces in the same kind of granite, and have similar sculpture, waterfalls, and vegetation. The Hetch Hetchy Valley has long been known as the Tuolumne Yosemite. It is said to have been discovered by Joseph Screech, a hunter, in 1850, a year before the discovery of the great Merced Yosemite. It lies in a northwesterly direction from Yosemite, at a distance of about twenty miles, and is easily accessible to mounted travelers by a trail that leaves the Big Oak Flat road at Bronson's Meadows, a few miles below Crane Flat. But by far the best way to it for those who have useful limbs is across the divide direct from Yosemite. Leaving the valley by Indian Cañon or Fall Cañon, you cross the dome-paved basin of Yosemite Creek, then bear to the left around the head fountains of the South Fork of the Tuolumne to the summit of the Big Tuolumne Cañon, a few miles above the head of Hetch Hetchy. Here you will find a glorious view. Immediately beneath you, at a depth of more than 4000 feet, you see a beautiful ribbon of level ground, with a silver thread in the middle of it, and green or yellow according to the time of year. That ribbon is a strip of meadow, and the silver thread is the main Tuolumne River. The opposite wall of the cañon rises in precipices, steep and angular, or with rounded brows like those of Yosemite, and from this wall as a base extends a fine wilderness of mountains, rising dome above dome, ridge above ridge, to a group of snowy peaks on the summit of the range. Of all this sublime congregation of mountains Castle Peak is king: robed with snow and light, dipping unnumbered points and spires into the thin blue sky, it maintains amid noble companions a perfect and commanding individuality.

You will not encounter much difficulty in getting down into the cañon, for bear trails may readily be found leading from the upper feeding-grounds to the berry gardens and acorn orchards of Hetch Hetchy, and when you reach the river you have only to saunter by its side a mile or two down the cañon before

you find yourself in the open valley. Looking about you, you cannot fail to discover that you are in a Yosemite valley. As the Merced flows through Yosemite, so does the Tuolumne through Hetch Hetchy. The bottom of Yosemite is about 4000 feet above sea level, the bottom of Hetch Hetchy is about 3800 feet, and in both the walls are of gray granite and rise abruptly in precipices from a level bottom, with but little debris along their bases. Furthermore it was a home and stronghold of the Tuolumne Indians, as Ahwahne was of the grizzlies. Standing boldly forward from the south wall near the lower end of the valley is the rock Kolana, the outermost of a picturesque group corresponding to the Cathedral Rocks of Yosemite, and about the same height. Facing Kolána on the north side of the valley is a rock about 1800 feet in height, which presents a bare, sheer front like El Capitan, and over its massive brow flows a stream that makes the most graceful fall I have ever seen. Its Indian name is Tu-ee-u-la-la, and no other, so far as I have heard, has yet been given it. From the brow of the cliff it makes a free descent of a thousand feet and then breaks up into a ragged, foaming web of cascades among the boulders of an earthquake talus. Towards the end of summer it vanishes, because its head streams do not reach back to the lasting snows of the summits of the range, but in May and June it is indescribably lovely. The only fall that I know with which it may fairly be compared is the Bridal Veil, but it excels even that fall in peaceful, floating, swaying gracefulness. For when we attentively observe the Bridal Veil, even towards the middle of summer when its waters begin to fail, we may discover, when the winds blow aside the outer folds of spray, dense comet-shaped masses shooting through the air with terrible energy; but from the top of the cliff, where the Hetch Hetchy veil first floats free, all the way to the bottom it is in perfect repose. Again, the Bridal Veil is in a shadow-haunted nook inaccessible to the main wind currents of the valley, and has to depend for many of its gestures on irregular, teasing side currents and whirls, while Tu-ee-u-la-la, being fully exposed on the open cliff, is sun drenched all day, and is ever ready to yield graceful compliance to every wind that blows. Most people unacquainted with the behavior of mountain streams fancy that when they escape the bounds of their rocky channels and launch into the air they at once lose all self-control and tumble in confusion. On the contrary, on no part of their travels do they manifest more calm self-possession. Imagine yourself in Hetch Hetchy. It is a sunny day in June, the pines sway dreamily, and you are shoulder-deep in grass and flowers. Looking across the valley through beautiful open groves you see a bare granite wall 1800 feet high rising abruptly out of the green and yellow vegetation and glowing with sunshine, and in front of it the fall, waving like a downy scarf, silver bright, burning with white sun-fire in every fiber. In coming forward to the edge of the tremendous precipice and taking flight a little hasty eagerness appears, but this is speedily hushed in divine repose. Now observe the marvelous distinctness and delicacy of the various kinds of sun-filled tissue into which the waters are woven. They fly and float and drowse down the face of that grand gray rock in so leisurely and unconfused a manner that you may examine their texture and pattern as you would a piece of embroidery held in the hand. It is a flood of singing air, water, and sunlight woven into cloth that spirit might wear.

The great Hetch Hetchy Fall, called Wa-páma by the Tuolumnes, is on the same side of the valley as the Veil, and so near it that both may be seen in one view. It is about 1800 feet in height, and seems to be nearly vertical when one is standing in front of it, though it is considerably inclined. Its location is similar to that of the Yosemite Fall, but the volume of water is much greater. No two falls could be more unlike than Wa-páma and Tu-ee-u-la-la, the one thundering and beating in a shadowy gorge, the other chanting in deep, low tones, and with no other shadows about it than those of its own waters, pale gray mostly, and violet and pink delicately graded. One whispers, "He dwells in peace," the other is the thunder of his chariot wheels in power. This noble pair are the main falls of the valley, though there are many small ones essential to the perfection of the general harmony.

The wall above Wa-páma corresponds, both in outlines and in details of sculpture, with the same relative portion of the Yosemite wall. Near the Yosemite Fall the cliff has two conspicuous benches extending in a horizontal direction 500 and 1500 feet above the valley. Two benches similarly situated, and timbered in the same way, occur on the same relative position on the Hetch Hetchy wall, and on no other portion. The upper end of Yosemite is closed by the great Half Dome, and the upper end of Hetch Hetchy is closed in the same way by a mountain rock. Both occupy angles formed by the confluence of two large glaciers that have long since vanished. In front of this head rock the river forks like the Merced in Yosemite. The right fork as you ascend is the main Tuolumne, which takes its rise in a glacier on the north side of Mount Lyell and flows through the Big



MAP OF THE YOSEMITE REGION, SHOWING PRESENT RESERVATION, WATER-SHED OF THE VALLEY, AND APPROXIMATE LIMITS OF THE PROPOSED NATIONAL PARK.[1]

Cañon. I have not traced the left fork to its highest source, but, judging from the general trend of the ridges, it must be near Castle Peak. Upon this left or North Fork there is a remarkably interesting series of cascades, five in number, ranged along a picturesque gorge, on the edges of which we may saunter safely and gain fine views of the dancing spray below. The first is a wide-spreading fan of white, crystal-covered water, half leaping half sliding over a steep polished pavement, at the foot of which it rests and sets forth clear and shining on its final flow to the main river. A short distance above the head of this cascade you discover the second, which is as impressively wild and beautiful as the first, and makes you sing with it as though you were a part of it. It is framed in deep rock walls that are colored yellow and red with lichens, and fringed on the jagged edges by live-oaks and sabine pines, and at the bottom in damp nooks you may see ferns, lilies, and azaleas.

Three or four hundred yards higher you come to the third of the choir, the largest of the five. It is formed of three smaller ones inseparably combined, which sing divinely, and make spray of the best quality for rainbows. A short distance beyond this the gorge comes to an end, and the bare stream, without any definite channel, spreads out in a thin, silvery sheet about 150 feet wide. Its waters are, throughout almost its whole extent, drawn out in overlapping folds of lace, thick sown with diamond jets and sparks that give an exceedingly rich appearance. Still advancing, you hear a deep muffled booming, and you push eagerly on through flowery thickets until the last of the five appears through the foliage. The precipice down which it thunders is fretted with projecting knobs, forming polished keys upon which the wild waters play.

The bottom of the valley is divided by a low, glacier-polished bar of granite, the lower portion being mostly meadow land, the upper

[1] The above map represents the limits of the park as proposed by Mr. Muir and as advocated before the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives. As we go to press, the Committee seems disposed to extend the north and south limits eastward to the Nevada line, thus adding an equal amount to the area here indicated. The honor of introducing the National Park bill belongs to General William Vandever of California.—EDITOR.

dry and sandy, and planted with fine Kellogg oaks, which frequently attain a diameter of six or seven feet. On the talus slopes the pines give place to the mountain live-oak, which forms the shadiest groves in the valley and the greatest in extent. Their glossy foliage, warm yellow-green and closely pressed, makes a kind of ceiling, supported by bare gray trunks and branches gnarled and picturesque. A few specimens of the sugar pine and tamarack pine are found in the valley, also the two silver firs. The Douglas spruce and the libocedrus attain noble dimensions in certain favorable spots, and a few specimens of the interesting *Torreya California* may be found on the south side. The brier-rose occurs in large patches, with tall, spiky mints and arching grasses. On the meadows lilies, larkspurs, and lupines of several species are abundant, and in some places reach above one's head. Rock-ferns of rare beauty fringe and rosette the walls from top to bottom — *Pellæa densa*, *P. mucronata* and *P. Bridgesii*, *Cheilanthes gracillima*, *Allosorus*, etc. *Adiantum pedatum* occurs in a few mossy corners that get spray from the falls. *Woodwardia radicans* and *Asplenium felix-fœmina* are the tallest ferns of the valley—six feet high, some of them. The whole valley was a charming garden when I last saw it, and the huts of the Indians and a lone cabin were the only improvements.

As will be seen by the map, I have thus briefly touched upon a number of the chief features of a region which it is proposed to reserve out of the public domain for the use and recreation of the people. A bill has already been introduced in Congress by Mr. Vandever creating a national park about the reservation which the State now holds in trust for the people. It is very desirable that the new reservation should at least extend to the limits indicated by the map, and the bill cannot too quickly become a law. Unless reserved or protected the whole region will soon or late be devastated by lumbermen and sheepmen, and so of course be made unfit for use as a pleasure ground. Already it is with great difficulty that campers, even in the most remote parts of the proposed reservation and in those difficult of access, can find grass enough to keep their animals from starving; the ground is already being gnawed and trampled into a desert condition, and when the region shall be stripped of its forests the ruin will be complete. Even the Yosemite will then suffer in the disturbance effected on the water-shed, the clear streams becoming muddy and much less regular in their flow. It is also devoutly to be hoped that the Hetch Hetchy will escape such ravages of man as one sees in Yosemite. Ax and plow, hogs and horses, have long been and are still busy in Yosemite's gardens and groves. All that is accessible and destructible is being rapidly destroyed — more rapidly than in any other Yosemite in the Sierra, though this is the only one that is under the special protection of the Government. And by far the greater part of this destruction of the fineness of wildness is of a kind that can claim no right relationship with that which necessarily follows use.

John Muir.

OUR NEW NAVAL GUNS.[1]

THE interest in military and naval affairs due to the general awakening of the public to the pitiful condition of the national defenses warrants a brief notice of the modern gun-building begun in America in 1883 at the Washington Navy Yard.

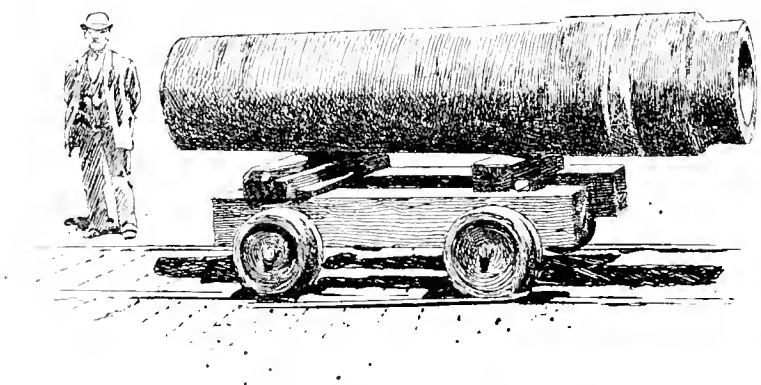
For years this country had been standing still in the matter of cannon, trusting to the creations of Rodman and Dahlgren, those former masters of gun-construction, while other nations were adopting weapons of greater and constantly increasing power. The change from the old to the new has at last set in on our side of the Atlantic, and to-day the efforts of those charged with the armament of our ships and forts are bent towards restoring us to at least a creditable position in the race wherein once we led all competitors.

The gun has developed steadily along certain well-defined lines. It will tend to brevity and clearness to devote a few words to the reasons why, following these lines, the cast-iron muzzle-loading smooth-bore has given way to the forged-steel breech-loading rifle. Through its greater weight an elongated shot holds its velocity better than a round shot of the same caliber. If fired from a smooth bore, however, the former is apt to turn end over end and miss its mark; so the bores of guns designed to throw such projectiles are *rifled*, which means that they have spiral grooves that engage a

[1] Thanks are due to Ensign Halsey R. Alger, U. S. N., for invaluable assistance, particularly in those parts of this article relating to recent developments.

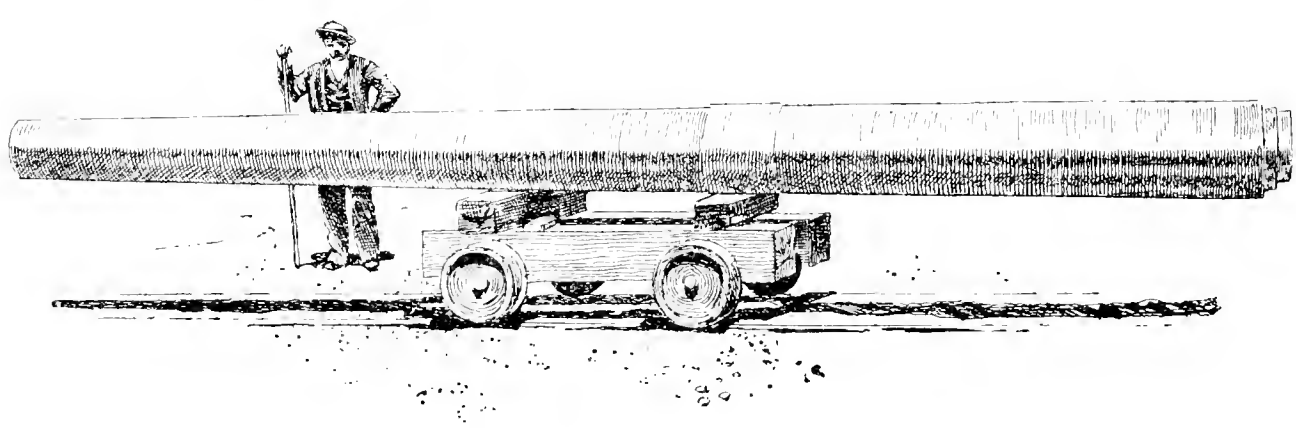
soft metal band on the shot and cause it to spin about its longer axis. The gyroscopic principle thus invoked keeps the point foremost.

As cannon grew stronger through the employment of better metal more powder could safely be burned in them. This advantage necessitated a larger space behind the shot to hold the increased charge. Lengthening this space entailed certain grave technical drawbacks and needlessly extended the gun at its heavy end. Better results followed from widening the space, and so the enlarged chamber was adopted. As a full-width cartridge would not enter the muzzle, loading at the breech became imperative.[1] A modern gun is, therefore, a breech-loading rifle.



TEN-INCH JACKET. WEIGHT 15,935 POUNDS.

The value of a moving projectile depends on its weight and its velocity. The faster a shot travels the farther it can range before coming to the ground, the harder will be the blow it delivers, and the nearer its path will approach a straight line. The extreme ranges of guns to-day reach far beyond the limits of the gunner's vision, and are only useful in bombardments where the target is a large area that cannot easily be missed. On the other hand, a moment's reflection will show that if a shot could be thrown fast enough to travel in a straight line, in spite of the action of gravity, to aim directly at the enemy would be equivalent to striking him. The nearer we can approach this impossible condition the less essential is a knowledge of the distance of the object and the greater the likelihood of hitting it. Increased velocity is therefore sought by the artillerist mainly because yielding more striking energy, a flatter trajectory, and a longer danger space, as they are called. To obtain high velocities large quantities of powder must be used. With ordinary powder this means recourse to unsafe pressures in the gun. At first the difficulty was, in a measure, remedied by compressing the powder into large prisms, which burn more slowly and uniformly than irregular grains. A limit was soon reached in this direction, and changes were sought in the composition itself. The Germans were the earliest to make and use "cocoa powder," the general but not universal standard at present, the process of the manufacture of which is a well-kept trade secret.[2] This powder differs from the familiar black powder in having somewhat more nitrate and charcoal and much less sulphur, and in the charcoal, which is underburnt. Its chocolate color gives the name by which the new substance is known. Cocoa powder furnishes in the gun a comparatively moderate pressure, which decreases gradually towards the muzzle. To obtain the full value of such a powder the shot must be kept under its influence for a longer time than was needed with the older and quicker black powder. The length of the bore, measured in calibers, has therefore grown from twelve and less to thirty and more — a striking proof that the design of the gun is



TEN-INCH TUBE FINISHED. WEIGHT 18,112 POUNDS.

[1] Breech loading is an old device, found, for instance, in one of Hernando Cortez's guns. The main reason for its re-introduction, stated above, was but one of many. It offers so many incidental advantages in connection with security to the gunners in action and the service of ammunition that it would be retained on their account alone.

[2] The Duponts of Wilmington have produced a similar article which gives distinctly better results than its German forerunner.

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